



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

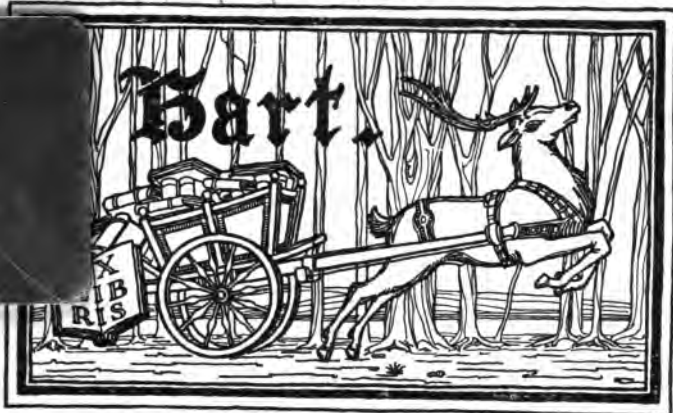
### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

The  
Home and Country  
Reader's  
Book II



Eduet 759.18.500



**Albert Bushnell Bart**

HARVARD COLLEGE  
LIBRARY



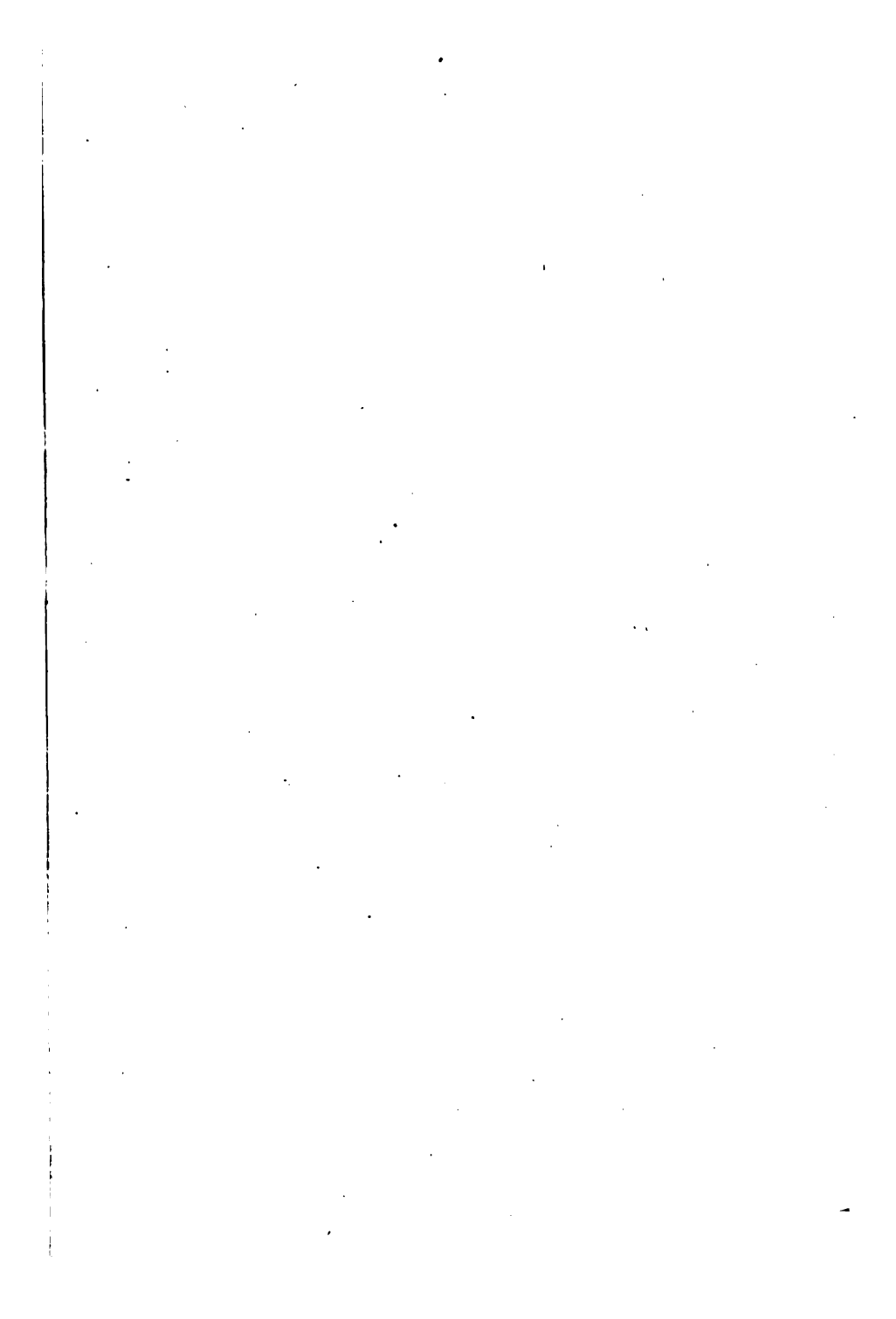
THE GIFT OF  
ALBERT BUSHNELL HART  
OF CAMBRIDGE



3 2044 081 500 399









THE HOME AND COUNTRY  
READERS

---

BOOK TWO

## **The Home and Country Readers**

---

**BOOK I, 65 cents**

**BOOK II, 65 cents**

**BOOK III, 65 cents**

**BOOK IV, 65 cents**





AN OLD-FASHIONED THANKSGIVING







271C

# THE HOME AND COUNTRY READERS

## BOOK TWO

BY

MARY A. LASELLE

OF THE NEWTON, MASSACHUSETTS, HIGH SCHOOLS

AUTHOR OF "DRAMATIZATIONS OF SCHOOL CLASSICS"

"VOCATIONS FOR GIRLS", "THE YOUNG WOMAN WORKER"

WITH A FOREWORD BY

DR. FRANK E. SPAULDING

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS AT CLEVELAND, OHIO



BOSTON AND CHICAGO  
LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY  
1918

Edge T 759.18.500

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY  
GIFT OF  
ALBERT BUSHNELL HART  
DEC 5 1923

*Copyright, 1918,*  
BY LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY.

---

*All rights reserved*

Norwood Press  
Set up and electrotyped by J. S. Cushing Co., Norwood, Mass., U.S.A.

## FOREWORD

THE presentation of a collection of special literature such as that contained in the Home and Country Readers would be opportune at any time; it is doubly opportune just now. The need of educating and intensifying an appreciation of the home as a universal institution absolutely essential to the well-being of individuals and the soundness of our national life; the need of a re-birth of devotion, of resolute determination such as once enveloped and established at untold sacrifice those principles of liberty, equality, justice, fraternity, and human progress which are the very foundation of our democracy; these needs are more clearly and adequately recognized to-day than they have been at any time in a generation. To meet these needs the Home and Country Readers are admirably adapted.

Appreciation of Home and Country requires the education of the heart. The feelings must be aroused, the emotions must be stirred, the will must be challenged, in support of the ideals of Home and Country. Such is the peculiar function of the literature of inspiration that these books present. This literature, which forms the larger part of the collection, finds appropriate accompaniment in the highest book of the series in several selections of practical information by foremost authorities on the building, furnishing, managing, and hygiene of the home.

I foresee a double service that these books may render. They may be used advantageously in grammar grades, in intermediate or junior high schools; in pre-vocational and vocational schools; in short, in any type of school enrolling boys and girls of ten to sixteen years of age: but they may also be used with equal advantage in schools and classes whose function it is to instruct adult foreigners. It is, indeed, important that our adult foreign residents acquire literacy; but it is far more important that they be taught to appreciate, to espouse, to support loyally the ideals of the nation that is affording them a livelihood, protection, and priceless advantages and opportunities.

The long, varied, and always eminently successful experience that the author of the collection and compiler of the literature of these Readers has enjoyed; her own keen and loyal appreciation of Home and Country that she here presents; her pedagogic wisdom and instructional skill, give ample assurance concerning all important details of gradation, arrangement, and presentation.

FRANK E. SPAULDING.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, APRIL, 1918.

## PREFACE

THE Home and Country Readers are textbooks in patriotism.

The purpose of the Home and Country Readers is to quicken and intensify love and appreciation of Home and of America by presenting to pupils:

(a) Literature that describes home life and home friends with charm and distinction;

(b) Inspiring stories and poems upon American Ideals as they are symbolized in the American Flag and as they influence daily life;

(c) Dramatizations: Scenes that suggest the good home as the institution upon which civilization is based.

(d) Interesting and significant stories and poems of Outdoor Life.

One of the most hopeful signs of modern times is the quickening of an American spirit that is intensely loyal, having abounding hope and faith in American institutions, and that yet is very humble, in view of the tremendous opportunities and responsibilities of America in the great World Family.

The strongest of America's bulwarks is the American Home. It is the Home, also, that is a beacon light, shining serenely and steadily in the midst of the fog

and vapors caused by doubts, perplexities and questionings.

It is the hope of the compiler of this series of Home and Country Readers that by presenting Home and America through the word pictures of writers who can charm and stimulate, American boys and girls may be led to feel a greater reverence for their home and country and a greater desire to render them good service.

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

GRATEFUL acknowledgment for encouragement and help in preparing this series is given to Dr. Frank E. Spaulding, Superintendent of Schools at Cleveland, Ohio, Mr. James R. McDonald, Educational Manager for Little, Brown, and Company, and Miss Mabel C. Bragg, Assistant Superintendent of Schools at Newton, Massachusetts.

The selections from Longfellow, Whittier, Emerson, Lowell, Thoreau, and Holmes are used by permission of and special arrangement with Houghton Mifflin Company. "Master Skylark", by John Bennett, is used through the courtesy of The Century Company; "Ownership", by Sam Walter Foss, of Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company; "The Friendly Road", by David Grayson, of *The American Magazine*; "Our Grandparents", by Charles Wagner, of Doubleday, Page and Company; "An Indian Victory", by Grace Coolidge, of The Four Seas Company; "The Hunt for the Beautiful", by Raymond Macdonald Alden, of Bobbs-Merrill Company; "The Flag and Friendliness", by Charles F. Dole, of D. C. Heath and Company; "Enshrining Lincoln's Birthplace", of *Collier's Magazine*; "Nature is Calling", by Camille Giddings, of *The Book News Monthly*; the translation of Alphonse Daudet's "The Last Lesson", of Dr. J. Berg Esenwein; "The Home Land", of Mr. Dana Burnet; "The Man Lincoln", of Mr. Wilbur D. Nesbit; "Columbia", of Miss Harriet Monroe; "O Mother, Nigh-Forgotten", by William C. Gannett, of The Unity Publishing Company; "The Flag-Makers", of Mr. Franklin K. Lane, and "School Children and Thrift", of Mr. William G. McAdoo.



The following copyrighted selections contained in this book are used through special arrangement with Little, Brown, and Company: "An Old-Fashioned Thanksgiving", from "Aunt Jo's Scrap Bag", Louisa M. Alcott; "What Jess Cortrell Did", from "Bed-Time Stories", Louise Chandler Moulton; "A Book", from "Poems by Emily Dickinson"; "The Tree in the City", from "The Golden Windows", Laura E. Richards; "The Picnic", from "A Little Country Girl", Susan Coolidge; "Tad Loses His Father", from "Tad and His Father", by F. Lauriston Bullard; "A-Hunting of a Patriotic Pig", from "Scouting for Washington", John Preston True; "Phidias and the Parthenon", from "Men of Old Greece", Jennie Hall; and "The Dream of Human Freedom", from "The Worn Doorstep", Margaret Sherwood.

Thanks are due to Mr. John Alcott for consent to the use of the charming stories by Louisa M. Alcott which contribute so materially to the excellence of this collection.

# CONTENTS

## BOOK II

	PAGE
FOREWORD . . . . . <i>Frank E. Spaulding</i>	5
PREFACE . . . . .	7
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS . . . . .	9
COLUMBIA . . . . . <i>Harriet Monroe</i>	16
PROBLEMS OF HOME AND COUNTRY <i>Woodrow Wilson</i>	17

### THE HOME CIRCLE AND HOME PLEASURES

AN OLD-FASHIONED THANKS- GIVING . . . . . <i>Louisa M. Alcott</i>	19
SUMMER MOON . . . . . <i>Robert Buchanan</i>	45
MASTER SKYLARK (Dramatization) <i>John Bennett</i>	46
THE HOME LAND . . . . . <i>Dana Burnet</i>	60
HOME SONG . . . . . <i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i>	61
BUILD THEE MORE STATELY MANSIONS . . . . . <i>Oliver Wendell Holmes</i>	61
A HOME NEAR TO NATURE . . . . . <i>Henry D. Thoreau</i>	62
MAN'S POWER . . . . . <i>Cardinal Newman</i>	72
BEETHOVEN IN THE HOME OF THE BLIND GIRL (Dramatization) . . . . .	73
ORPHEUS WITH HIS LUTE . . . . . <i>William Shakespeare</i>	78
THE MUSIC OF THE HEAVENS . . . . . <i>William Shakespeare</i>	78
THE FRIENDLY ROAD . . . . . <i>David Grayson</i>	79
OWNERSHIP . . . . . <i>Sam Walter Foss</i>	82
ROBINSON CRUSOE'S INDUSTRIES . . . . . <i>Daniel Defoe</i>	84
GULLIVER VISITS THE BROBDING- NAGIANS . . . . . <i>Jonathan Swift</i>	92

	PAGE
OUR GRANDPARENTS . . . . .	<i>Charles Wagner</i> . . . . . 100
TRIBUTES TO THE HOME . . . . .	. . . . . 107
HOMES OF THE PEOPLE . . . . .	<i>Henry W. Grady</i> . . . . . 112
CHILDREN . . . . .	<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i> 115
THE YOUNG AMERICAN . . . . .	<i>A. H. Everett</i> . . . . . 116
A BLESSING FOR THE BLESSED . . . . .	<i>Laurence Alma-Tadema</i> . . . 117
WILLIAM TELL (Dramatization) . . . . .	<i>Sheridan Knowles</i> . . . . . 118
OPPRESSION AND FREEDOM . . . . .	<i>John Boyle O'Reilly</i> . . . . 123
THE BABY'S THOUGHTS . . . . .	<i>J. G. Holland</i> . . . . . 124
THE LULLABY OF AN INFANT CHIEF . . . . .	<i>Sir Walter Scott</i> . . . . . 125
WHAT JESS CORTRELL DID . . . . .	<i>Louise Chandler Moulton</i> . . 126
WHAT IS SUCCESS? . . . . .	<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i> 137
AN INDIAN VICTORY . . . . .	<i>Grace Coolidge</i> . . . . . 138
A BOOK . . . . .	<i>Emily Dickinson</i> . . . . . 145
THE TREE IN THE CITY . . . . .	<i>Laura E. Richards</i> . . . . . 146
THE PHILOSOPHER'S GARDEN . . . . .	<i>John Ozenham</i> . . . . . 148
THE THANKSGIVING FEAST . . . . .	<i>"Homestead Paths"</i> . . . . . 149
WINTER NIGHT . . . . .	<i>John Greenleaf Whittier</i> . . 159
A CHRISTMAS CAROL (Drama- tization) . . . . .	<i>Charles Dickens</i> . . . . . 160
THE PICNIC . . . . .	<i>Susan Coolidge</i> . . . . . 167
NATURE IS CALLING . . . . .	<i>Camille Giddings</i> . . . . . 173
THE GARDENER OF THE MANOR . . . . .	<i>Hans Christian Andersen</i> . . 174
THE VALUE OF PRAISE . . . . .	<i>Marcus Aurelius</i> . . . . . 182
THE LAST LESSON . . . . .	<i>Alphonse Daudet</i> . . . . . 183
THE MARSEILLAISE . . . . .	<i>Joseph Rouget de Lisle</i> . . 189

## HOMES OF FAMOUS PRESIDENTS

MOUNT VERNON . . . . .	. . . . . 193
WASHINGTON . . . . .	<i>Francis Turner Palgrave</i> . . 195
THE CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON . . . . .	<i>Henry Cabot Lodge</i> . . . . . 196
MONTICELLO . . . . .	. . . . . 197
JEFFERSON . . . . .	. . . . . 201
THE BUILDERS . . . . .	<i>William Cullen Bryant</i> . . . 201

## CONTENTS

13

	PAGE
ENSHRINING LINCOLN'S BIRTH- PLACE . . . . .	202
THE MAN LINCOLN . . . . . <i>Wilbur D. Nesbit</i>	204
PRESIDENT WILSON'S ADDRESS AT THE BIRTHPLACE OF LINCOLN <i>Woodrow Wilson</i>	205
LINCOLN'S PLEA FOR THE UNION <i>Abraham Lincoln</i>	210
TAD LOSES HIS FATHER . . . . . <i>F. Lauriston Bullard</i>	211

### BELOVED POEMS OF HOME

FROM "SNOWBOUND" . . . . . <i>John Greenleaf Whittier</i>	217
THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS <i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i>	218

### A PEEP INTO THE PAST THROUGH FACT AND FANCY

A-HUNTING OF A PATRIOTIC PIG . <i>John Preston True</i>	223
DEAR COUNTRY MINE . . . . . <i>Richard Watson Gilder</i>	230
THE NUTCRACKERS AND THE SUGAR-TONGS . . . . . <i>Edward Lear</i>	231
PHIDIAS AND THE PARTHENON . <i>Jennie Hall</i>	233
BEAUTY . . . . . <i>John Keats</i>	241
THE HUNT FOR THE BEAUTIFUL . <i>Raymond Macdonald Alden</i>	242
O MOTHER NIGH-FORGOTTEN . . <i>William C. Gannett</i>	252
"WITH MALICE TOWARD NONE" . <i>Abraham Lincoln</i>	253
THE DREAM OF HUMAN FREEDOM <i>Margaret Sherwood</i>	254
BRIDGES . . . . . <i>Laura Blackburn</i>	254

### AMERICAN IDEALS

THE FLAG-MAKERS . . . . . <i>Franklin K. Lane</i>	257
THE FLAG GOES BY . . . . . <i>Henry Holcomb Bennett</i>	259
THE FLAG AND FRIENDLINESS . <i>Charles F. Dole</i>	261
HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE? . . . . <i>William Collins</i>	262
FROM "THE BLUE AND THE GRAY" <i>Francis M. Finch</i>	262
ARMAGEDDON . . . . . <i>Sir Edwin Arnold</i>	263
TUBAL CAIN . . . . . <i>Charles Mackay</i>	264

	PAGE
FOUNDATION STONES OF LIFE . . . . .	266
THE TRUE GRANDEUR OF NATIONS . . . . .	<i>Charles Sumner</i> . . . . . 269
LOVE OF COUNTRY . . . . .	<i>Sir Walter Scott</i> . . . . . 271
SOLDIER, WAKE . . . . .	<i>Sir Walter Scott</i> . . . . . 271
SCHOOL CHILDREN AND THRIFT . . . . .	<i>William G. McAdoo</i> . . . . . 273
A NOBLE PEACE . . . . .	<i>James Russell Lowell</i> . . . . . 273
PREPAREDNESS . . . . .	<i>Woodrow Wilson</i> . . . . . 274

## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
An Old-fashioned Thanksgiving . . . . .	64
A Home Near to Nature . . . . .	80
The Friendly Road . . . . .	96
"He held me in the air, sixty feet from the ground" . . . . .	100
"Children are ravenous for stories" . . . . .	112
Homes of the People . . . . .	122
William Tell . . . . .	146
The Tree in the City . . . . .	170
The Picnic . . . . .	174
The Garden of the Manor . . . . .	186
The Last Lesson in French . . . . .	194
Mount Vernon: the Home of Washington . . . . .	198
Monticello: the Home of Jefferson . . . . .	202
Lincoln's Birthplace Enshrined . . . . .	204
Lincoln's Birthplace . . . . .	224
"Piggy was defiantly unsubdued" . . . . .	258
"Good-morning, Mr. Flag-Maker" . . . . .	

## COLUMBIA

Columbia ! Men beheld thee rise  
A goddess from the misty sea.  
Lady of joy, sent from the skies,  
The nations worshipped thee.  
Thy brows were flushed with dawn's first light,  
By foamy waves with stars bedight  
Thy blue robe floated free.

\* \* \* \*

Lady of hope thou art. We wait  
With courage thy serene command.  
Through unknown seas, toward undreamed fate,  
We ask thy guiding hand.  
On ! though sails quiver in the gale ! —  
Thou at the helm, we cannot fail.  
On to God's time-veiled strand !

Lady of beauty ! thou shalt win  
Glory and power and length of days.  
The sun and moon shall be thy kin.  
The stars shall sing thy praise.  
All hail ! we bring thee vows most sweet  
To strew before thy wingéd feet.  
Now onward be thy ways.

— *Harriet Monroe.*

# THE HOME AND COUNTRY READERS

---

## BOOK II

### PROBLEMS OF HOME AND COUNTRY

The war is bringing to the minds of our people a new appreciation of the problems of national life and a deeper understanding of the meaning and aims of democracy. Matters which have heretofore seemed commonplace and trivial are seen in a truer light. We must apply the wisdom which we have acquired in purging and ennobling the life of the world.

In these vital tasks of acquiring a broader view of human possibilities the common school must have a large part. I urge that teachers and other school officers increase materially the time and attention devoted to instruction bearing directly on the problems of community and national life.

Such a plea is in no way foreign to the spirit of American public education or of existing practices. Nor is it a plea for a temporary enlargement of the school program appropriate merely to the period of the war. It is a plea for a realization in public education of the new emphasis which the war has given to the ideals of democracy and to the broader conceptions of national life. — *Woodrow Wilson.*



## THE HOME CIRCLE AND HOME PLEASURES

## AN OLD-FASHIONED THANKSGIVING

Sixty years ago, up among the New Hampshire hills, lived Farmer Bassett, with a house full of sturdy sons and daughters growing up about him. They were poor in money, but rich in land and love, for the wide acres of wood, corn, and pasture land fed, warmed, and clothed the flock, while mutual patience, affection, and courage made the old farm-house a very happy home.

November had come; the crops were in, and barn, buttery, and bin were overflowing with the harvest that rewarded the summer's hard work. The big kitchen was a jolly place just now, for in the great fireplace roared a cheerful fire; on the walls hung garlands of dried apples, onions, and corn; up aloft from the beams shone crook-necked squashes, juicy hams, and dried venison — for in those days deer still haunted the deep forests, and hunters flourished. Savory smells were in the air; on the crane hung steaming kettles, and down among the red embers copper sauce-pans simmered, all suggestive of some approaching feast.

A white-headed baby lay in the old blue cradle that had rocked seven other babies, now and then lifting his head to look out, like a round, full moon, then subsiding to kick and crow contentedly, and suck the rosy apple he had no teeth to bite. Two small

boys sat on the wooden settle shelling corn for popping, and picking out the biggest nuts from the goodly store their own hands had gathered in October. Four young girls stood at the long dresser, busily chopping meat, pounding spice, and slicing apples; and the tongues of Tilly, Prue, Roxy, and Rhody went as fast as their hands. Farmer Bassett and Eph, the oldest boy, were "chorin' 'round" outside, for Thanksgiving was at hand, and all must be in order for that time-honored day.

To and fro, from table to hearth, bustled buxom Mrs. Bassett, flushed and floury, but busy and blithe as the queen bee of this busy little hive should be.

"I do like to begin seasonable and have things to my mind. Thanksgivin' dinners can't be drove, and it does take a sight of victuals to fill all these hungry stomicks," said the good woman, as she gave a vigorous stir to the great kettle of cider apple-sauce, and cast a glance of housewifely pride at the fine array of pies set forth on the buttery shelves.

"Only one more day and then it will be time to eat. I didn't take but one bowl of hasty pudding this morning, so I shall have plenty of room when the nice things come," confided Seth to Sol, as he cracked a large hazel-nut as easily as a squirrel.

"No need of my starvin' beforehand. I *always* have room enough, and I'd like to have Thanksgiving every day," answered Solomon, gloating like a young ogre over the little pig that lay near by, ready for roasting.

"Sakes alive, I don't, boys! It's a marcy it don't come but once a year. I should be worn to a thread-

paper with all this extra work atop of my winter weavin' and spinnin'," laughed their mother, as she plunged her plump arms into the long bread-trough and began to knead the dough as if a famine was at hand.

Tilly, the oldest girl, a red-cheeked, black-eyed lass of fourteen, was grinding briskly at the mortar, for spices were costly, and not a grain must be wasted. Prue kept time with the chopper, and the twins sliced away at the apples till their little brown arms ached, for all knew how to work, and did so now with a will.

"I think it's real fun to have Thanksgiving at home. I'm sorry Gran'ma is sick, so we can't go there as usual, but I like to mess 'round here, don't you, girls?" asked Tilly, pausing to take a sniff at the spicy pestle.

"It will be kind of lonesome with only our own folks." "I like to see all the cousins and aunts, and have games, and sing," cried the twins, who were regular little romps, and could run, swim, coast, and shout as well as their brothers.

"I don't care a mite for all that. It will be so nice to eat dinner together, warm and comfortable at home," said quiet Prue, who loved her own cozy nooks like a cat.

"Come, girls, fly 'round and get your chores done, so we can clear away for dinner jest as soon as I clap my bread into the oven," called Mrs. Bassett presently, as she rounded off the last loaf of brown bread which was to feed the hungry mouths that seldom tasted any other.

"Here's a man comin' up the hill, lively!" "Guess

it's Gad Hopkins. Pa told him to bring a dozen oranges, if they warn't too high!" shouted Sol and Seth, running to the door, while the girls smacked their lips at the thought of this rare treat, and Baby threw his apple overboard, as if getting ready for a new cargo.

But all were doomed to disappointment, for it was not Gad, with the much-desired fruit. It was a stranger, who threw himself off his horse and hurried up to Mr. Bassett in the yard, with some brief message that made the farmer drop his axe and look so sober that his wife guessed at once some bad news had come; and crying, "Mother's wuss! I know she is!" out ran the good woman, forgetful of the flour on her arms and the oven waiting for its most important batch.

The man said old Mr. Chadwick, down to Keene, stopped him as he passed, and told him to tell Mrs. Bassett her mother was failing fast, and she'd better come to-day. He knew no more, and having delivered his errand he rode away, saying it looked like snow and he must be jogging, or he wouldn't get home till night.

"We must go right off, Eldad. Hitch up, and I'll be ready in less'n no time," said Mrs. Bassett, wasting not a minute in tears and lamentations, but pulling off her apron as she went in, with her mind in a sad jumble of bread, anxiety, turkey, sorrow, haste, and cider apple-sauce.

A few words told the story, and the children left their work to help her get ready, mingling their grief for "Gran'ma" with regrets for the lost dinner.

"I'm dreadful sorry, dears, but it can't be helped. I couldn't cook nor eat no way, now, and if that blessed woman gets better sudden, as she has before, we'll have cause for thanksgivin', and I'll give you a dinner you won't forget in a hurry," said Mrs. Bassett, as she tied on her brown silk pumpkin-hood, with a sob for the good old mother who had made it for her.

Not a child complained after that, but ran about helpfully, bringing moccasins, heating the footstone, and getting ready for a long drive, because Gran'ma lived twenty miles away, and there were no railroads in those parts to whisk people to and fro like magic. By the time the old yellow sleigh was at the door, the bread was in the oven, and Mrs. Bassett was waiting, with her camlet cloak on, and the baby done up like a small bale of blankets.

"Now, Eph, you must look after the cattle like a man, and keep up the fires, for there's a storm brewin', and neither the children nor dumb critters must suffer," said Mr. Bassett, as he turned up the collar of his rough coat and put on his blue mittens, while the old mare shook her bells as if she preferred a trip to Keene to hauling wood all day.

"Tilly, put extry comfortables on the beds to-night, the wind is so searchin' up chamber. Have the baked beans and Injun-puddin' for dinner, and whatever you do, don't let the boys git at the mince-pies, or you'll have them down sick. I shall come back the minute I can leave Mother. Pa will come to-morrer, anyway, so keep snug and be good. I depend on you, my darter; use your judgment, and don't let nothin' happen while Mother's away."

"Yes'm, yes'm — good-bye, good-bye!" called the children, as Mrs. Bassett was packed into the sleigh and driven away, leaving a stream of directions behind her.

Eph, the sixteen-year-old boy, immediately put on his biggest boots, assumed a sober, responsible manner, and surveyed his little responsibilities with a paternal air, drolly like his father's. Tilly tied on her mother's bunch of keys, rolled up the sleeves of her homespun gown, and began to order about the younger girls. They soon forgot poor Granny, and found it great fun to keep house all alone, for Mother seldom left home, but ruled her family in the good old-fashioned way. There were no servants, for the little daughters were Mrs. Bassett's only maids, and the stout boys helped their father, all working happily together with no wages but love; learning in the best manner the use of the heads and hands with which they were to make their own way in the world.

The few flakes that caused the farmer to predict bad weather soon increased to a regular snow-storm, with gusts of wind, for up among the hills winter came early and lingered long. But the children were busy, gay, and warm in-doors, and never minded the rising gale nor the whirling white storm outside.

Tilly got them a good dinner, and when it was over the two elder girls went to their spinning, for in the kitchen stood the big and little wheels and baskets of wool-rolls, ready to be twisted into yarn for the winter's knitting, and each day brought its stint of work to the daughters, who hoped to be as thrifty as their mother.

Eph kept up a glorious fire, and superintended the small boys, who popped corn and whittled boats on the hearth; while Roxy and Rhody dressed corn-cob dolls in the settle corner, and Bose, the brindled mastiff, lay on the braided mat, luxuriously warming his old legs. Thus employed, they made a pretty picture, these rosy boys and girls, in their homespun suits, with the rustic toys or tasks which most children nowadays would find very poor or tiresome.

Tilly and Prue sang, as they stepped to and fro, drawing out the smoothly twisted threads to the musical hum of the great spinning-wheels. The little girls chattered like magpies over their dolls and the new bed-spread they were planning to make, all white dimity stars on a blue calico ground, as a Christmas present to Ma. The boys roared at Eph's jokes, and had rough and tumble games over Bose, who didn't mind them in the least; and so the afternoon wore pleasantly away.

At sunset the boys went out to feed the cattle, bring in heaps of wood, and lock up for the night, as the lonely farm-house seldom had visitors after dark. The girls got the simple supper of brown bread and milk, baked apples, and a doughnut all 'round as a treat. Then they sat before the fire, the sisters knitting, the brothers with books or games, for Eph loved reading, and Sol and Seth never failed to play a few games of Morris, with barleycorns, on the little board they had made themselves at one corner of the dresser.

"Read out a piece," said Tilly, from Mother's chair, where she sat in state, finishing off the sixth woollen sock she had knit that month.



"It's the old history book, but here's a bit you may like, since it's about our folks," answered Eph, turning the yellow page to look at a picture of two quaintly dressed children in some ancient castle.

"Yes, read that. I always like to hear about the Lady Matildy I was named for, and Lord Bassett, Pa's great-great-great-grandpa. He's only a farmer now, but it's nice to know that we were somebody two or three hundred years ago," said Tilly, bristling and tossing her curly head as she fancied the Lady Matilda might have done.

"Don't read the queer words, 'cause we don't understand 'em. Tell it," commanded Roxy, from the cradle, where she was drowsily cuddled with Rhody.

"Well, a long time ago, when Charles the First was in prison, Lord Bassett was a true friend to him," began Eph, plunging into his story without delay. "The lord had some papers that would have hung a lot of people if the king's enemies got hold of 'em, so when he heard one day, all of a sudden, that soldiers were at the castle-gate to carry him off, he had just time to call his girl to him, and say: 'I may be going to my death, but I won't betray my master. There is no time to burn the papers, and I cannot take them with me; they are hidden in the old leathern chair where I sit. No one knows this but you, and you must guard them till I come or send you a safe messenger to take them away. Promise me to be brave and silent, and I can go without fear.' You see, he wasn't afraid to die, but he *was* to seem a traitor. Lady Matildy promised solemnly, and the

words were hardly out of her mouth when the men came in, and her father was carried away a prisoner and sent off to the Tower.

"But she didn't cry; she just called her brother, and sat down in that chair, with her head leaning back on those papers, like a queen, and waited while the soldiers hunted the house over for 'em : wasn't that a smart girl?" cried Tilly, beaming with pride, for she was named for this ancestress, and knew the story by heart.

"I reckon she was scared, though, when the men came swearin' in and asked her if she knew anything about it. The boy did his part then, for *he* didn't know, and fired up and stood before his sister; and he says, says he, as bold as a lion: 'If my lord had told us where the papers be, we would die before we would betray him. But we are children and know nothing, and it is cowardly of you to try to fright us with oaths and drawn swords!'"

As Eph quoted from the book, Seth planted himself before Tilly, with the long poker in his hand, saying, as he flourished it valiantly:

"Why didn't the boy take his father's sword and lay about him? I would, if any one was ha'sh to Tilly."

"You bantam! He was only a bit of a boy, and couldn't do anything. Sit down and hear the rest of it," commanded Tilly, with a pat on the yellow head, and a private resolve that Seth should have the largest piece of pie at dinner next day, as reward for his chivalry.

"Well, the men went off after turning the castle

out of window, but they said they should come again, so faithful Matildy was full of trouble, and hardly dared to leave the room where the chair stood. All day she sat there, and at night her sleep was so full of fear about it, that she often got up and went to see that all was safe. The servants thought the fright had hurt her wits, and let her be, but Rupert, the boy, stood by her and never was afraid of her queer ways. She was 'a pious maid', the book says, and often spent the long evenings reading the Bible, with her brother by her, all alone in the great room, with no one to help her bear her secret, and no good news of her father. At last, word came that the king was dead and his friends banished out of England. Then the poor children were in a sad plight, for they had no mother, and the servants all ran away, leaving only one faithful old man to help them."

"But the father did come?" cried Roxy, eagerly.

"You'll see," continued Eph, half telling, half reading.

"Matilda was sure he would, so she sat on in the big chair, guarding the papers, and no one could get her away, till one day a man came with her father's ring and told her to give up the secret. She knew the ring, but would not tell until she had asked many questions, so as to be very sure, and while the man answered all about her father and the king, she looked at him sharply. Then she stood up and said, in a tremble, for there was something strange about the man: 'Sir, I doubt you in spite of the ring, and I will not answer till you pull off the false beard you wear, that I may see your face and know if you are

my father's friend or foe.' Off came the disguise, and Matilda found it was my lord himself, come to take them with him out of England. He was very proud of that faithful girl, I guess, for the old chair still stands in the castle, and the name keeps in the family, Pa says, even over here, where some of the Bassetts came along with the Pilgrims."

"Our Tilly would have been as brave, I know, and she looks like the old picter down to Grandma's, don't she, Eph?" cried Prue, who admired her bold, bright sister very much.

"Well, I think you'd do the settin' part best, Prue, you are so patient. Till would fight like a wildcat, but she can't hold her tongue worth a cent," answered Eph; whereat Tilly pulled his hair, and the story ended with a general frolic.

When the moon-faced clock behind the door struck nine, Tilly tucked up the children under the "extry comfortables", and having kissed them all around, as Mother did, crept into her own nest, never minding the little drifts of snow that sifted in upon her coverlet between the shingles of the roof, nor the storm that raged without.

As if he felt the need of unusual vigilance, old Bose lay down on the mat before the door, and pussy had the warm hearth all to herself. If any late wanderer had looked in at midnight he would have seen the fire blazing up again, and in the cheerful glow the old cat blinking her yellow eyes, as she sat bolt upright beside the spinning-wheel, like some sort of household goblin, guarding the children while they slept.

When they woke, like early birds, it still snowed,

but up the little Bassetts jumped, broke the ice in their pitchers, and went down with cheeks glowing like winter apples, after a brisk scrub and scramble into their clothes. Eph was off to the barn, and Tilly soon had a great kettle of mush ready, which, with milk warm from the cows, made a wholesome breakfast for the seven hearty children.

"Now about dinner," said the young housekeeper, as the pewter spoons stopped clattering, and the earthen bowls stood empty.

"Ma said, have what we liked, but she didn't expect us to have a real Thanksgiving dinner, because she won't be here to cook it, and we don't know how," began Prue, doubtfully.

"I can roast a turkey and make a pudding as well as anybody, I guess. The pies are all ready, and if we can't boil vegetables and so on, we don't deserve any dinner," cried Tilly, burning to distinguish herself, and bound to enjoy to the utmost her brief authority.

"Yes, yes!" cried all the boys, "let's have a dinner anyway; Ma won't care, and the good victuals will spoil if they ain't eaten right up."

"Pa is coming to-night, so we won't have dinner till late; that will be real genteel and give us plenty of time," added Tilly, suddenly realizing the novelty of the task she had undertaken.

"Did you ever roast a turkey?" asked Roxy, with an air of deep interest.

"Should you darst to try?" said Rhody, in an awe-stricken tone.

"You will see what I can do. Ma said I was to

use my judgment about things, and I'm going to. All you children have got to do is to keep out of the way, and let Prue and me work. Eph, I wish you'd put a fire in the best room, so the little ones can play in there. We shall want the settin'-room for the table, and I won't have 'em pickin' 'round when we get things fixed," commanded Tilly, bound to make her short reign a brilliant one.

"I don't know about that. Ma didn't tell us to," began cautious Eph, who felt that this invasion of the sacred best parlor was a daring step.

"Don't we always do it Sundays and Thanksgivings? Wouldn't Ma wish the children kept safe and warm anyhow? Can I get up a nice dinner with four rascals under my feet all the time? Come, now, if you want roast turkey and onions, plum-pudding and mince-pie, you'll have to do as I tell you, and be lively about it."

Tilly spoke with such spirit, and her last suggestion was so irresistible, that Eph gave in, and, laughing good-naturedly, tramped away to heat up the best room, devoutly hoping that nothing serious would happen to punish such audacity.

The young folks delightedly trooped in to destroy the order of that prim apartment with housekeeping under the black horse-hair sofa, "horseback riders" on the arms of the best rocking-chair, and an Indian war dance all over the well-waxed furniture. Eph, finding the society of the peaceful sheep and cows more to his mind than that of two excited sisters, lingered over his chores in the barn as long as possible, and left the girls in peace.

Now Tilly and Prue were in their glory, and as soon as the breakfast things were out of the way, they prepared for a grand cooking-time. They were handy girls, though they had never heard of a cooking-school, never touched a piano, and knew nothing of embroidery beyond the samplers which hung framed in the parlor; one ornamented with a pink mourner under a blue weeping-willow, the other with this pleasing verse, each word being done in a different color, which gave the effect of a distracted rainbow:

“This sampler neat was worked by me,  
In my twelfth year, Prudence B.”

Both rolled up their sleeves, put on their largest aprons, and got out all the spoons, dishes, pots, and pans they could find, “so as to have everything handy”, as Prue said.

“Now, sister, we’ll have dinner at five; Pa will be here by that time if he is coming to-night, and be so surprised to find us all ready, for he won’t have had any very nice victuals if Gran’ma is so sick,” said Tilly importantly. “I shall give the children a piece at noon” (Tilly meant luncheon); “doughnuts and cheese, with apple pie and cider will please ’em. There’s beans for Eph; he likes cold pork, so we won’t stop to warm it up, for there’s lots to do, and I don’t mind saying to you I’m dreadful dubious about the turkey.”

“It’s all ready but the stuffing, and roasting is as easy as can be. I can baste first rate. Ma always likes to have me, I’m so patient and stiddy, she says,”

answered Prue, for the responsibility of this great undertaking did not rest upon her, so she took a cheerful view of things.

"I know, but it's the stuffin' that troubles me," said Tilly, rubbing her round elbows as she eyed the immense fowl laid out on a platter before her. "I don't know how much I want, nor what sort of yarbs to put in, and he's so awful big, I'm kind of afraid of him."

"I ain't! I fed him all summer, and he never gobbled at *me*. I feel real mean to be thinking of gobbling him, poor old chap," laughed Prue, patting her departed pet with an air of mingled affection and appetite.

"Well, I'll get the puddin' off my mind fust, for it ought to bile all day. Put the big kettle on, and see that the spit is clean, while I get ready."

Prue obediently tugged away at the crane, with its black hooks, from which hung the iron tea-kettle and three-legged pot; then she settled the long spit in the grooves made for it in the tall andirons, and put the dripping-pan underneath, for in those days meat was roasted as it should be, not baked in ovens.

Meantime Tilly attacked the plum-pudding. She felt pretty sure of coming out right, here, for she had seen her mother do it so many times it looked very easy. So in went suet and fruit, all sorts of spice, to be sure she got the right ones, and brandy instead of wine. But she forgot both sugar and salt, and tied it in the cloth so tightly that it had no room to swell, so it would come out as heavy as lead and as hard as a cannon-ball, if the bag did not burst and



spoil it all. Happily unconscious of these mistakes, Tilly popped it into the pot, and proudly watched it bobbing about before she put the cover on and left it to its fate.

"I can't remember what flavorin' Ma puts in," she said, when she had got her bread well soaked for the stuffing. "Sage and onions and apple-sauce go with goose, but I can't feel sure of anything but pepper and salt for a turkey."

"Ma puts in some kind of mint, I know, but I forget whether it is spearmint, peppermint, or penny-royal," answered Prue, in a tone of doubt, but trying to show her knowledge of "yarbs", or, at least, of their names.

"Seems to me it's sweet marjoram or summer savory. I guess we'll put both in, and then we are sure to be right. The best is up garret; you run and get some, while I mash the bread," commanded Tilly, diving into the mess.

Away trotted Prue, but in her haste she got catnip and wormwood, for the garret was darkish, and Prue's little nose was so full of the smell of the onions she had been peeling, that everything smelt of them. Eager to be of use, she pounded up the herbs and scattered the mixture with a liberal hand into the bowl.

"It doesn't smell just right, but I suppose it will when it is cooked," said Tilly, as she filled the empty stomach, that seemed aching for food, and sewed it up with blue yarn, which happened to be handy. She forgot to tie down his legs and wings, but she set him by till his hour came, well satisfied with her work.

"Shall we roast the little pig, too? I think he'd look nice with a necklace of sausages, as Ma fixed one last Christmas," asked Prue, elated with their success.

"I couldn't do it. I loved that little pig, and cried when he was killed. I should feel as if I was roasting the baby," answered Tilly, glancing toward the buttery where piggy hung, looking so pink and pretty it certainly did seem cruel to eat him.

It took a long time to get all the vegetables ready, for, as the cellar was full, the girls thought they would have every sort. Eph helped, and by noon all was ready for cooking, and the cranberry sauce, a good deal scorched, was cooling in the lean-to.

Luncheon was a lively meal, and doughnuts and cheese vanished in such quantities that Tilly feared no one would have an appetite for her sumptuous dinner. The boys assured her they would be starving by five o'clock, and Sol mourned bitterly over the little pig that was not to be served up.

"Now you all go and coast, while Prue and I set the table and get out the best chiny," said Tilly, bent on having her dinner look well, no matter what its other failings might be.

Out came the rough sleds, on went the round hoods, old hats, red cloaks, and moccasins, and away trudged the four younger Bassetts, to disport themselves in the snow, and try the ice down by the old mill, where the great wheel turned and splashed so merrily in the summer-time.

Eph took his fiddle and scraped away to his heart's content in the parlor, while the girls, after a short rest, set the table and made all ready to dish up the

dinner when that exciting moment came. It was not at all the sort of table we see now, but would look very plain and countrified to us, with its green-handled knives and two-pronged steel forks; its red-and-white china, and pewter platters, scoured till they shone, with mugs and spoons to match, and a brown jug for the cider. The cloth was coarse, but white as snow, and the little maids had seen the blue-eyed flax grow, out of which their mother wove the linen they had watched and watered while it bleached in the green meadow. They had no napkins and little silver; but the best tankard and Ma's few wedding spoons were set forth in state. Nuts and apples at the corners gave an air, and the place of honor was left in the middle for the oranges yet to come.

"Don't it look beautiful?" said Prue, when they paused to admire the general effect.

"Pretty nice, I think. I wish Ma could see how well we can do it," began Tilly, when a loud howling started both girls, and sent them flying to the window. The short afternoon had passed so quickly that twilight had come before they knew it, and now, as they looked out through the gathering dusk, they saw four small black figures tearing up the road, to come bursting in, all screaming at once: "The bear, the bear! Eph, get the gun! He's coming, he's coming!"

Eph had dropped his fiddle, and got down his gun before the girls could calm the children enough to tell their story, which they did in a somewhat incoherent manner. "Down in the holler, coastin', we heard a growl," began Sol, with his eyes as big as

saucers. "I see him fust lookin' over the wall," roared Seth, eager to get his share of honor.

"Awful big and shaggy," quavered Roxy, clinging to Tilly, while Rhody hid in Prue's skirts, and piped out: "His great paws kept clawing at us, and I was so scared my legs would hardly go."

"We ran away as fast as we could go, and he come growling after us. He's awful hungry, and he'll eat every one of us if he gets in," continued Sol, looking about him for a safe retreat.

"Oh, Eph, don't let him eat us," cried both little girls, flying up stairs to hide under their mother's bed, as their surest shelter.

"No danger of that, you little geese. I'll shoot him as soon as he comes. Get out of the way, boys," and Eph raised the window to get good aim.

"There he is! Fire away, and don't miss!" cried Seth, hastily following Sol, who had climbed to the top of the dresser as a good perch from which to view the approaching fray.

Prue retired to the hearth as if bent on dying at her post rather than desert the turkey, now "brown-ing beautiful," as she expressed it. But Tilly boldly stood at the open window, ready to lend a hand if the enemy proved too much for Eph.

All had seen bears, but none had ever come so near before, and even brave Eph felt that the big brown beast slowly trotting up the door-yard was an unusually formidable specimen. He was growling horribly, and stopped now and then as if to rest and shake himself.

"Get the axe, Tilly, and if I should miss, stand

ready to keep him off while I load again," said Eph, anxious to kill his first bear in style and alone; a girl's help didn't count.

Tilly flew for the axe, and was at her brother's side by the time the bear was near enough to be dangerous. He stood on his hind legs, and seemed to sniff with relish the savory odors that poured out of the window.

"Fire, Eph!" cried Tilly, firmly.

"Wait till he rears again. I'll get a better shot, then," answered the boy, while Prue covered her ears to shut out the bang, and the small boys cheered from their dusty refuge up among the pumpkins.

But a very singular thing happened next, and all who saw it stood amazed, for suddenly Tilly threw down the axe, flung open the door, and ran straight into the arms of the bear, who stood erect to receive her, while his growlings changed to a loud "Haw, haw!" that startled the children more than the report of a gun.

"It's Gad Hopkins, tryin' to fool us!" cried Eph, much disgusted at the loss of his prey, for these hardy boys loved to hunt, and prided themselves on the number of wild animals and birds they could shoot in a year.

"Oh, Gad, how could you scare us so?" laughed Tilly, still held fast in one shaggy arm of the bear, while the other drew a dozen oranges from some deep pocket in the buffalo-skin coat, and fired them into the kitchen with such good aim that Eph ducked, Prue screamed, and Sol and Seth came down much quicker than they went up.

"Wal, you see I got upshot over yonder, and the old horse went home while I was floundering in a drift, so I tied on the buffalors to tote 'em easy, and come along till I see the children playin' in the holler. I jest meant to give 'em a little scare, but they run like partridges, and I kep' up the joke to see how Eph would like this sort of company," and Gad haw-hawed again.

"You'd have had a warm welcome if we hadn't found you out. I'd have put a bullet through you in a jiffy, old chap," said Eph, coming out to shake hands with the young giant, who was only a year or two older than himself.

"Come in and set up to dinner with us. Prue and I have done it all ourselves, and Pa will be along soon, I reckon," cried Tilly, trying to escape.

"Couldn't, no ways. My folks will think I'm dead ef I don't get along home, sence the horse and sleigh have gone ahead empty. I've done my arrant and had my joke; now I want my pay, Tilly," and Gad took a hearty kiss from the rosy cheeks of his "little sweetheart", as he called her. His own cheeks tingled with the smart slap she gave him as she ran away, calling out that she hated bears and would bring her axe next time.

"I ain't afeared; your sharp eyes found me out; and ef you run into a bear's arms you must expect a hug," answered Gad, as he pushed back the robe and settled his fur cap more becomingly.

"I should have known you in a minute if I hadn't been asleep when the girls squalled. You did it well, though, and I advise you not to try it again in a hurry,

or you'll get shot," said Eph, as they parted, he rather crestfallen and Gad in high glee.

"My sakes alive — the turkey is burnt one side, and the kettles have biled over so the pies I put to warm are all ashes!" scolded Tilly, as the flurry subsided and she remembered her dinner.

"Well, I can't help it. I couldn't think of victuals when I expected to be eaten alive myself, could I?" pleaded poor Prue, who had tumbled into the cradle when the rain of oranges began.

Tilly laughed, and all the rest joined in, so good humor was restored, and the spirits of the younger ones were revived by sucks from the one orange which passed from hand to hand with great rapidity, while the older girls dished up the dinner. They were just struggling to get the pudding out of the cloth when Roxy called out, "Here's Pa!"

"There's folks with him," added Rhody.

"Lots of 'em! I see two big sleighs chock full," shouted Seth, peering through the dusk.

"It looks like a semintary. Guess Gran'ma's dead and come up to be buried here," said Sol in a solemn tone. This startling suggestion made Tilly, Prue, and Eph hasten to look out, full of dismay at such an ending of their festival.

"If that is a funeral, the mourners are uncommon jolly," said Eph, drily, as merry voices and loud laughter broke the white silence without.

"I see Aunt Cinthy, and Cousin Hetty—and there's Mose and Amos. I do declare, Pa's bringin' 'em all home to have some fun here," cried Prue, as she recognized one familiar face after another.

"Oh, my patience! Ain't I glad I got dinner, and don't I hope it will turn out good!" exclaimed Tilly, while the twins pranced with delight, and the small boys roared:

"Hooray for Pa! Hooray for Thanksgivin'!"

The cheer was answered heartily, and in came Father, Mother, Baby, aunts, and cousins, all in great spirits, and all much surprised to find such a festive welcome awaiting them.

"Aint Gran'ma dead at all?" asked Sol, in the midst of the kissing and hand-shaking.

"Bless your heart, no! It was all a mistake of old Mr. Chadwick's. He's as deaf as an adder, and when Mrs. Brooks told him Mother was mendin' fast, and she wanted me to come down to-day, certain sure, he got the message all wrong, and give it to the fust person passin' in such a way as to scare me 'most to death, and send us down in a hurry. Mother was sittin' up as chirk as you please, and dreadful sorry you didn't all come."

"So, to keep the house quiet for her, and give you a taste of the fun, your Pa fetched us all up to spend the evenin', and we are goin' to have a jolly time on't, to jedge by the looks of things," said Aunt Cinthy, briskly finishing the tale when Mrs. Bassett paused for want of breath.

"What in the world put it into your head we was comin', and set you to gettin' up such a supper?" asked Mr. Bassett, looking about him, well pleased and much surprised at the plentiful table.

Tilly modestly began to tell, but the others broke in and sang her praises in a sort of chorus, in which



bears, pigs, pies, and oranges were oddly mixed. Great satisfaction was expressed by all, and Tilly and Prue were so elated by the commendation of Ma and the aunts that they set forth their dinner, sure everything was perfect.

But when the eating began, which it did the moment wraps were off, then their pride got a fall; for the first person who tasted the stuffing (it was big Cousin Mose, and that made it harder to bear) nearly choked over the bitter morsel.

"Tilly Bassett, whatever made you put wormwood and catnip in your stuffin'?" demanded Ma, trying not to be severe, for all the rest were laughing, and Tilly looked ready to cry.

"I did it," said Prue, nobly taking all the blame, which caused Pa to kiss her on the spot, and declare that it didn't do a might of harm, for the turkey was all right.

"I never see onions cooked better. All the vegetables is well done, and the dinner a credit to you, my dears," declared Aunt Cinthy, with her mouth full of the fragrant vegetable she praised.

The pudding was an utter failure, in spite of the blazing brandy in which it lay — as hard and heavy as one of the stone balls on Squire Dunkin's great gate. It was speedily whisked out of sight, and all fell upon the pies, which were perfect. But Tilly and Prue were much depressed, and didn't recover their spirits till the dinner was over and the evening fun well under way.

"Blind-man's buff", "Hunt the slipper", "Come, Philander", and other lively games soon set every

one bubbling over with jollity, and when Eph struck up "Money Musk" on his fiddle, old and young fell into their places for a dance. All down the long kitchen they stood, Mr. and Mrs. Bassett at the top, the twins at the bottom, and then away they went, heeling and toeing, cutting pigeon-wings, and taking their steps in a way that would convulse modern children with their new-fangled romps called dancing. Mose and Tilly covered themselves with glory by the vigor with which they kept it up, till fat Aunt Cinthy fell into a chair, breathlessly declaring that a very little of such exercise was enough for a woman of her "heft."

Apples and cider, chat and singing, finished the evening, and after a grand kissing all round, the guests drove away in the clear moonlight which came just in time to cheer their long drive.

When the jingle of the last bell died away, Mr. Bassett said soberly, as they stood together on the hearth: "Children, we have special cause to be thankful that the sorrow we expected was changed into joy, so we'll read a chapter 'fore we go to bed, and give thanks where thanks is due."

Then Tilly set out the light-stand with the big Bible on it, and a candle on each side, and all sat quietly in the firelight, smiling as they listened with happy hearts to the sweet old words that fit all times and seasons so beautifully.

When the good-nights were over, and the children in bed, Prue put her arm around Tilly and whispered tenderly, for she felt her shake, and was sure she was crying:

"Don't mind about the old stuffin' and puddin', deary — nobody cared, and Ma said we really did do surprisin' well for such young girls."

The laughter Tilly was trying to smother broke out then, and was so infectious, Prue could not help joining her, even before she knew the cause of the merriment.

"I was mad about the mistakes, but don't care enough to cry. I'm laughing to think how Gad fooled Eph and I found him out. I thought Mose and Amos would have died over it, when I told them, it was so funny," explained Tilly, when she got her breath.

"I was so scared that when the first orange hit me, I thought it was a bullet, and scrabbled into the cradle as fast as I could. It was real mean to frighten the little ones so," laughed Prue, as Tilly gave a growl.

Here a smart rap on the wall of the next room caused a sudden lull in the fun, and Mrs. Bassett's voice was heard, saying warningly, "Girls, go to sleep immediate, or you'll wake the baby."

"Yes'm," answered two meek voices, and after a few irrepressible giggles, silence reigned, broken only by an occasional snore from the boys, or the soft scurry of mice in the buttery, taking their part in this old-fashioned Thanksgiving.

— *Louisa M. Alcott.*

## SUMMER MOON

Summer Moon, O Summer Moon, across the west you  
fly,

You gaze on half the earth at once with sweet and  
steadfast eye;

Summer Moon, O Summer Moon, were I aloft with thee,  
I know that I could look upon my boy who sails at sea.

Summer Moon, O Summer Moon, now wind and storm  
have fled,

Your light creeps thro' a cabin-pane and lights a flaxen  
head;

He tosses with his lips apart, lies smiling in your gleam,  
For underneath his folded lids you put a gentle dream.

Summer Moon, O Summer Moon, his head is on his  
arm,

He stirs with balmy breath and sees the moonlight on  
the Farm;

He stirs and breathes his mother's name, he smiles and  
sees once more

The moon above, the fields below, the shadow at the  
door.

Summer Moon, O Summer Moon, across the lift you go,  
Far south you gaze and see my Boy, where groves of  
orange grow;

Summer Moon, O Summer Moon, you turn again to me,  
And seem to have the smile of him who sleeps upon the  
sea.

— *Robert Buchanan.*

## MASTER SKYLARK

## DRAMATIZATION: A BOY'S LOVE FOR HIS MOTHER

(The story of "Master Skylark", from which this play is dramatized, is one of the sweetest and best stories ever written of the time of Shakespeare, or of any time; for the love of a boy for his mother always appeals to the truest and finest qualities in human nature.)

Nick Attwood, Master Skylark, who possesses a beautiful voice, is stolen from his home by Master Player Carew and the story of his efforts to find his way home to his dearly beloved mother in Stratford form the plot of the story. Master Will Shakespeare befriends the poor lad and is the means of bringing Master Skylark to his home and to prosperity.)

## SCENE I

*Christmas with Queen Bess*

(Stage set with benches as if for a play. Lords and Ladies enter with much laughing and take their seats. A hush follows the words, "The Queen is Coming." ELIZABETH enters. All arise and bow. The QUEEN motions them to their seats and takes her seat upon the chair.)

Prompter Rafe Fullerton!

(RAFE advances across the stage, making a deep obeisance to the QUEEN.)

*Rafe* It is a masque of summer-time and spring, wherein both claim to be best-loved, and have their say of wit and humor, and each her part of songs and dances, suited to her time: the sprightly galliard and the nimble jig for spring; the slow pavone, the stately peacock dance for summer-time. And win who may, fair springtime or stately summer, the winner is but *that* beside our Queen. (*Snaps his fingers.*) God save Queen Bess!

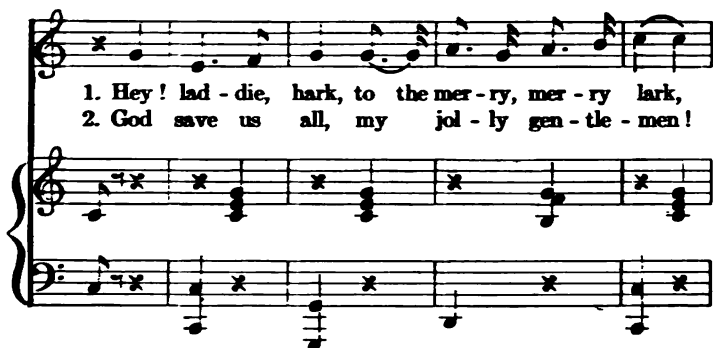
(*QUEEN bows and all clap their hands. A group of children decked with flowers run on the stage.*)

(The children dance merrily about one who stands in the center holding a May-pole. A children's dance in quick time should be played on the piano during the dance about the pole. A merry song of springtime could be used here also. Some larger girls now enter and dance a stately minuet. Mozart's "Minuet from Don Juan" may be played during this scene. Then the stage is cleared and Nick (the Skylark) and Cicely run on, decorated with garlands of flowers. If a flute can be played very softly during this scene, it will make it more effective.)

NICK (*sings*)

#### THE MERRY SPRINGTIME

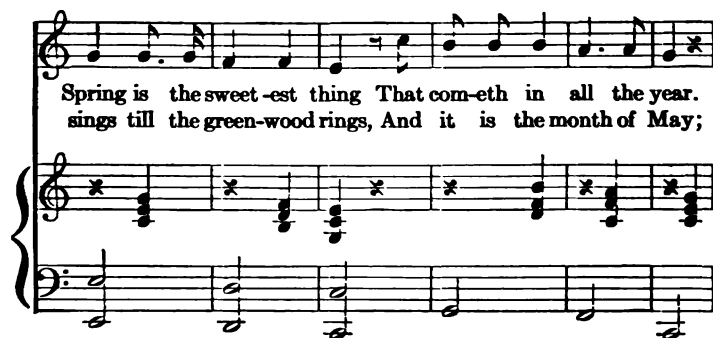




1. Hey! lad - die, hark, to the mer - ry, mer - ry lark,  
2. God save us all, my jol - ly gen - tle - men!



How high he ring-eth clear. O a morn in  
We'll mer - ry be to - day; For the cuck - oo



Spring is the sweet - est thing That com-eth in all the year.  
sings till the green-wood rings, And it is the month of May;

O a morn in spring is the sweet-est thing That  
For the cuck-oo sings till the green-wood rings, And

The first system of the musical score. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. It contains the lyrics: "O a morn in spring is the sweet-est thing That For the cuck-oo sings till the green-wood rings, And". The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand part in treble clef with chords and some single notes, and a left-hand part in bass clef with a simple bass line.

com-eth in all the year.  
it is the month of May.

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "com-eth in all the year. it is the month of May." The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a bass line.

**REFRAIN**  
*vivace*

Ring! ting! it is the mer-ry

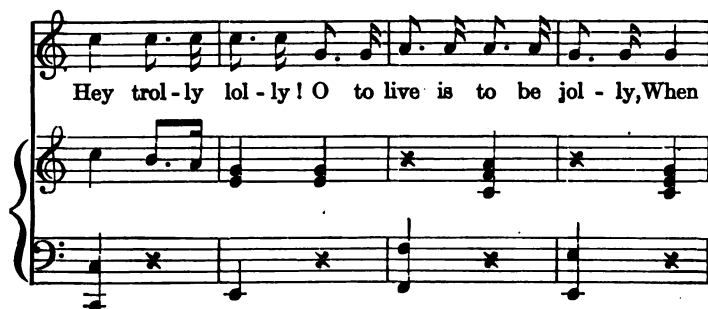
The third system of the musical score, marked as the Refrain in a vivace tempo. The vocal line starts with a repeat sign and contains the lyrics: "Ring! ting! it is the mer-ry". The piano accompaniment features a more rhythmic bass line with repeated notes and chords.





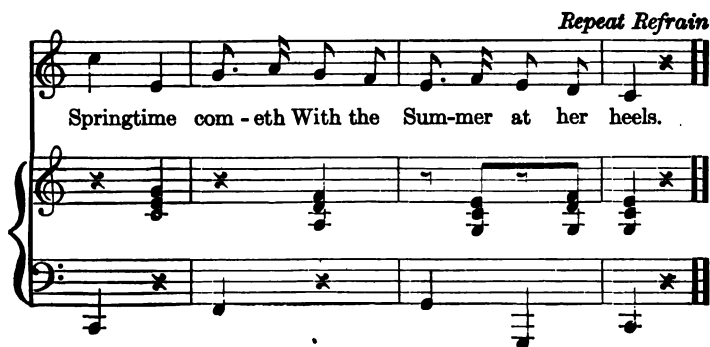
Spring-time, How full of heart a bod - y feels! Sing

The first system of the musical score. It consists of a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The vocal line begins with a treble clef and contains the lyrics "Spring-time, How full of heart a bod - y feels! Sing". The piano accompaniment starts with a grand staff and provides harmonic support for the vocal melody.



Hey trol - ly lol - ly! O to live is to be jol - ly, When

The second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment from the first system. The vocal line includes the lyrics "Hey trol - ly lol - ly! O to live is to be jol - ly, When". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines in both hands.



*Repeat Refrain*  
Springtime com - eth With the Sum - mer at her heels.

The third system of the musical score, marked as a "Repeat Refrain". It features a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "Springtime com - eth With the Sum - mer at her heels." and ends with a double bar line. The piano accompaniment provides a rhythmic and harmonic foundation for the refrain.

*(The children leave the stage amid a profound hush, which is followed by loud applause. The QUEEN turns to an Italian nobleman.)*

*The Queen* It is a good song, my lord. Is it not so? There are no songs like English songs. There is no spring like an English spring. There is no land like England — my England. *(She claps her hands.)* I will speak with these children.

*(Pages bring in NICK and CICELY. They kneel before the QUEEN.)*

*Queen* Stand, dear ones, be lifted up by thine own singing as our hearts have been uplifted by thy song. And name the price of that same song; 'twas sweeter than the sweetest song we ever heard before.

*(To CICELY)* Come, what wilt thou have of me, fair maid?

*Cicely* That I might stay in the palace forever and sing for your Majesty.

*Queen* Now, that is right prettily asked. Thou shalt indeed stay for a singing page in our household — a voice and a face like thine are merry things upon a rainy Monday. And thou, Master Skylark, thou that comest up out of the fields with a song like the angel's song, what wilt thou have? That thou may'st sing in our choir and play upon the lute for us? What wilt thou have, boy? Speak!

*Nick* Let me go home.

*Queen* Surely, boy, that is an ill-mannered speech, or thou dost deem us very poor or most exceeding stingy.

(*NICK hangs his head, Courtiers titter.*)

*Nick* I would rather be there than here.

*Queen* Thou art more curt than courteous. Is it not good enough for thee to be here?

*Nick* I could na' live in such a place.

*Queen* In such a place? Marry, art thou so choice? Others find no fault with this life.

*Nick* Then they be born in it, or they could no more abide it than I. They would na' fit.

*Lord High Constable* How! how!

*Queen* Old pegs can be made to fit new holes before to-day, and the trick can be turned again. But come, boy, speak up; what hath put thee so out of conceit with our best beloved palace?

*Nick* I can na' bide in a place so fine, for there's na' so much as a corner in it feels like home. I could na' sleep in the bed last night.

*Queen* What? How? We commanded good beds. This shall be seen to.

*Nick* Oh, it was a good bed, a very good bed, indeed, your Majesty. But the mattress puffed up like a cloud in a bag, and almost smothered me; and it was so soft and so hot that it gave me a fever.

(*Every one laughs.*)

*Queen* Upon my word it is an odd skylark that cannot sleep in feathers. What did'st thou do, forsooth?

*Nick* I slept in the coverlet on the floor. It was na' hurt, I dusted the place well, and I slept like a top.

*Queen* Now, verily, if it be floors that thou dost desire, we have acres to spare. Come then, thou wilt stay?

(*NICK shakes his head.*)

*Queen* It is a queer fancy that makes a face at such a pleasant dwelling. What is it sticks in thy throat?

(*NICK stands silent.*)

*Queen* Thou art bedazzled like. Think twice, preferment does not gooseberry on the hedgerow every-day; and this is a rare chance which hangs ripening on the tongue. Consider well; come, thou wilt accept?

(*NICK shakes his head.*)

*Queen* Go, then, if thou wilt.

(*She turns and draws CICELY towards her.*)

*Queen* Thy comrade hath more wit.

*Nick* She hath no mother. I would rather have my mother than her wit.

*Queen* Thou art no fool; or if thou art, upon my word, I like the breed. It is a stubborn, forward dog, but Hold-Fast is his name. Ay, sirs, Brag is a good dog, but Hold-Fast is better. A lad who loves his mother thus maketh a son who loveth his native land, and it's no bad streak in the blood. Master Skylark, thou shalt have thy wish; to London thou shalt go this very night.

*Nick* I do not live in London.

*Queen* What matter the place? Live wherever thine heart dost please. It is enough so. Thou may'st kiss our hand.

(*NICK kneels and kisses her hand. A page comes to him, and the children back off the stage.*)

## SCENE II

PLACE: *The Garden of Shakespeare's Home, New Place, Stratford*

(If stage is set with palms, fern, etc., "the garden" will be sufficiently suggested.)

(*WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, BEN JONSON, JOHN COOMBE, MICHAEL DRAYTON, and others, walking about. NICK and CICELY come up the path. The men all clap their hands.*)

*Ben Jonson* Upon my word, Will, the lad is a credit to this old town of thine. A plucky fellow, I say, a right plucky fellow. Found the lass and brought her home all safe and sound — why, 'tis done like a true knight-errant.

(*SHAKESPEARE goes towards the children with outstretched hands.*)

*Shakespeare* Thou young rogue, how thou hast forestalled us! Why, here we have been weeping for thee as lost, strayed or stolen; and all the while thou wert nestling in the bosom of thine own sweet home. How is the beloved little mother?

*Nick* I ha' na' seen my mother. Father will na' let me in.

*Shakespeare* What? How?

*Nick* My father wilt not have me any more, sir; saith I shall never be his son again. Oh, Master Shakespeare, why did they steal me from home?

*(All crowd around the children.)*

*Shakespeare* Why, what doth this mean? What on earth has happened?

*Cicely* Please, sir, his father — Nick's father — sir, said he would set the constables on us, if we did not begone.

*Nick* He told me ne'er to call him father more, and he said he was na' father to stage-playing, vagabond rogues.

*Shakespeare* Why, this is a sorry tale! Does the man not know that thou wert stolen, that thou wert kept against thy will, that thou hast trudged half-way from London for thy mother's sake?

*Nick* He will na' leave me tell him, sir. He would not listen to me.

*Ben Jonson* The muckle shrew! Why, I'll have this out with him! By Jupiter! I'll read him reason with a vengeance! *(He clinks his rapier and starts off.)*

*Shakespeare* Nay, Ben, cool thy blood. A quarrel will not serve. This tanner is a bitter-minded, heavy-handed man; he'd only throw thee in a pickling vat.

*Jonson* What! then he'd never tan another hide!

*Shakespeare* And would that serve the purpose? The cure should suit the disease — the children must be thought about.

*Jonson* The children! Why, as for them, I'll think thee a thought off-hand to serve the turn. What? Why! This tanner calls us vagabonds. Vagabonds, forsooth! Yet vagabonds are gallows-birds, and gallows-birds are ravens, and ravens, men say, do foster forlorn children. Take my point? Good, then! let us ravenous vagabonds take these two children for our own, Will, thou one, I, t'other, and by praiseworthy fostering singe this fellow's very brain with shame.

*Barbage* Why, here, here, Ben Jonson, this is all very well, for Will and thee; but pray, where do the rest of us come upon the bill? Come, man, 'tis a pity if we cannot all stand together in this real play as well as in all the make-believe.

*Hemyngue* That's my sort; why, what? Here is a player's daughter who has no father and a player whose father will not have him; orphaned by fate, and disinherited by folly, common stock with us all; marry, 'tis a sort of stock I want some of. Kind hearts are trumps, my honest Ben; make it a stock company, and let us all be in.

*Condell* That's no bad fancy. There's merit in the lad beside this voice — that cannot keep its freshness long; but his figure's good, his wit is quick, and he has a very taking style. It would be worth while, Dick and Will, he'll make a better Rosalind than Roger Prynne, for thy new play.

*Shakespeare* So he would, but before we put him into "As You Like It", suppose we ask him how he does like it. Nick, thou hast heard what all these gentlemen have said — what hast thou to say, my lad?

*Nick* Why, sirs, you are all kind — very, very kind, indeed, sirs; but — I — want my mother — Oh, masters — I do want my mother!

(*JOHN COOMBE sets his cane down very hard and trudges off down the path.*)

## SCENE III

*Supper at Shakespeare's House*

*Characters as in Scene II. LITTLE CICELY sits on one side of the table with a wreath of red roses in her hair. She is being made much of by BEN JONSON. NICK sits beside SHAKESPEARE on the other side of the table. JOHN COOMBE's chair is vacant.*

*Shakespeare* Welcome, friends, welcome to New Place! Who should be so welcome to my new home as my old friends, tried and true?

(*The door is thrown open and SIMON ATTWOOD, the tanner, stands there. SIMON steps into the room and SHAKESPEARE goes to meet him.*)

*Simon* I ha' come, Master Shakespeare, about a matter.

*Shakespeare* Out with it, sir. There is much here to be said.

(*The Tanner is greatly confused and cannot speak.*)

*Shakespeare* Come, say what thou hast to say, and say it quickly that we may have done.

*Simon* There's naught that I can say, but that I be sorry, and I want my son! Nick! Nick! I be



wrong for thee; will ye na' come home? Just for thy mother's sake, Nick, if ye will na' come for mine.

(NICK starts up with a glad cry and then suddenly stops.)

Nick But Cicely, father?

(ATTWOOD looks troubled and hesitates.)

Attwood Bring her along! I ha' little enough, but I will do the best I can. Maybe 'twill somehow right the wrong I ha' done. Bring the lass with thee, Nick — we'll make out, lad; we'll make out. God will na' let it all go wrong.

(JONSON and SHAKESPEARE have been talking in the corner. They seem greatly pleased. SHAKESPEARE now leaves the room.)

Simon Wilt thou come, lad?

(He holds out his hand.)

Nick Oh, father!

(He grasps his father's hand, and looks curiously in his face.)

Simon Well, lad, what be it?

Nick Nothing; only mother will be glad to have Cicely, won't she?

(SHAKESPEARE comes into the room with a heavy bag tied tightly and sealed with large red seals. He breaks the seals and, opening the large bag, takes out two small bags also sealed.)

*Jonson* Come, come, Will, don't be all day about it.

*Shakespeare* The more haste the less speed. I have a little story to tell ye all. When Gaston Carew, lately Master Player of the Lord High Admiral's company, was arraigned for the killing of that rascal, Fulk Sandells, all Carew asked for was a friend to speak with a little aside. This the court allowed, so he sent for me. We played together, he and I, ye know. He had not much to say, but he sent his love forever to his only daughter.

*Cicely* He also begged Nicholas Attwood to forgive him the wrong he did him.

*Nick* Why, that I will, sir. He was always kind to me, except that he would na' let me go.

*Shakespeare* After that he made known to me a sliding panel in his house, wherein was hidden all he had on earth to leave to those he loved the best, and who he hoped loved him.

*Cicely* Everybody loved my father.

*Shakespeare* The bags were found within the wall, and were sealed by Ben Jonson and myself for the legatees, who had dropped as completely out of sight as if the earth had opened and swallowed them up. But by the father's grace, we have found them safe and sound at last, and all's well that ends well! (*Here he turns the bags around and reads.*) "For mine only beloved daughter, Cicely Carew. For Nicholas Attwood, whom I stole away from Stratford town, Anno Domini, 1596."

*Shakespeare* There are one hundred and fifty gold rose nobles. In the other bag are just three hundred more. Neighbor Attwood, we shall have no paupers here.

*(All clap their hands.)*

*Shakespeare* Come, Ben, a toast to fit the cue.

*Jonson* Why, then, here's to all kind hearts.

*Shakespeare* Wherever they may be. It is a good toast, and we will all drink it together.

*(All stand and drink the toast, after which they sing:)*

### THE MERRY SPRINGTIME

— *John Bennett.*

### THE HOME LAND

My land was the Westland ; my home was on the hill,  
I never think of my land but it makes my heart to  
thrill.

I never smell the west wind that blows the golden skies,  
But old desire is in my heart and dreams are in my  
eyes.

My home crowned the highland ; it had a stately grace.  
I never think of my land but I see my Mother's face.  
I never smell the west wind that blows the silver ships,  
But old delight is in my heart and youth is on my lips.

My land is a high land. My home is near the skies.  
I never think of my land but a light is in my eyes.  
I never smell the west wind that blows the winter's  
rain,  
But I am at my Mother's knee, a little lad again.

— *Dana Burnet.*

## HOME SONG

Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest ;  
Home-keeping hearts are happiest,  
For those that wander they know not where  
Are full of trouble and full of care,  
To stay at home is best.

Weary and homesick and distressed,  
They wander east, they wander west,  
And are baffled, and beaten and blown about  
By the winds of the wilderness of doubt ;  
To stay at home is best.

Then stay at home, my heart, and rest ;  
The bird is safest in its nest :  
O'er all that flutter their wings and fly  
A hawk is hovering in the sky ;  
To stay at home is best.

— *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,  
As the swift seasons roll !  
Leave thy low-vaulted past !  
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,  
Till thou at length art free,  
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea !

— *Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

## A HOME NEAR TO NATURE

When I wrote the following pages, or rather the bulk of them, I lived alone, in the woods, a mile from any neighbor, in a house which I had built myself, on the shore of Walden Pond, in Concord, Massachusetts, and earned my living by the labor of my hands only. I lived there two years and two months. At present I am a sojourner in civilized life again.

Near the end of March, 1845, I borrowed an axe and went down to the woods by Walden Pond, nearest to where I intended to build my house, and began to cut down some tall arrowy white pines, still in their youth, for timber. It is difficult to begin without borrowing, but perhaps it is the most generous course thus to permit your fellow men to have an interest in your enterprise. The owner of the axe, as he released his hold on it, said that it was the apple of his eye; but I returned it sharper than I received it. It was a pleasant hillside where I worked, covered with pine woods, through which I looked out on the pond, and a small open field in the woods where pines and hickories were springing.

So I went on for some days cutting and hewing timber, and also studs and rafters, all with my narrow axe, not having many communicable or scholar-like thoughts, singing to myself :

Men say they know many things,  
But lo! they have taken wings —  
The arts and sciences,  
And a thousand appliances :  
The wind that blows  
Is all that anybody knows.

I hewed the main timbers six inches square, most of the studs on two sides only, and the rafters and floor timbers on one side, leaving the rest of the bark on, so that they were just as straight and much stronger than sawed ones. Each stick was carefully mortised or tenoned by its stump, for I had borrowed other tools by this time.

My days in the woods were not very long ones; yet I usually carried my dinner of bread and butter, and read the newspaper in which it was wrapped, at noon, sitting amid the green pine boughs which I had cut off, and to my bread was imparted some of their fragrance, for my hands were covered with a thick coat of pitch. Before I had done I was more the friend than the foe of the pine tree, though I had cut down some of them, having become better acquainted with it. Sometimes a rambler in the wood was attracted by the sound of my axe, and we chatted pleasantly over the chips which I had made.

I dug my cellar in the side of a hill sloping to the south, where a woodchuck had formerly dug his burrow, down through sumach and blackberry roots, and the lowest stain of vegetation, six feet square by seven deep, to a fine sand where potatoes would not freeze in any winter. The sides were left shelving, and not stoned; but the sun having never shone on them, the sand still keeps its place. It was but two hours' work. I took particular pleasure in this breaking of ground, for in almost all latitudes men dig into the earth for an equable temperature. Under the most splendid house in the city is still to be found the cellar where they store their roots as of old, and long after the super-

structure has disappeared posterity remarks its dent in the earth. The house is still but a sort of porch at the entrance of a burrow.

At length, in the beginning of May, with the help of some of my acquaintances, rather to improve so good an occasion for neighborliness than from any necessity, I set up the frame of my house. No man was ever more honored in the character of his raisers than I. They are destined, I trust, to assist at the raising of loftier structures one day.

I began to occupy my house on the 4th of July, as soon as it was boarded and roofed, for the boards were carefully feather-edged and lapped, so that it was perfectly impervious to rain; but before boarding, I laid the foundation of a chimney at one end, bringing two cartloads of stones up the hill from the pond in my arms. I built the chimney after my hoeing in the fall, before a fire became necessary for warmth, doing my cooking in the meanwhile out of doors on the ground, early in the morning: which mode I still think is in some respects more convenient and agreeable than the usual one. When it stormed before my bread was baked, I fixed a few boards over the fire, and sat under them to watch my loaf, and passed some pleasant hours in that way. In those days, when my hands were much employed, I read but little, but the least scraps of paper which lay on the ground, my holder, or table-cloth, afforded me as much entertainment, in fact, answered the same purpose as the Iliad.

Before winter, I shingled the sides of my house, which were already impervious to rain, with imperfect and sappy shingles made of the first slice of the

•



A HOME NEAR TO NATURE





log, whose edges I was obliged to straighten with a plane.

I have thus a tight-shingled and plastered house, ten feet wide by fifteen long, and eight-feet posts, with a garret and a closet, a large window on each side, two trap doors, one door at the end, and a brick fireplace opposite. The exact cost of my house, paying the usual price for such materials as I used, but not counting the work, all of which was done by myself, was as follows: and I give the details because very few are able to tell exactly what their houses cost, and fewer still, if any, the separate cost of the various materials which compose them:

Boards, . . . . .	\$8 03½	mostly shanty boards.
Refuse shingles for roof and sides, . . . . .	4 00	
Laths, . . . . .	1 25	
Two second-hand windows with glass, . . . . .	2 43	
One thousand old brick, . . . . .	4 00	
Two casks of lime, . . . . .	2 40	That was high.
Hair, . . . . .	0 31	More than I needed.
Mantle-tree iron, . . . . .	0 15	
Nails, . . . . .	3 90	
Hinges and screws, . . . . .	0 14	
Latch, . . . . .	0 10	
Chalk, . . . . .	0 01	
Transportation, . . . . .	1 40	} I carried a good part on my back.
In all, . . . . .	\$28 12½	

These are all the materials excepting the timber, stones, and sand, which I claimed by squatter's right. I have also a small wood-shed adjoining, made chiefly of the stuff which was left after building the house.

I intend to build me a house which will surpass any

on the main street in Concord in grandeur and luxury, as soon as it pleases me as much and will cost me no more than my present one.

By surveying, carpentry, and day-labor of various other kinds in the village in the meanwhile, for I have as many trades as fingers, I had earned \$13.34. The expense of food for eight months, namely, from July 4th to March 1st, the time when these estimates were made, though I lived there more than two years,—not counting potatoes, a little green corn, and some peas, which I had raised, nor considering the value of what was on hand at the last date, was :

Rice, . . . . .	\$1 73½	
Molasses, . . . . .	1 73	Cheapest form of the saccharine.
Rye meal, . . . . .	1 04½	
Indian meal, . . . . .	0 99½	Cheaper than rye.
Pork, . . . . .	0 22	
Flour, . . . . .	0 88	Costs more than Indian meal, both money and trouble.
Sugar, . . . . .	0 80	
Lard, . . . . .	0 65	
Apples, . . . . .	0 25	
Dried apple, . . . . .	0 22	
Sweet potatoes, . . . . .	0 10	
One pumpkin, . . . . .	0 06	
One watermelon, . . . . .	0 02	
Salt, . . . . .	0 03	

All experiments which failed

Yes, I did eat \$8.74, all told ; but I should not thus unblushingly publish my guilt, if I did not know that most of my readers were equally guilty with myself, and that their deeds would look no better in print. The next year I sometimes caught a mess of fish for my dinner, and once I went so far as to slaughter a

woodchuck which ravaged my bean field, — and devour him, partly for experiment's sake; but though it afforded me a momentary enjoyment, notwithstanding a musky flavor, I saw that the longest use would not make that a good practice, however it might seem to have your woodchucks ready dressed by the village butcher.

Clothing and some incidental expenses within the same dates, though little can be inferred from this item, amounted to \$8.40 $\frac{3}{4}$ .

Oil and some household utensils, . . . . . \$2 00

So that all the pecuniary outgoes, excepting for washing and mending, which for the most part were done out of the house, and their bills have not yet been received, — and these are all and more than all the ways by which money necessarily goes out in this part of the world, — were :

House, . . . . .	\$28 12 $\frac{1}{2}$
Farm, one year, . . . . .	14 72 $\frac{1}{2}$
Food, eight months, . . . . .	8 74
Clothing, &c., eight months, . . . . .	8 40 $\frac{3}{4}$
Oil, &c., eight months, . . . . .	2 00
In all, . . . . .	<u>\$61 99<math>\frac{1}{2}</math></u>

Bread I at first made of pure Indian meal and salt, genuine hoe-cakes, which I baked before my fire out of doors on a shingle or the end of a stick of timber sawed off in building my house; but it was wont to get smoked and to have a piny flavor. I tried flour also; but have at last found a mixture of rye and Indian meal most convenient and agreeable. In cold weather it was no little amusement to bake several

small loaves of this in succession, tending and turning them as carefully as an Egyptian his hatching eggs. They were a real cereal fruit which I ripened, and they had to my senses a fragrance like that of other noble fruits, which I kept in as long as possible by wrapping them in cloths.

I made a study of the ancient and indispensable art of breadmaking, consulting such authorities as offered, going back to the primitive days and first invention of the unleavened kind, when from the wildness of nuts and meats men first reached the mildness and refinement of this diet, and travelling gradually down in my studies through that accidental souring of the dough which, it is supposed, taught the leavening process, and through the various fermentations thereafter, till I came to "good, sweet; wholesome bread", the staff of life.

My furniture, part of which I made myself — and the rest cost me nothing of which I have not rendered an account — consisted of a bed, a table, a desk, three chairs, a looking-glass three inches in diameter, a pair of tongs and andirons, a kettle, a skillet, and a frying-pan, a dipper, a wash-bowl, two knives and forks, three plates, one cup, one spoon, a jug for oil, a jug for molasses, and a japanned lamp. None is so poor that he need sit on a pumpkin. That is shiftlessness.

Every morning was a cheerful invitation to make my life of equal simplicity, and I may say innocence, with Nature herself. I have been as sincere a worshipper of Aurora as the Greeks. I got up early and bathed in the pond; that was a religious exercise, and one of the best things which I did. They say

that characters were engraven on the bathing-tub of king Tching-thang to this effect: "Renew thyself completely each day; do it again and again, and forever again." I can understand that. Morning brings back the heroic ages.

Housework was a pleasant pastime. When my floor was dirty I rose early and, setting all my furniture out of doors on the grass, bed and bedstead making but one budget, dashed water on the floor and sprinkled white sand from the pond on it, and then with a broom scrubbed it clean and white; and by the time the villagers had broken their fast the morning sun had dried my house sufficiently to allow me to move in again, and my meditations were almost uninterrupted.

It was pleasant to see my whole household effects out on the grass, making a little pile like a gypsy's pack, and my three-legged table, from which I did not remove the books and pen and ink, standing amid the pines and hickories. They seemed glad to get out themselves, and as if unwilling to be brought in. I was sometimes tempted to stretch an awning over them and take my seat there. It was worth the while to see the sun shine on these things, and hear the free wind blow on them; so much more interesting most familiar objects look out of doors than in the house. A bird sits on the next bough, life-everlasting grows under the table, blackberry vines run round its legs; pine cones, chestnut burs, and strawberry leaves are strewn about. It looked as if this was the way these forms came to be transferred to our furniture, tables, chairs, and bedsteads, — because they once stood in their midst.

My house was on the side of a hill, immediately on the edge of the larger wood, in the midst of a young forest of pitch pines and hickories, and half a dozen rods from the pond, to which a narrow footpath led down the hill. In my front yard grew the strawberry, blackberry, and life-everlasting, johnswort and golden-rod, shrub-oaks and sand cherry, blueberry and ground-nut.

Regularly at half past seven, in one part of the summer, after the evening train had gone by, the whippoorwills chanted their vespers for half an hour, sitting on a stump by my door, or upon the ridgepole of the house. They would begin to sing almost with as much precision as a clock, within five minutes of a particular time, referred to the setting of the sun, every evening. I had rare opportunity to become acquainted with their habits. Sometimes I heard four or five at once in different parts of the wood, by accident one a bar behind another, and so near me that I distinguished not only the cluck after each note, but often that singular buzzing sound like a fly in a spider's web, only proportionally louder. Sometimes one would circle round and round me in the woods a few feet distant as if tethered by a string, when probably I was near its eggs. They sang at intervals throughout the night, and were again as musical as ever just before and about dawn.

I think that I love society as much as most, and am ready enough to fasten myself like a bloodsucker for the time to any full-blooded man that comes in my way. I am naturally no hermit.

I had three chairs in my house; one for solitude,

two for friendship, three for society. When visitors came in larger and unexpected numbers there was but the third chair for them all, but they generally economized the room by standing up. It is surprising how many great men and women a small house will contain. I have had twenty-five or thirty souls, with their bodies, at once under my roof, and yet we often parted without being aware that we had come very near to one another.

One inconvenience I sometimes experienced in so small a house, the difficulty of getting to a sufficient distance from my guest when we began to utter the big thoughts in big words. You want room for your thoughts to get into sailing trim and run a course or two before they make their port.

My "best" room, however, my withdrawing room always ready for company, on whose carpet the sun rarely fell, was the pine wood behind my house. Thither in summer days, when distinguished guests came, I took them, and a priceless domestic swept the floor and dusted the furniture and kept the things in order.

If one guest came he sometimes partook of my frugal meal, and it was no interruption to conversation to be stirring a hasty-pudding, or watching the rising and maturing of a loaf of bread in the ashes, in the meanwhile. But if twenty came and sat in my house there was nothing said about dinner, though there might be bread enough for two, more than if eating were a forsaken habit; but we naturally practised abstinence; and this was never felt to be an offence against hospitality, but the most proper and considerate course.

I could not but notice some of the peculiarities of



my visitors. Girls and boys and young women generally seemed glad to be in the woods. They looked in the pond and at the flowers, and improved their time. Men of business, even farmers, thought only of solitude and employment, and of the great distance at which I dwelt from something or other; and though they said that they loved a ramble in the woods occasionally, it was obvious that they did not.

I had more cheering visitors than the last. Children come a-berrying, railroad men taking a Sunday-morning walk in clean shirts, fishermen and hunters, poets and philosophers, in short, all honest pilgrims who came out to the woods for freedom's sake and really left the village behind, I was ready to greet with, — "Welcome, Englishmen! welcome, Englishmen!" for I had had communication with that race.

— *Henry D. Thoreau.*

### MAN'S POWER

Man is permitted much  
To roam and learn  
In Nature's frame;  
Till he well-taught can tame  
Brute mischief and can touch  
Invisible things and turn  
All warring ills to purposes of good.

— *Cardinal Newman.*

## BEETHOVEN IN THE HOME OF THE BLIND GIRL

DRAMATIZATION: MUSIC IN THE HOME

### CHARACTERS

BEETHOVEN

HIS FRIEND

BERTHA, the blind girl

JOHAN, her brother

BERTHA'S GRANDMOTHER

BERTHA'S LITTLE BROTHER AND SISTER

PLACE. *A neatly but poorly furnished room in which is a piano.*

(BERTHA, *restlessly walking about.* GRANDMOTHER *knitting in a corner.*)

*Bertha* Tell me, Johan, how the moonlight plays upon the water to-night. Would to Heaven that I could see it once again. In memory I picture it all: the water dark and of inky blackness and then the flicker of light upon it, as the moon climbs over the hill. Oh, a hundred times have I seen the little path of light that it made through the middle of the lake; but now I shall never, never see it more!

(*She seats herself with an air of deep dejection.*)

*Johan* Do not weep, Bertha, all of your friends will be eyes for you. Tell me again what I can see for you to-night.

*Bertha* Johan, every one is kindness itself to me, and I am most ungrateful; but I long — oh, how I long! to see once more the moonlight on the lake!

*Johan* I fear that my clumsy tongue cannot describe that to you, but let us think of other pleasant things. Think, dear sister, of the lovely music that you make. Our home is such a happy place, with all that beautiful melody which you draw from our poor old instrument.

*Bertha* Oh, if I could only play the lovely moonlight music that I feel in my soul!

*Grandmother* Dear child, you make music for us all, — not only upon your instrument, but also through your happy, sunny nature, and your unfailing kindness to your young brother and sister. Here they come now, bringing you flowers.

*(Enter WILHELM and FRIEDA, coming gaily to BERTHA, bringing flowers.)*

*Frieda* Here, Bertha, are the blue flowers of the flax and here are white lilies from the pond and red roses from the garden.

*Wilhelm* And here are those roots that I promised to dig for you, Bertha, — those that are to cure Grandmother's ailments.

*Bertha* Did ever a blind girl have such willing eyes to see for her — yes, and hands and feet to work and run for her? Truly I should be a most wicked girl to brood and complain when I am surrounded with all this love and care. And now, children, let us sing our evening song, and then you must away to bed.

*(BERTHA sits at the piano with a child on each side. They sing:)*

EVENING

"Softly fall the shades of ev'ning,  
Earth is wrapt in sombre gray,  
Slowly Luna's rays appear,  
Guiding all who haply stray,  
Guiding all who haply stray.

"Murm'ring winds steal through the forest,  
Each gay songster seeks its nest ;  
One by one the stars above  
Gleam upon a world at rest,  
Gleam upon a world at rest.

"Gone are all the sounds of labor,  
Brave hearts from their toil now cease ;  
Holy silence fills the air,  
Ev'ning brings God's perfect peace,  
Ev'ning brings God's perfect peace."

*Grandmother* Now, away to bed, children.

*Children* Oh, Grandmother! Will you come with us? And tell us just one story? Please, dear Granny, just one!

*Grandmother* Yes, I will come and tell you of the lovely moon maiden who watches over the good children that go to sleep at exactly the right moment.

*(The children clap their hands and dance out of the room, followed by their GRANDMOTHER; BERTHA remains at the piano.)*

*Bertha* Johan, would that I could express my thoughts about the beautiful moonlight upon these keys!

*(Plays beautiful, soft chords and running passages. BEETHOVEN and his friend draw near and stand listening in the doorway, unperceived by JOHAN.)*

*BERTHA plays a few more chords more confidently. Beethoven listens intently.)*

*Bertha* Johan, who is here?

*Johan* No one is here, *Bertha*. We are all alone.

*(Turning, he sees BEETHOVEN and his friend in the doorway.)*

*Johan* What would you wish, gentlemen?

*Beethoven* May we enter your home, young sir?

*Johan* Gladly, gentlemen: enter and be seated, if you will so honor us.

*(JOHAN brings forward two chairs. BERTHA looks intently towards the spot where BEETHOVEN stands.)*

*Beethoven* You love music, my young friend?

*Bertha* Oh, yes, sir, I love it dearly. It is almost all of life to me, now.

*(BEETHOVEN seems startled as he sees that she is blind.)*

*Beethoven* But what were you playing when my friend and I entered? What were those fancies that were darting through your brain, my child? Those strains were very beautiful.

*Bertha* O sir, I was trying to recall the path made by the moonlight across the lake.

*Beethoven* Ah, the moonlight! The moonlight!

*(He rises and walks up and down the room with his head bowed upon his breast and his hands clasped behind him. He takes his hat as if to leave the room; then puts it down and goes suddenly to the piano. BERTHA rises and stands by his side, with her face turned eagerly towards him. BEETHOVEN sits at the piano for a few moments with his head bowed, and then, raising it as if he were looking out upon the moonlight, he plays the first movement of "The Moonlight Sonata." At the conclusion of the music, BERTHA does not move but stands with her hands pressed against her eyes. BEETHOVEN goes to her and takes her hand.)*

*Beethoven* Dear girl, do not weep! Music is in your soul, also. And you will bring it out here in the love and care of these good friends. You have the vision — the inner vision — which is far better than outward sight; and you have that inner ear which hears the music that is celestial. In your home life you have opportunities to give love and service and devotion, and to receive them. And you have that blessed love of music which makes a heaven of earth, and which will make this home a little paradise. Good-bye, my child, we may not meet again. Love your home and by your sunny ways make it a little bit of heaven for these dear ones. And when the moonlight flickers upon the ripples of the lake, try to picture it in melody as I have made you see it this evening.

## ORPHEUS WITH HIS LUTE

Orpheus with his lute made trees  
And the mountain tops that freeze  
Bow themselves when he did sing ;  
To his music plants and flowers  
Ever'sprung ; as sun and showers  
There had made a lasting spring.

Everything that heard him play,  
Even the billows of the sea,  
Hung their heads, and then lay by.  
In sweet music is such art,  
Killing care and grief of heart  
Fall asleep, or hearing, die.

— *William Shakespeare.*

## THE MUSIC OF THE HEAVENS

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank !  
Here we will sit and let the sounds of music  
Creep in our ears : soft stillness and the night  
Become the touches of sweet harmony.  
Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven  
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold :  
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st  
But in his motion like an angel sings,  
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins.

— *William Shakespeare.*

## THE FRIENDLY ROAD

It was late afternoon when I finally surmounted the hill from which I knew well enough I could catch the first glimpse of my farm. For a moment after I reached the top I could not raise my eyes, and when finally I was able to raise them, I could not see.

"There is a spot in Arcady — a spot in Arcady — a spot in Arcady —" so runs the old song.

There is a spot in Arcady; and at the center of it there is a weather-worn old house, and not far away a perfect oak tree, green fields all about, and a pleasant stream fringed with alders in the little valley. And out of the chimney into the sweet still evening air rises the slow white smoke of the supper-fire.

I turned from the main road, and climbed the fence and walked across my upper field to the old wood lane. The air was heavy and sweet with clover blossoms, and along the fences I could see that the raspberry bushes were ripening their fruit.

So I came down the lane and heard the comfortable grunting of pigs in the pasture lot and saw the calves licking one another as they stood at the gate.

"How they've grown!" I said.

I stopped at the corner of the barn a moment. From within I heard the rattling of milk in a pail (a fine sound), and heard a man's voice saying:

"Whoa, there, stiddy now!"

"Dick's milking," I said.

So I stepped in at the doorway.

"Why! Mr. Grayson!" exclaimed Dick, rising



instantly and clasping my hand like a long-lost brother.

"I'm glad to see you!"

"I'm glad to see you."

The warm smell of the new milk, the pleasant sound of animals stepping about in the stable, the old mare reaching her long head over the stanchion to welcome me and nipping at my fingers when I rubbed her nose —

And there was the old house with the late sun upon it, the vines hanging green over the porch, Harriet's trim flower bed. I crept along quietly to the corner. The kitchen door stood open.

"Well, Harriet!" I said, stepping inside.

"Mercy! David!"

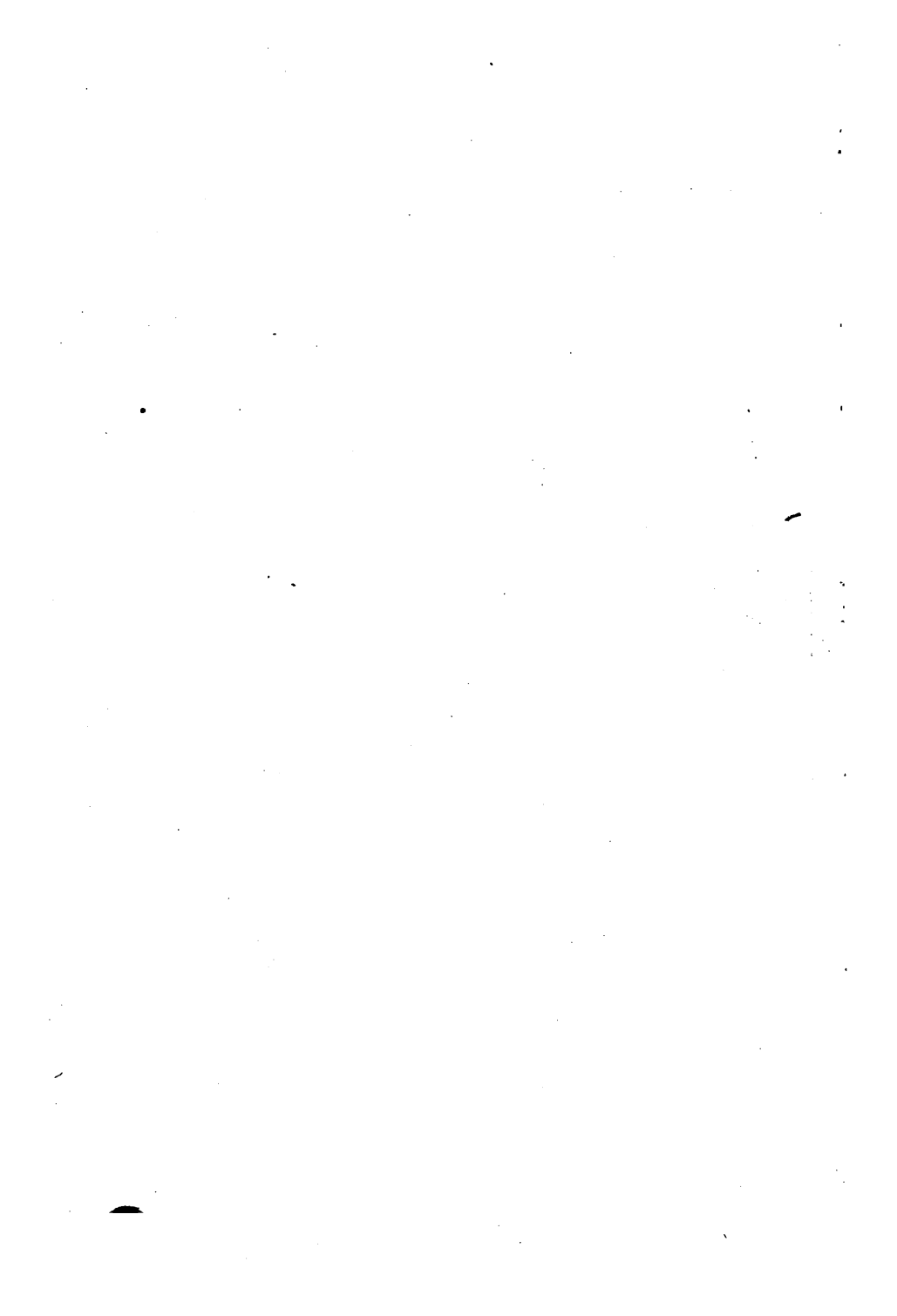
I have rarely known Harriet to be in quite such a reckless mood. She kept thinking of a new kind of sauce or jam for supper. (I think there were seven — or were there twelve? — on the table before I got through.) And there was a new rhubarb pie such as only Harriet can make, just brown enough on top, and not too brown, with just the right sort of hills and hummocks in the crust, and here and there little sugary bubbles where a suggestion of the goodness came through. Such a pie! and such an appetite to go with it!

"Harriet," I said, "you're spoiling me. Haven't you heard how dangerous it is to set such a supper as this before a man who is perishing with hunger? Have you no mercy on me?"

This remark produced the most extraordinary effect. Harriet was at that moment standing in the corner near the pump. Her shoulders suddenly began to shake convulsively.



**THE FRIENDLY ROAD**



"She's so glad I'm home that she can't help laughing," I thought, which shows how penetrating I really am.

She was crying.

"Why, Harriet!" I exclaimed.

"Hungry!" she burst out, "and j-joking about it!"

I couldn't say a single word; something — it must have been a piece of the rhubarb pie — stuck in my throat. So I sat there and watched her moving quietly about in that immaculate kitchen.

"Harriet," I said, "you grow younger every year."

No response.

"Harriet," I said, "I haven't seen a single person anywhere on my journey that I like as much as I do you."

The quick blood came up.

"There — there — David!"

So I stepped away.

"And as for rhubarb pie, Harriet —"

When I first came to my farm years ago there were mornings when I woke up with the strong impression that I had just been hearing the most exquisite music. I don't know whether this is at all a common experience, but in those days (and farther back in my early boyhood) I had it frequently. It did not seem exactly like music either, but was rather a sense of harmony, so wonderful, so pervasive that it cannot be described. I have not had it so often in recent years, but on the morning after I reached home it came to me as I awakened with a strange depth and sweetness. I lay for a moment there in my clean bed. The morning sun

was up and coming in cheerfully through the vines at the window ; a gentle breeze stirred the clean white curtains, and I could smell even there the odors of the garden.

I wish I had room to tell, but I cannot, of all the crowded experiences of that day — the renewal of acquaintance with the fields, the cattle, the fowls, the bees ; of my long talks with Harriet and Dick Sheridan, who had cared for my work while I was away ; of the wonderful visit of the Scotch preacher ; of Horace's shrewd and whimsical comments upon the general absurdity of the head of the Grayson family ; oh, of a thousand things ! — and how when I went into my study and took up the nearest book in my favorite case — it chanced to be “The Bible in Spain” — it opened of itself to one of my favorite passages, the one beginning :

“‘Mistos amande,’ I am content —”

— *David Grayson.* (Abridged.)

## OWNERSHIP

Old John McNaughton owns a farm  
 Upon the Sandham hills,  
 Which he, though grumblingly and glum,  
 Industiously tills.  
 He goes to his reluctant toil,  
 And labors day by day,  
 Proclaiming to all men he meets  
 That farming does not pay.

But I love John McNaughton's farm,  
I love its hills and dales,  
Its orchards vested in white bloom,  
Its clover-scented vales.

I love the fragrance of its soil,  
Whose incense rises high,  
Like whiffs from off an altar stone,  
In worship to the sky.  
The brook that through his meadow glides  
Sings to me as it flows  
Songs of the hills from whence it came,  
The sea to which it goes.  
I lie upon its leafy banks  
In pensive languor curled,  
Bosomed in beauty such as graced  
The morning of the world.

I walk upon McNaughton's farm,  
And there this truth descry :  
There is no private ownership  
Of earth or air or sky ;  
And all that's best beneath the stars  
Is mine to have and hold ;  
The worth that lies beyond all worth  
Cannot be bought and sold.  
And, though McNaughton holds his farm  
Heir of an ancient line,  
And holds the seal-stamped title-deed,  
I know his farm is mine.

— *Sam Walter Foss.*

## ROBINSON CRUSOE'S INDUSTRIES

About the latter part of December I reaped my crop. I was sadly put to it for a scythe or a sickle to cut it down, and all I could do was to make one as well as I could out of one of the broadswords, or cutlasses, that I had saved out of the arms from the ship.

At the end of all my harvesting, I found that out of my half peck of seed I had near two bushels of rice and above two bushels and a half of barley. I resolved not to taste any of this crop, but to preserve it all for seed against the next season, and in the meantime to employ all my study to accomplish this great work of providing myself with corn and bread. It is a little wonderful, and what I believe few people have thought much upon; namely, the strange multitude of little things necessary in the providing, producing, and finishing this one article, of bread.

I had the next six months to furnish myself with utensils. But first I was to prepare more land, for I had now seed enough to sow above an acre of ground. I sowed my seeds in two large, flat pieces, as near my house as I could find them to my mind, and fenced them in with a good hedge. This work did not take up less than three months; because a great part of that time was in the wet season, when I could not go abroad.

Within doors, when it rained and I could not go out, I found employment, and all the time I was at work I diverted myself by talking to my parrot and teaching him to speak. I quickly taught him to know his own name and at last to speak it out pretty loud, "Poll,"

which was the first word I ever heard spoken on the island by any mouth but my own. Afterward he would sit upon my finger and lay his bill close to my face and cry, "Poor Robinson Crusoe, where are you?" "Where have you been?" "How came you here?" and such things as I had taught him.

I had long studied, by some means or other to make myself some earthen vessels, which indeed I wanted sorely. Considering the heat of the climate I did not doubt but if I could find out any clay, I might botch up some such jar as might, being dried by the sun, be hard enough and strong enough to bear handling and to hold anything that was dry and required to be kept so. So I resolved to make some as large as I could.

It would make the reader pity me, or rather laugh at me, to tell how many awkward ways I took; what odd, misshapen, ugly things I made; how many of them fell in and how many fell out, the clay not being stiff enough to bear its own weight; how many cracked by the over-violent heat of the sun, being set out too hastily; and how many fell in pieces with only removing, as well before as after they were dried, and, in a word, after having labored hard to find the clay to dig it, to temper it, to bring it home, and work it, I could not make above two large earthen, ugly things, I cannot call them jars, in about two months' labor.

However, as the sun baked these two very dry and hard, I lifted them very gently and set them down again in two great wicker baskets which I had made on purpose for them that they might not break. As between the pot and the basket there was a little room to spare, I stuffed it full of the rice and barley straw;



and these two pots, being to stand always dry, I thought would hold my dry corn and perhaps the meal, when the corn was bruised.

But all this would not answer my end, which was to get an earthen jar to hold what was liquid and bear the fire, which none of these could do. It happened after some time, making a pretty large fire to cook my meat, when I went to put it out after I had done with it, that I found a broken piece of my earthenware vessels in the fire, burned as hard as a stone and red as a tile. I was agreeably surprised to see it and said to myself that certainly they might be made to burn whole if they would burn broken.

This set me to studying how to order my fire so as to make it burn me some pots. I had no notion of a kiln such as the potters burn in; but I placed three large pipkins and two or three pots in a pile, one upon another, and placed my firewood all around it and upon the top till I saw the pots in the inside red-hot quite through, and observed that they did not crack at all. When I saw them clear red, I let them stand in that heat about five or six hours, till I found one of them, though it did not crack, did melt or run. For the sand that was mixed with the clay melted by the violence of the heat and would have run into glass if I had gone on. So I slacked my fire gradually till the pots began to abate of the red color, and watching them all night, that I might not let the fire abate too fast, in the morning I had three very good, I will not say handsome, pipkins, and two other earthen pots, as hard burned as could be desired; and one of them perfectly glazed with the running of the sand.

After this experiment I need not say that I wanted no sort of earthenware for my use ; but I must say, as to the shapes of them, they were very indifferent, as any one may suppose, when I had no way of making them but as the children make dirt pies.

No joy at a thing of so mean a nature was ever equal to mine when I found I had made an earthen pot that would bear the fire ; and I had hardly patience to stay till they were cold before I set one upon the fire again with some water in it, to boil me some meat, which it did admirably well.

My next concern was to get me a stone mortar to stamp or beat some corn in. I spent many a day to find out a great stone big enough to cut hollow and make fit for a mortar, and could find none at all, except what was in the solid rock and which I had no way to dig or cut. So I gave it over, and resolved to look out for a great block of hard wood, which I found, indeed, much easier. Getting one as big as I had strength to stir, I rounded it and formed it on the outside with my axe and hatchet, and then with the help of fire and infinite labor made a hollow place in it, as the Indians in Brazil make their canoes. After this I made a great heavy pestle of the wood called iron wood, and this I prepared and laid by against I had my next crop of corn, when I proposed to myself to grind, or rather pound my corn into meal to make my bread.

My next difficulty was to make a sieve to dress my meal and to part it from the bran and husk. Here I was at a full stop, but at last I did remember I had among the seamen's clothes which were saved out of the ship some neckcloths of calico or muslin,

and with some pieces of these I made three small sieves.

The baking part was the next to be considered. For an oven, I was indeed in great pain. At length I made some earthen vessels, very broad but not deep; that is to say, about two feet diameter and not above nine inches deep. These I burnt in the fire, as I had done the other, and laid them by. When I wanted to bake I made a great fire upon my hearth which I had paved with some square tiles of my own making and burning also. When the firewood was burned pretty much into embers, or live coals, I drew them forward upon this hearth so as to cover it all over, and there I let them lie until the hearth was very hot. Then, sweeping away all the embers, I set down my loaf or loaves and, wheeling down the iron pot upon them, drew the embers all around the outside of the pot to keep in and add to the heat. Thus, as well as in the best oven in the world, I baked my barley-loaves, and became in a little time a pastry cook into the bargain, for I made myself several cakes of the rice, and puddings.

It need not be wondered at if all these things took up the most part of the third year of my abode here; for in the interval of these things I had my new harvest and husbandry to manage. I reaped my corn in its season, carried it home and laid it up in my large baskets. And now, indeed, my stock of corn increasing, I really wanted to build my barns bigger; for I had of the barley about twenty bushels, and of the rice as much more; insomuch that now I resolved to begin to use it freely.

My clothes, too, began to decay mightily. As to

linen I had had none a good while, except some checkered shirts which I found in the chests of the other seamen and which I carefully preserved. I saved the skins of all the creatures that I killed and the first thing I made of these was a great cap for my head, with the hair on the outside, to shoot off the rain. After this I made a suit of clothes wholly of skins, that is to say, a waistcoat, and breeches open at the knees, and both loose, for they were rather wanted to keep me cool than to keep me warm. I spent a great deal of time and pain to make me an umbrella. At last I made one to answer, and covered it with skins, the hair upward, so that it cast off the rains and kept off the sun.

I cannot say that after this, for five years, any extraordinary thing happened to me. I had one labor, to make me a canoe, which at last I finished. By digging a canal to it, six feet wide and four feet deep, I brought it into the creek. I fitted up a little mast and made a sail out of some of the pieces of the ship's sail which lay in store.

Having fitted out my mast and sail and tried the boat, I found she would sail very well. Then I made little lockers or boxes at either end to put provisions, necessaries, and ammunition into, to be kept dry either from rain or the spray of the sea; and a little, long, hollow place I cut inside the boat where I could lay my gun, making a flap to hang down over it to keep it dry. I fixed my umbrella also in the stern to stand over my head and keep the heat of the sun off me, like an awning; and thus I every now and then took a little voyage upon the sea.

Being now in the eleventh year of my residence, and

my ammunition growing low, I set myself to study some art to trap and snare the goats, to see whether I could not catch some of them alive. I dug several large pits in the earth, in places where I had observed the goats used to feed, and over these pits I placed hurdles of my own with a great weight upon them, and several times I put ears of barley and dry rice. Going one morning to see my traps, I found in one of them a large old he-goat, and in one of the others three kids.

As to the old one I knew not what to do with him. He was so fierce I durst not go into the pit to him to bring him away alive; so I let him out, and he ran away as if he had been frightened out of his wits. Then I went to the three kids, and taking them one by one, I tied them with strings together and brought them all home.

It was a good while before they would feed, but, throwing them some sweet corn, it tempted them and they began to be tame. I resolved to enclose a piece of about one hundred and fifty yards in length and one hundred yards in breadth, which as it would maintain as many goats as I should have in any reasonable time, so, as my flock increased, I could add one more ground to my enclosure.

I was about three months hedging in the first piece, and till I had done it I tethered the three kids in the best part of it and used them to feed as near me as possible, to make them familiar. Very often I would go and carry them some ears of barley or a handful of rice, and feed them out of my hand; so that after my enclosure was finished and I let them loose, they would

follow me up and down, bleating after me for a handful of corn.

In about a year and half I had a flock of about twelve goats, kids and all; and in two years more I had three and forty, besides several that I killed for food. After that I enclosed five pieces of ground to feed them in, with little pens to drive them into, to take them as I wanted; and gates out of one piece of ground into another.

But this was not all; for now I not only had goat's flesh to feed on when I pleased, but milk, too, — a thing which in my beginning I did not so much as think of. For now I set up my dairy and had sometimes a gallon or two of milk in a day. I also made me both butter and cheese at last.

It would have made a stoic smile to have seen me and my little family sit down to dinner. There was my majesty, the prince and lord of the whole island. I had the lives of all my subjects at absolute command. Then to see how like a king I dined, too! all alone, attended by my servants. Poll, as if he had been my favorite, was the only person permitted to talk with me. My dog, which was now grown very old and crazy, sat always at my right hand; and two cats, one on one side the table and one on the other, expecting now and then a bit from my hand as a mark of special favor.

— *Daniel Defoe.*

## GULLIVER VISITS THE BROBDINGNAGIANS

On the 16th of June, 1703, the boy on the topmast discovered land; on the 17th we came in full view of a great island, or' continent (for we knew not whether); on the south side whereof was a small neck of land jutting out into the sea, and a creek too shallow to hold a ship of above one hundred tons. We cast anchor within a league of this creek, and our captain sent a dozen of his men well armed in the long-boat, with vessels for water, if any could be found. I desired his leave to go with them, that I might see the country, and make what discoveries I could.

When we came to land, we saw no river, or spring, nor any sign of inhabitants. Our men therefore wandered on the shore to find out some fresh water near the sea, and I walked alone about a mile on the other side, where I observed the country all barren and rocky. I now began to be weary, and seeing nothing to entertain my curiosity, I returned gently towards the creek; and the sea being full in my view, I saw our men already got into the boat, and rowing for life to the ship. I was going to holla after them, although it had been to little purpose, when I observed a huge creature walking after them in the sea, as fast as he could: he waded not much deeper than his knees, and took prodigious strides: but our men had the start of him half a league, and the sea thereabouts being full of sharp-pointed rocks, the monster was not able to overtake the boat.

This I was afterwards told, for I durst not stay to see the issue of the adventure, but ran as fast as I could

the way I first went, and then climbed up a steep hill, which gave me some prospect of the country. I found it fully cultivated; but that which first surprised me was the length of the grass, which, in those grounds that seemed to be kept for hay, was about twenty feet high.

I fell into a high-road, for so I took it to be, though it served to the inhabitants only as a footpath through a field of barley. Here I walked on for some time, but could see little on either side, it being now near harvest, and the corn rising at least forty feet. I was an hour walking to the end of this field, which was fenced in with a hedge of at least one hundred and twenty feet high, and the trees so lofty that I could make no computation of their altitude. There was a stile to pass from this field into the next. It had four steps, and a stone to cross over when you come to the uppermost. It was impossible for me to climb this stile, because every step was six feet high, and the upper stone about twenty.

I was endeavoring to find some gap in the hedge, when I discovered one of the inhabitants in the next field, advancing towards the stile, of the same size with him whom I saw in the sea pursuing our boat. He appeared as tall as an ordinary spire steeple, and took about ten yards at every stride, as near as I could guess. I was struck with the utmost fear and astonishment, and ran to hide myself in the corn, whence I saw him at the top of the stile looking back into the next field, on the right hand, and heard him call in a voice many degrees louder than a speaking-trumpet; but the noise was so high in the air that at first I certainly thought it was thunder. Whereupon seven monsters, like himself, came towards him, with reaping



hooks in their hands, each hook about the largeness of six scythes. These people were not so well clad as the first, whose servants or laborers they seemed to be; for, upon some words he spoke, they went to reap the corn in the field where I lay.

I kept from them at as great a distance as I could, but was forced to move with extreme difficulty, for the stalks of corn were sometimes not above a foot distant, so that I could hardly squeeze my body betwixt them. However, I made a shift to go forward, till I came to a part of the field where the corn had been laid by the rain and wind. Here it was impossible for me to advance a step; for the stalks were so interwoven, that I could not creep through, and the beards of the fallen ears so strong and pointed, that they pierced through my clothes into my flesh. At the same time I heard the reapers not above a hundred yards behind me. Being quite dispirited with toil, and wholly overcome by grief and despair, I lay down between two ridges, and heartily wished I might there end my days. I bemoaned my desolate widow and fatherless children. I lamented my own folly and wilfulness, in attempting a second voyage, against the advice of all my friends and relations.

In this terrible agitation of mind, I could not forbear thinking of Lilliput, whose inhabitants looked upon me as the greatest prodigy that ever appeared in the world; where I was able to draw an imperial fleet in my hand, and perform those other actions, which will be recorded forever in the chronicles of that empire, while posterity shall hardly believe them, although attested by millions. I reflected what a mortification it must

prove to me to appear as inconsiderable in this nation as one single Lilliputian would be among us. But this I conceived was to be the least of my misfortunes; for, as human creatures are observed to be more savage and cruel in proportion to their bulk, what could I expect but to be a morsel in the mouth of the first among these enormous barbarians that should happen to seize me? Undoubtedly philosophers are in the right when they tell us that nothing is great or little other than by comparison. It might have pleased fortune to have let the Lilliputians find some nation where the people were as diminutive in respect to them as they were to me. And who knows but that even this prodigious race of mortals might be equally over-matched in some distant part of the world, whereof we have yet no discovery?

Scared and confounded as I was, I could not forbear going on with these reflections, when one of the reapers approaching within ten yards of the ridge where I lay, made me apprehend that with the next step I should be squashed to death under his foot, or cut in two with his reaping-hook. And therefore when he was again about to move, I screamed as loud as fear could make me: whereupon the huge creature trod short, and looking around about under him for some time, at last espied me as I lay on the ground. He considered a while, with the caution of one who endeavors to lay hold of a small dangerous animal in such a manner that it shall not be able to scratch or to bite him, as I myself have done with a weasel in England.

At length he ventured to take me behind, between his forefinger and thumb, and brought me within three

yards of his eyes, that he might behold my shape more perfectly. I guessed his meaning, and my good fortune gave me so much presence of mind that I resolved not to struggle in the least, as he held me in the air above sixty feet from the ground, although he previously pinched my sides for fear I should slip through his fingers.

All I ventured was to raise mine eyes towards the sun and place my hands together in a supplicating posture, and to speak some words in an humble, melancholy tone, suitable to the condition I then was in; for I apprehended every moment that he would dash me against the ground, as we usually do any little hateful animal which we have a mind to destroy. But my good star would have it that he appeared pleased with my voice and gestures, and began to look upon me as a curiosity, much wondering to hear me pronounce articulate words, although he could not understand them. In the meantime I was not able to forbear groaning and shedding tears, and turning my head towards my sides, letting him know as well as I could how cruelly I was hurt by the pressure of his thumb and finger. He seemed to apprehend my meaning; for, lifting up the lappet of his coat, he put me gently into it, and immediately ran along with me to his master, who was a substantial farmer, and the same person I had first seen in the field.

The farmer having (as I suppose by their talk) received such an account of me as his servant could give him, took a piece of a small straw, about the size of a walking-staff, and therewith lifted up the lappets of my coat, which it seems he thought to be some kind of covering that nature had given me. He blew my



"HE HELD ME IN THE AIR, SIXTY FEET FROM THE GROUND"



hair aside to take a better view of my face. He called his hinds about him, and asked them, as I afterwards learned, "whether they had ever seen in the fields any little creature that resembled me?" He then placed me softly on the ground on all fours, but I immediately got up, and walked slowly backward and forward, to let those people see I had no intent to run away. They all sat down in a circle about me, the better to observe my motions.

I pulled off my hat, and made a low bow towards the farmer. I fell on my knees, and lifted up my hands and eyes, and spoke several words as loud as I could; I took a purse of gold out of my pocket, and humbly presented it to him. He received it on the palm of his hand, and then applied it close to his eye to see what it was, and afterwards turned it several times with the point of a pin (which he took out of his sleeve), but could make nothing of it. Whereupon I made a sign that he should place his hand on the ground. I then took the purse, and opening it, poured all the gold into his palm. There were six Spanish pieces of four pistoles each, beside twenty or thirty smaller coins. I saw him wet the tip of his little finger upon his tongue, and take up one of my largest pieces, and then another: but he seemed to be wholly ignorant what they were. He made me a sign to put them again into my purse, and the purse again into my pocket, which after offering it to him several times, I thought it best to do.

The farmer, by this time, was convinced I must be a rational creature. He spoke often to me, but the sound of his voice pierced my ears like that of a watermill, yet his words were articulate enough. I answered as

loud as I could in several languages, and he often laid his ear within two yards of me ; but all in vain, for we were wholly unintelligible to each other. He then sent his servants to their work, and taking his handkerchief out of his pocket, he doubled and spread it on his left hand, which he placed flat on the ground with the palm upward, making me a sign to step into it, as I could easily do, for it was not above a foot in thickness. I thought it my part to obey, and for fear of falling, laid myself at full length upon the handkerchief with the remainder of which he lapped me up to the head for farther security, called his wife and showed me to her ; but she screamed and ran back as women in England do at the sight of a toad or a spider. However, when she had awhile seen my behavior, and how well I observed the signs her husband made, she was soon reconciled, and by degrees grew very tender of me.

It was about twelve of noon and a servant brought in dinner. It was one substantial dish of meat (fit for the plain condition of a husbandman) in a dish of about four-and-twenty feet in diameter. The company were the farmer and his wife, three children, and an old grandmother. When they were sat down, the farmer placed me at some distance from him on the table, which was thirty feet high from the floor. I was in a terrible fright, and kept as far as I could from the edge, for fear of falling. The wife minced a bit of meat, then crumbled some bread on a trencher, and placed it before me. I made her a low bow, took out my knife and fork, and fell to eat, which gave them exceeding great delight. The mistress sent her maid for a small dram cup which held about two gallons, and filled it

with drink; I took up the vessel with much difficulty in both hands, and in a most respectful manner drank to her ladyship's health, expressing the words as loudly as I could in English, which made the company laugh so heartily that I was almost deafened at the sound.

Then the master made me a sign to come to his trencher-side; but as I walked on the table, being at great surprise all the time, I happened to stumble against a crust and fell flat on my face, but received no harm. I got up immediately, and observing the good people to be in much concern, I took my hat (which I held under my arm for good manners), and waving it over my head, gave three huzzas, to show I had got no mischief by my fall. But advancing forwards toward my master (as I shall henceforth call him), his youngest son, who sat next to him, an arch boy of about ten years old, took me up by the legs, and held me so high in the air that I trembled in every limb; but his father snatched me from him, and at the same time gave him such a box on the left ear as would have felled an European troop of horses to the earth, ordering him to be taken from the table. But being afraid that the boy might owe me a spite, and well remembering how mischievous all children among us naturally are to sparrows, rabbits, young kittens, and puppy dogs, I fell on my knees, and pointing to the boy, made my master to understand as well as I could, that I desired his son might be pardoned. The father complied and the lad took his seat again, whereupon I went to him and kissed his hand, which my master took, and made him stroke me gently with it.

— *Jonathan Swift.*



## OUR GRANDPARENTS

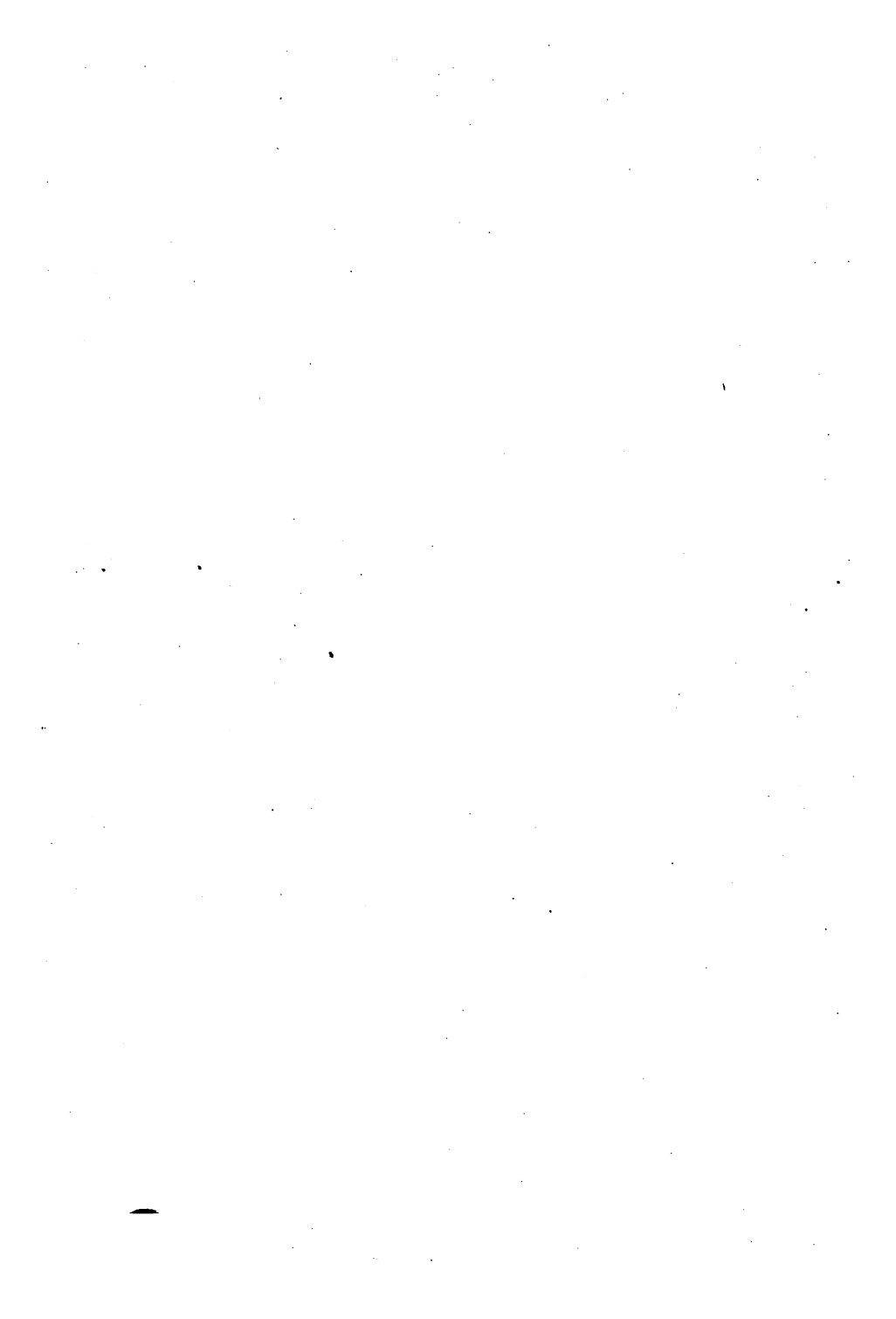
To judge others by myself — and I do not well see what means of judging we have left if we give that up — I have kept the highest opinion of the influence of grandparents. I don't like to hear too much outcry about spoiling children when these kind old people try to make life agreeable for them, perhaps with the hidden thought — so excusable — of leaving a pleasant remembrance behind. We do not consider enough the feelings of these hearts, late in life, when the world is slipping away and with it those dear beings among whom they would so gladly stay.

I was five years old, and possessed of an heroic appetite. The slices of bread and butter my mother gave me were of judicious dimensions, even more so than those furnished by my aunts, who accompanied them with maxims in praise of moderation. Ordinarily there was nothing to say: this was final, and bound to be satisfactory. But on those extraordinary occasions when grandmother took the great family loaf in hand, she cut off memorable slices. There were cries of "It's too much, too much!" "You will see that there won't be anything left," was the smiling reply. "Let me have the pleasure of seeing the child eat all that he wants."

I did not understand then the full import of the words, but simply measured the goodness of grandmother by the size of her slices of bread. But now this remembrance of a hungry little boy has been transformed and has lodged in my heart, and it shows



**"CHILDREN ARE RAVENOUS FOR STORIES"**



me what goes on in theirs — the kind old people's! Thanks to this persistent souvenir, I can still see grandmother, in her pretty Lorrainese cap, and I say to myself: "If your wish was that I should remember you long, very long, you made no mistake! The man thanks you for what you were to the child, and if ever in his turn he becomes a grandfather, he will follow your example."

Children are ravenous for stories, and old people have sacks full of them: to tell of things that have been and are no longer, is their weakness, and to listen to them is to do them a kindness. At the age when ears are insatiable, and the cry is for more, even when eyes are heavy with sleep, it is to the grandparents that we should go. No stage with all the magic of its wires and lights is equal to the armchair of grandfather. The older children range themselves around him, the little ones climb on his knees. What better place for little folks? When the story gets exciting, even terrifying, you take refuge in grandfather's bosom. There there's nothing to risk, nothing to fear, and you can calmly bear up under the tragic tales.

Haven't they told us stories without end, the dear old grandfathers? Have they not sung us lullabies and taught us marvellous legends, our grandmothers? Never again in our lives do we find anything so interesting. What are the romances that we read later on, all made of transparent fictions and cumbered with literature? what are the most famous plays seen after one has looked behind the scenes, compared to what we listened to as children with the freshness of impres-

sion to which everything is new, and that naïve trust to which everything is true?

Grandparents are oftentimes infirm, and in need of service; to help them is a very good thing for the child, little lover of noise and mischief that he is. To lend young eyes to grandpa to see the time, to read fine print, the better to find the way; to thread a needle for grandmamma, who even with glasses cannot do it; to run to save their old limbs fatigue, to make a little less noise in the house so as not to disturb their sleep — all this is unqualified blessing to the young apprentices of life, and it is kindness to them to make them believe that they are needed.

"Grandpa, how could you have got up the steps, if you hadn't had hold of my hand?" "I've no idea, dearie; it's well that you were along to help me." After such a reply the child feels himself a little man, and is proud and happy to have been of use. Let these little ones serve us, do us kindnesses, and pet us. Let us accept their presents, and see that nothing they have themselves made for us is ever left about uncared for and forgotten. Let them celebrate our birthdays with reminders of the years we would so willingly forget, and of the love it is so good to know is ours. In short, let us respect and maintain the alliance that the Master of our days has established between the golden heads and the gray. Through it life gains in color, in warmth, most of all in unity, and it is given us to see more clearly along our obscure way when we feel that the same watch is kept by the morning and the evening star.

Let me offer my tribute on the threshold of the room of grandfather or grandmother, where noise dies away and storms are hushed. It is a charmed place that bitterness and evil thoughts cannot enter. An atmosphere of benevolence welcomes you and invites to confidence. You feel that you are in a little realm of silence, where you may tell aloud your joys and sorrows, make frank avowal of your thoughts. The old are the best confidants. The voice of the passions is hushed in them, and does not hinder their hearing your voice. They have no more desires of their own, and can interest themselves in yours. If your conscience is tormented by the remembrance of some wrong deed, and you feel drawn to confess it, go to the old. Less severe than some ages, and less indulgent than others, they have the measure of clemency and of austerity necessary for the pardoning of faults, for raising up those who fall, and helping them back into the way.

And is it not to them that one goes to share those sweet secrets which are so hard to keep? Young lovers are nowhere more at ease than under the shelter of the old. When one does not know to whom to talk of what is filling her heart, she confides it to her grandmother; and how does it happen that grandmother is not surprised at the confidence, when no one else has had even the slightest suspicion?

It is good to have the old for confidants when you are happy, good to have their consolation when you are sad. If your breast is torn with spiritual strife, or your heart bruised from grievous trials, go find some

dear old friend who has suffered trials, go find some dear old friend who has suffered much. What comfort you get! He has met in close quarters the thing that affrights you, has passed through what you dread to undergo, and he has vanquished it all through patience and trust. An infinitely sweet and strong virtue of consolation belongs to venerable age, a virtue sanctified in the fires of suffering and purified through great griefs. Little by little these elders have been lifted into a higher life where the desires and envies and ambitions of the lower life, even the thirst for happiness, have vanished away. In them we no longer find anything but unalloyed kindness, self-forgetfulness, serenity in sacrifice.

For a man sensitive to beauty of soul and to moral realities, the mere presence of a person's face which speaks of this beautiful old age relights the flame of courage and strengthens the heart, even in the thick of the cruelest trials. Those who have peace bring with them the gift of peace; those who know resignation do not simply teach it, but also communicate it. I am dumb with admiration before the moral splendors that hide quietly in certain lives of the aged. God alone is capable of measuring their richness. Such old age is the supreme flower of humanity.

Surely I love youth and know how to appreciate it. Not all the blossoms of the earth gathered into one mass would equal the beauty that radiates from the brow of twenty years, and if all the tender light of the stars could be focussed together, all the blue of the sky and the sea and of the mysterious depths of forests, it would not make anything comparable, O

Youth, to the light in your radiant eyes when hope dwells there, and love.

And yet there is something more precious, more moving, whose radiance is rarer than your freshness; it is old age, come through the crucible of human griefs, refined like pure gold, of which the poet says:

"Let flame leap forth from youthful eyes,  
The eyes of age shed light."

So we see there are many offices performed by those who no longer do anything. But suppose that they have become incapable of bringing us profit from their wisdom, or rendering us any sort of service, is it not much that they are still with us? I ask it of those who live from the heart. When the burdens of age press upon our parents, when the great weariness of life bears them down and they talk of leaving us, because, as they put it, there is no longer any reason why they should stay, may I say to them, most respectfully, that they talk like children, and do not realize either what they say or what pain they give us?

If they only knew how glad we are to have them with us, how happy, when we come home at night, to find them seated in the same place, in the old arm-chair so well named Sorgenstuhl, seat of cares. The nearer we get to age ourselves, the more happiness it gives us to still be able to say "Father," "Mother." It means little that they are broken down and changed of face, if only they are here; so long as they are near us we feel that we have a shelter over our heads. To men's eyes they have almost become our children, since we guard and care for them as they once did for



us; but they are not less a refuge for our hearts, the dearest and most sacred. And so when their eyes come to close, they leave a great void behind them, though they scarcely seemed to fill any space. We were used to seeing them; they made part of our horizon, like the blue line of the forests and the mountain-peaks. When we lose them we feel that we have been touched in a vital spot, that something essential has gone from us.

I knew a man, one of the most active and energetic of our times, and charged with the direction of a great public service. He held grave interests in his hands, and every day found him in the breach, not alone for labor but also for battle and defence. If he knew the encouragement that sympathy and approbation bring, he knew also, and better than most men, the bitterness of attack and the keen thrusts of fanatical hatred. This man, of humble origin, had his mother, a very old lady, living with him in a quiet corner of the house. Every morning, before starting for his department, he went to bid her good-bye, and in winter he made her fire himself, never allowing a servant to do it, finding in it a satisfaction that nothing else could bring him. And it was very sweet to him on the threshold of a day of care, of grave debates and important decisions, to carry away on his brow his mother's kiss, and to hear her say, "God keep you, my child!"

It seems to me this story I tell is the story of many men; and I do not think any one can flatter himself that in the midst of active life, even in the heart of the struggle, he does anything better than these dear old people do who imagine that they do nothing at all.

— *Charles Wagner.*

## TRIBUTES TO THE HOME

It matters little where our geography falls, since our planet is our port but for a century at most, our inn for the night; yet the heart loves to associate itself with some spot, ancestral and dear, and call it Home.

— *A. Bronson Alcott.*

Home should be an oratorio of the memory, singing to all our after life melodies and harmonies of old-remembered joy.

— *H. W. Beecher.*

A man is always nearest to his good when at home, and farthest from it when away.

— *J. G. Holland.*

It was the policy of the good old gentleman to make his children feel that home was the happiest place in the world; and I value this delicious home-feeling as one of the choicest gifts a parent can bestow.

— *Washington Irving.*

The road to home happiness lies over small stepping-stones. Slight circumstances are the stumbling blocks of families. The prick of a pin, says the proverb, is enough to make an empire insipid. The tenderer the feelings, the more painful the wound.

— *E. Jesse.*

Home — the nursery of the Infinite.

— *W. E. Channing.*

'Tis sweet to hear the watchdog's honest bark  
 Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home,  
 'Tis sweet to know there is an eye to mark  
 Our coming and look brighter when we come.

— *Byron.*

A house is no home unless it contains food and fire  
 for the mind as well as for the body.

— *Margaret Fuller Ossoli.*

In the homes of America are born the children of America; and from these go out into American life, American men and women. They go out with the stamp of these homes upon them, and only as these homes are what they should be, will they be what they should be.

— *J. G. Holland.*

If ever household affections and loves are graceful things, they are graceful in the poor. The ties that bind the wealthy and the proud to home may be forged upon earth, but those that bind the poor man to his humble hearth are of the true metal and bear the stamp of Heaven.

— *Dickens.*

The poorest man may, in his cottage, bid defiance to all the force of the Crown. It may be frail, its roof may shake, the wind may blow through it, the storms may enter; but the King of England cannot enter; all his force dare not cross the threshold of that ruined tenement.

— *William Pitt.*

The Cottage Homes of England,  
By thousands on her plains,  
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,  
And round the hamlet fanes.  
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,  
Each from its roof of leaves,  
And fearless there the lowly sleep,  
As the birds beneath their eaves.

— *Mrs. Hemans.*

Cling to thy home ! If that the meanest shed,  
Yield thee a hearth and shelter for thy head.  
And some poor plot with vegetables stored,  
Be all that Heaven allots thee for thy board.  
The coarsest bread and herbs that scattered grow  
Wild on the river brink or mountain brow ;  
Yet e'en this cheerless mansion shall provide,  
More heart's repose than all the world beside.

— *Leonidas.*

The pleasant converse of the fireside, the simple songs of home, the words of encouragement as I bend over my school tasks, the kiss as I lie down to rest, the patient bearing with the freaks of my restless nature, the counsels mingled with reproofs and approvals, the sympathy that meets every sorrow and sweetens every little success, all these return to me amid the responsibilities that press upon me now, and I feel as if I had once lived in Heaven.

— *J. G. Holland.*

A man's home is his castle.

— *Sir Edward Coke.*

By the fireside still the light is shining,  
The children's arms around their parents twining,  
From love so sweet, oh, who would roam?  
Be it ever so homely, Home is Home.

— *Dinah Mulock Craik.*

A hundred men may make an encampment, but it  
takes a woman to make a home.

— *Chinese Proverb.*

This fond attachment to the well-known place  
Whence first we started into life's long race,  
Maintains its hold with such unfailing sway,  
We feel it e'en in age and at our latest day.

— *Cowper.*

To most men their early home is no more than a  
memory of their early years. The image is never  
marred. There is no disappointment in memory,  
and one's exaggerations are always on the good side.

— *George Eliot.*

The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places,  
yea, I have a goodly heritage.

— *Old Testament.*

Blest be that spot where cheerful guests retire,  
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire.

— *Goldsmith.*

It's hame and it's hame, hame, fain I would be,  
 And it's hame, hame, hame to my own countree,  
 When the flower is in the bud and the leaf is on the  
 tree,  
 The lark shall sing me hame in my ain countree.

— *Allan Cunningham.*

And homeless near a thousand homes I stood,  
 And near a thousand tables pined and wanted food.

— *Wordsworth.*

Where we love is Home. Home that our feet may  
 leave but not our hearts.

— *Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

There is a land, of every land the pride,  
 Beloved by Heaven, o'er all the world beside;  
 Where brighter suns dispense serener light  
 And milder moons imparadise the night;  
 A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,  
 Time-tutored age, the love-exalted youth.

\* \* \* \*

Where shall that land, that spot of earth, be found?  
 Art thou a man? A patriot?—look around.  
 Oh, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,  
 That land thy country, and that spot thy home.

— *James Montgomery.*

## HOMES OF THE PEOPLE

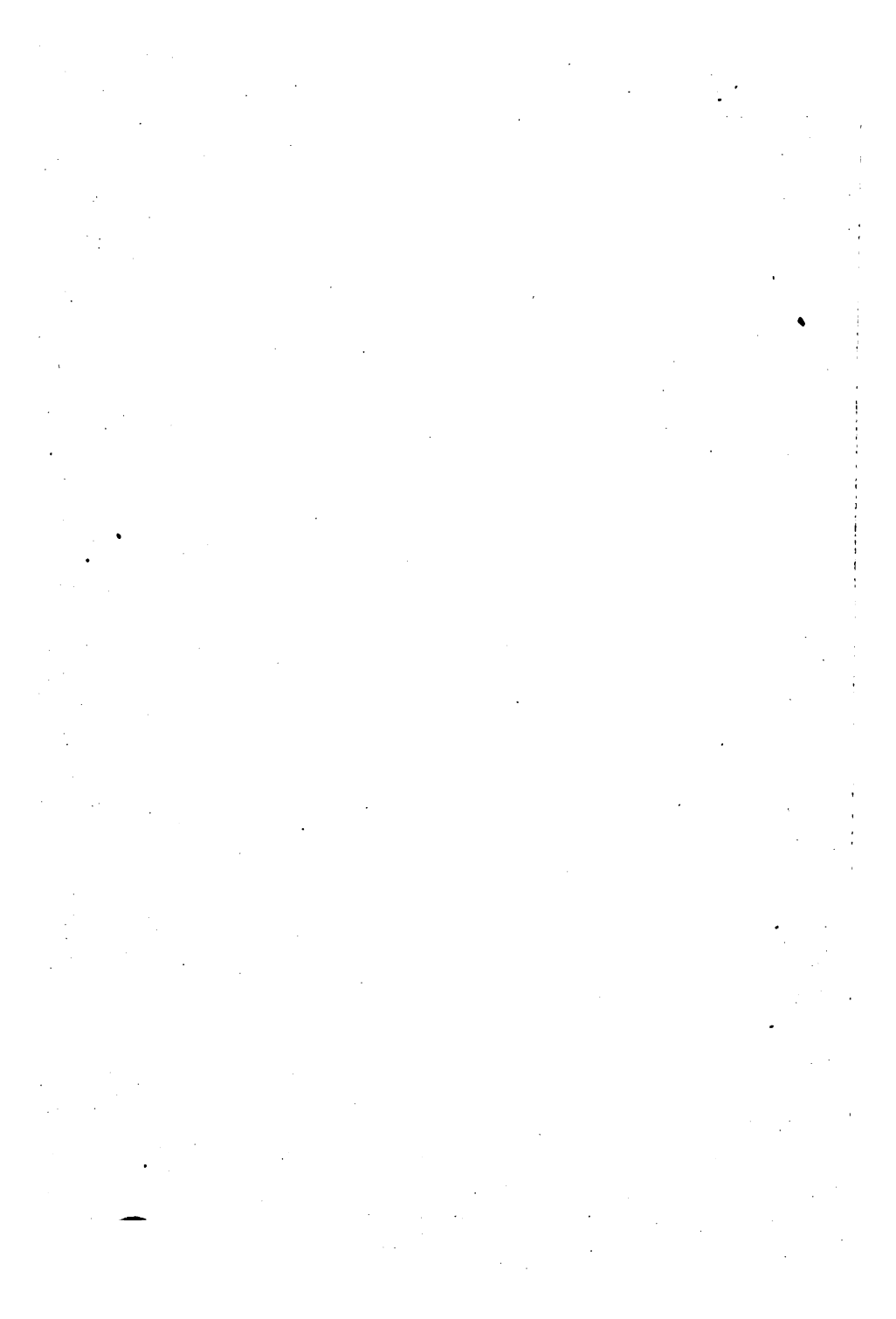
I went to walk the other day and stood upon Capitol Hill. My heart beat quickly as I looked at the towering marble of my country's Capitol. The mist rose in my eyes as I thought of its tremendous significance. I felt that the sun in all its course could not look down on a better sight than that noble Home of a Republic that had taught the world its best lessons of government. I felt that if honor and wisdom and justice abided therein, the world would largely owe that great Home, in which the ark of the covenant of my country is lodged, its final uplifting and its regeneration.

Two days after I visited a country home — a modest, quiet home, sheltered by great trees and set in a circle of field and meadow gracious with the promise of harvest; barn and cribs well filled, and the old smoke-house odorous with treasures; the fragrance of the pink and the hollyhock mingling with the aroma of garden and orchard and resonant with the hum of bees; inside the house thrift, comfort, and that cleanliness that is next to godliness. The restful beds, the open fireplaces, the books and papers, and the old clock that had held its steadfast way amid the frolic of weddings, that had kept company with the watchers by the sick bed and that tolled the solemn requiem of the dead, and the well-worn Bible that, thumbed by fingers long since quiet, and blurred with the tears of eyes long since closed, held the simple annals of the family and the heart and conscience of the home.



HOMES OF THE PEOPLE





Outside stood the father, a strong and upright soul, wearing no man's collar, with no mortgage upon his roof and no lien upon his harvest; pitching his crops in his own windrows and storing them in his own barn; master of his own lands and master of himself. Near by stood his aged father, happy in the heart and home of his son. And as they started to the home the old man's hands rested on the young man's shoulders, conveying the knighthood due a loyal, loving son and the blessing of a grateful father.

As they drew near the door the old mother appeared, the sunset falling on her face, softening the wrinkles, and its tenderness lightening up her patient eyes, and the rich music of her heart trembling on her lips, as in simple phrase she welcomed her husband and son to their home.

Beyond was the good wife, true of touch and tender and happy amid her household tasks; clean of heart and conscience, the helpmate and the buckler of her husband.

The children, strong and sturdy, were trooping down the lane with the lowing herd, or, weary of simple sports, seeking as truant birds do the quiet of the old home nest.

And I saw the night descend on that home, falling gently as from the wings of an unseen dove. And the stars swarmed in the bending skies; the trees thrilled with the cricket's cry; the restless bird called from the neighboring wood; and the father, gathering his family around him, read the old, old story of love and faith.

And as I gazed, the memory of the great Capitol faded from my brain. Forgotten were its treasures

and its splendor. And I said: "Surely here — here in the homes of the people is lodged the ark of the covenant of my country. Here is its majesty and its strength, here the beginning of the power and the end of its responsibility."

The homes of the people — let us keep them pure and independent and all will be well with the Republic. Here is the lesson our foes may learn; here is work the humblest and weakest hands may do.

Let us in simple thrift and economy make our homes independent. Let us in frugal industry make them self-sustaining. In sacrifice and denial let us keep them free from debt. Let us make them homes of refinement, in which we shall teach our daughters that modesty and patience and gentleness are the charms of woman. Let us make them cradles of liberty, and teach our sons that an honest conscience is every man's first political law; that his sovereignty rests beneath his hat, and that no splendor can rob him, or force justify the surrender of the simplest rights of a free and independent citizen; and above all let us honor God in our homes and build his altars about our hearthstones.

Let us remember that the Home is the sum of our national life. Back of the national Capitol and above it stands the Home.

— *Henry W. Grady.*

## CHILDREN

Come to me, O ye children !  
For I hear you at your play,  
And the questions that perplexed me  
Have vanished quite away.

Ye open the eastern windows,  
That look towards the sun,  
Where thoughts are singing swallows  
And the brooks of morning run.

In your hearts are the birds and the sunshine,  
In your thoughts the brooklet's flow,  
But in mine is the wind of Autumn  
And the first fall of the snow.

Ah ! what would the world be to us  
If the children were no more ?  
We should dread the desert behind us  
Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,  
With light and air for food,  
Ere their sweet and tender juices  
Have been hardened into wood, —

That to the world are children ;  
Through them it feels the glow  
Of a brighter and sunnier climate  
Than reaches the trunks below.

---

Come to me, O ye children !  
 And whisper in my ear  
 What the birds and the winds are singing  
 In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,  
 And the wisdom of our books,  
 When compared with your caresses,  
 And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads  
 That ever were sung or said ;  
 For ye are living poems,  
 And all the rest are dead.

— *Henry W. Longfellow.*

### THE YOUNG AMERICAN

Scion of a mighty stock !  
 Hands of iron — hearts of oak —  
 Follow with unflinching tread  
 Where the noble fathers led.

Craft and subtle treachery,  
 Gallant youth ! are not for thee ;  
 Follow thou in word and deeds,  
 Where the God within thee leads.

Honesty with steady eye,  
 Truth and pure simplicity,  
 Love that gently winneth hearts,  
 These shall be thy only arts.

— *A. H. Everett.*

## A BLESSING FOR THE BLESSED

When the sun has left the hill-top  
And the daisy fringe is furled,  
When the birds from wood and meadow,  
In hidden nests are curled,  
Then I think of all the babies that are sleeping in the  
world.

There are babies in the highlands  
And babies in the low,  
There are pale ones wrapped in furry skins  
On the margin of the snow  
And brown ones naked in the isles  
Where all the spices grow.

And some are in the palace  
On a white and downy bed,  
And some are in the garret  
With no pillow 'neath their head,  
And some are on the cold hard earth  
Whose mothers have no bread.

O little men and women,  
Dear flowers yet unblown,  
O little kings and beggars,  
Of the pageant yet unshown —  
Sleep soft and dream good dreams now,  
To-morrow is your own.

— *Laurence Alma-Tadema.*

WILLIAM TELL

DRAMATIZATION: A FATHER'S LOVE AND SKILL

SCENE I

PLACE: *A market-place*

CHARACTERS

GESLER

WILLIAM TELL

ALBERT

VERNER

OTHERS

*(Men and women are calling their wares. Signs are up advertising vegetables, fruits, etc. GESLER enters with attendant. In a few moments TELL is brought in by soldiers. He is in chains. ALBERT, also, is brought in.)*

*Gesler* What is thy name?

*Tell* My name? It matters not to keep it from thee now! My name is Tell.

*Gesler* Tell! William Tell?

*Tell* The same.

*Gesler* What! He so famed 'fore all his countrymen for guiding o'er the stormy lake the boat? And such a master of his bow, 'tis said his arrows never miss! Indeed, I'll take exquisite vengeance! I'll spare thy life, thy boy's too! Both of you are free on one condition.

*Tell* Name it!

*Gesler* I would see you make a trial of your skill with that same bow you shoot so well with.

*Tell* Name the trial you would have me make.

*Gesler* You look upon your boy as though instinctively you guessed it.

*Tell* Look upon my boy! What mean you? Look upon my boy as though I guessed it! Guessed the trial you'd have me make! You do not mean — no — no — you would not have me make a trial of my skill upon my child! Impossible! I do not guess your meaning.

*Gesler* I would see thee hit an apple at the distance of a hundred paces.

*Tell* Is my boy to hold it?

*Gesler* No.

*Tell* No! I'll send the arrow through the core.

*Gesler* It is to rest upon his head.

*Tell* Great Heavens! you hear him?

*Gesler* Thou dost hear the choice I give — such trial of the skill thou art master of, or death to both of you.

*Tell* O monster!

*Gesler* Wilt thou do it?

*Albert* He will! He will!

*Tell* Ferocious monster! Make a father murder his own child?

*Gesler* Take off his chains if he consent.

*Tell* With his own hand!

*Gesler* Does he consent?

*Albert* He does.

(TELL'S chains are removed.)

*Tell* What's that you've done to me? Villains! put on my chains again. Here! Here! I'll not murder my boy for Gesler.



*Albert* Father — father! You will not hit me, father!

*Gesler* Dost thou consent?

*Tell* Give me my bow and quiver.

*Gesler* For what?

*Tell* To shoot my boy!

*Albert* No, father — no! To save me! You'll be sure to hit the apple. Will you not save me, father?

*Tell* Lead me forth. I'll make the trial.

*Albert* Thank you!

*Tell* Thank me! Do you know for what? I will not make the trial.

*Gesler* Then he dies this moment — and you certainly do murder him whose life you have a chance to save, and will not use it.

*Tell* Well, I'll do it; I'll make the trial.

*Albert* Father —

*Tell* Speak not to me. Let me not hear thy voice. Give me my bow and quiver.

*Gesler* When all's ready.

*Tell* Well! lead on.

## SCENE II

*(Soldiers enter bearing TELL'S bow and quiver and a basket of apples. People gather about in distress.)*

*Gesler* That is your ground. Now shall they measure thence a hundred paces. Take the distance.

*Tell* Is the line a true one?

*Gesler* True or not, what is't to thee?

*Tell* What is't to me? A little thing, a very little

thing — a yard or two is nothing here or there — were it a wolf I shot at! Never mind.

*Gesler* Be thankful, slave, our grace accords thee life on any terms.

*Tell* I will be thankful, Gesler! Villain, stop! You measure to the sun!

*Gesler* And what of that?

*Tell* The sun should shine upon the mark. I cannot see to shoot against the sun — I will not shoot against the sun!

*Gesler* Give him his way!

*Tell* I'd like to see the apple I'm to shoot at.

*Gesler* Stay! Show me the baskets — there!

*Tell* You've picked the smallest one.

*Gesler* I know I have.

*Tell* The color on't is dark — I'd have it light to see it better. Give me some chance to save my boy! (*Throws away apple.*) I will not murder him.

*Gesler* Well, choose thyself.

*Tell* Have I a friend among the lookers on?

*Verner* Here, Tell!

*Tell* Verner! The boy! the boy! Thinkest thou he hath the courage to stand it?

*Verner* Yes.

*Tell* How looks he?

*Verner* Clear and smilingly. He bears himself so much above his years; and looks with such relying love and reverence upon you —

*Tell* Man! Man! Man! No more! I would be flint — flint — flint! Take the boy and set him, Verner, with his back to me. Set him upon his knees — and place this apple upon his head so that the stem

may front me. Charge him to keep steady — tell him I'll hit the apple!

*Verner* Come, Albert. (*Leads him out.*)

*Albert* May I not speak with him before I go? I would only kiss his hand.

*Verner* You must not. It is his will you should not.

*Albert* His will, is it? I am content, then — come.

*Tell* Let me see my quiver.

*Gesler* Give him a single arrow.

*Tell* Is it so you pick an arrow, friend? The point you see is bent: the feather fagged. That's all the use it's fit for. (*Breaks it.*)

*Gesler* Let him have another.

*Tell* Why, 'tis better than the first, but yet not good enough for such an aim as I'm to take — 'tis heavy in the shaft. I'll not shoot with it! (*Throws it away.*) Let me see my quiver.

*Gesler* Show him the quiver.

*Tell* See if the boy is ready. (*He hides an arrow under his vest.*)

*Verner* He is.

*Tell* I'm ready too. Keep silent for heaven's sake and do not stir — and let me have your prayers. O friends, for mercy sake, keep motionless and silent!

- (*TELL shoots. A cry of joy from spectators.*)

*Verner* The boy is safe — no hair of him is touched.

(*TELL falls in faint.*)

*Albert* Father, I'm safe! Your Albert's safe, dear father — speak to me! Speak to me!



**WILLIAM TELL**



Verner He cannot, boy!

Albert You grant him life?

Gesler I do.

Albert And we are free?

Gesler You are.

Albert Thank heaven! Thank heaven!

Verner Open his vest and give him air. (*As the vest is opened, the arrow drops.*)

Tell My boy! my boy!

Gesler For what hid you that arrow in your breast? Speak, slave!

Tell To kill thee, tyrant, had I slain my boy.

*(The scene in the Market Place can be made very spectacular, if desired, and gives opportunity for much action on the part of a large number of players.)*

— Sheridan Knowles.

## OPPRESSION AND FREEDOM

Oppression that kills the craven

Defied, is the freeman's good;

No cause can be lost forever whose cost

Is coined from Freedom's blood.

Liberty's wine and altar

Are blood and human right;

Her weak shall be strong while the struggle with wrong

Is a sacrificial fight.

— John Boyle O'Reilly.

### THE BABY'S THOUGHTS

What is the little one thinking about?  
 Very wonderful things, no doubt :  
     Unwritten history !  
     Unfathomed mystery !  
 Yet he chuckles, and crows, and nods, and winks  
 As if his head were as full of kinks  
 And curious riddles as any sphinx !  
     Warped by colic, and wet by tears,  
     Punctured by pins, and tortured by fears.  
 Our little nephew will lose two years ;  
     And he'll never know  
     Where the summers go ;  
 He need not laugh for he'll find it so !

What does he think of his mother's eyes?  
 What does he think of his mother's hair?  
     What of the cradle-roof that flies  
 Forward and backward through the air?

What does he think when mother's embrace  
 Presses his hand, and buries his face  
 Deep where the heart-throbs sink and swell,  
 With a tenderness she can never tell  
     Though she murmur the words  
     Of all the birds,  
 Words she has learned to murmur well?  
     Now he thinks he'll go to sleep !

I can see the shadow creep  
Over his eyes in soft eclipse,  
Over his brow and over his lips,  
Out to his little finger-tips!  
Softly sinking, down he goes!  
See! He's hushed in sweet repose!

— *J. G. Holland.*

### THE LULLABY OF AN INFANT CHIEF

O hush thee, my babie, thy sire was a knight,  
Thy mother a lady both lovely and bright;  
The woods and the glens from the tower which we  
see,  
They all are belonging, dear babie, to thee.

O fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows,  
It calls but the warders that guard thy repose;  
Their bows would be bended, their blades would be  
red  
Ere the step of a foeman draws near to thy bed.

O hush thee, my babie, the time soon will come  
When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum;  
Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while you  
may,  
For strife comes with manhood, and waking with  
day.

— *Sir Walter Scott.*



## WHAT JESS CORTRELL DID

Poor little Johnny Cortrell's eyes kept growing dimmer and dimmer. At first, black specks had danced before them, merely. It seemed to him as if an ugly spider with jerking legs, fastened to some invisible string, was forever swinging in front of those poor, misty blue eyes of his.

He spoke of it often, but neither his father nor his mother noticed much about it. They could see well enough themselves, and that anything serious could be the matter with the eyes of one of their children never occurred to them. They had always been too busy to notice trifling aches and pains, and they seemed to grow more busy every day, with five little ones, all under twelve, to feed and clothe on just the daily labor of John Cortrell's hands. Not that his wife worked less hard than he, but she brought nothing into the house. Enough for her to bake and brew, wash and clean, mend and make for the seven souls under her roof.

Johnny was the last boy to complain unnecessarily. There was a great deal of manliness about him, though he was not yet ten years old. But he used to talk to his eleven-year-old sister Jess, trusting greatly to her two years more of age and wisdom, and putting much faith in her assurances that the black spiders would get tired of tormenting him by-and-by. Only, as time went on and they came more and more, he began to fear that, though Jess knew almost everything, about just that one thing she might be wrong.

And Jess feared it herself, too, after a while, and grew very pitiful toward Johnny, and very careful of him.

He was, naturally enough, nearer to her than any one else in the world; for their mother had been always so busy with the younger children that Johnny and Jess were left very much to each other. They both went to school, for John Cortrell, unlucky in worldly matters as he had always been, and poor as he was, had all a New England man's ambition that his children should be better off than himself, and to that end he meant that they should know all that the district school could teach them.

But now, when Johnny tried to study, it seemed to him the spiders got up a war-dance in front of his eyes, and he felt as if he should go wild. So, hoping better things after a while, Jess made time, from her baby-tending and knitting out of school, to read all his lessons over to him once or twice; and even the teacher never guessed how little the poor, misty blue eyes saw, nowadays, for themselves.

These things had been going on from bad to worse all the long winter. Jess thought the dazzling glare of the sun on the white snows might have had something to do with it, and that when the green grass came, and the sheltering leaves burst from all the tree-boughs, Johnny's eyes would begin to mend. But, instead, by May-time they had failed altogether, and one day Jess led him home stone blind.

He made no lamentations himself, poor boy. It seemed as if the eyes that could not see had forgotten how to weep. But his mother sobbed over him in a passion of love and woe, and even his father broke

down and cried like a woman, until a thought of possible hope came to him, and he put on his hat and went for the village doctor.

Dr. James held a candle to the poor blind eyes, which never blinked. He examined them carefully, and then he said that he could not tell whether or not to give them any encouragement. It might be a total and permanent blindness, or it might be something which medical skill could remove, — he was not enough of an oculist to determine. There was a doctor in Boston — Dr. Williamson, 33 Blank Street — who would be able, if he could see Johnny, to pronounce with certainty; and that the boy should be taken to him was the best advice he could give.

That night John Cortrell and his wife sat and talked together, after the children were in bed. They were only thirty-five miles away from Boston, and the journey might be managed easily enough, but it would involve so much else: Dr. Williamson's fee, which was doubtless large; a sojourn in Boston, of no one knew how long; and the loss of the father's time, on which they all depended, besides. They had always paid all their debts, but with the high prices of these recent years, and their five children to clothe, and warm, and feed, they had never any money ahead.

"It *must* be done, John," the mother said, thoughtfully.

"Yes, Mary, but how? I must get a little something saved, first, and what is there we can do without?"

"Plenty of things, John. You shall see. We never have had such reason as this for saving every

cent. My poor boy must have his chance before the summer is over."

Jess, lying awake in her little bed, in the closet off the family room, heard their plans, and then a thought stirred her heart in the darkness, and she made a plan of her own. *She* couldn't wait months and months — till the very end of summer, perhaps — before she knew whether Johnny's eyes would ever again see earth and sky, and the sister who loved him. She said a prayer in the still darkness, that the Great Father who knew her sorrow would help her; and I think, though she knew it not, it was from Heaven that her thought had come.

The next day she told her plan to Johnny. He went to school with her as before; it amused him, and the solitude of his darkness would have seemed insupportable otherwise. So, on their way, she opened to him the thought which had come to her in the night; and he listened, with hope beating so wildly at his heart that it almost choked him.

That evening Jess was busy, for some time, with pen and ink. She was not a rapid writer, and she wished to make what she had to say very clear. She folded up her paper, at length, and put it into her pocket, and then helped Johnny to bed.

"Sleep well," she whispered, bending over him and kissing his poor sightless eyes. "You know I want you to be strong and quick to-morrow."

But she herself slept little. Hope, and fear, and expectation made strange tumult in her soul. The curtain of her little window was drawn up, and through the pane below she saw the stars, and one of them

in especial seemed to watch her like a great, bright, heavenly eye, full of encouragement. Oh, if God would help her she should be strong.

The next morning, when it was school-time, she and Johnny stole out hand-in-hand, quite unnoticed by any one. Jess had taken her brother into her own room after breakfast, and quickly and silently dressed him and herself in their best, and made up a little bundle of underclothing, which she carried in her hand when they started out. They hurried along the path toward the district school, and just before they reached it they overtook a girl somewhat older than themselves, the daughter of their next neighbor.

"I'm not going to school, and I want you to do something for me," Jess said, with a fear throbbing at her heart which almost choked her. What if, instead of being ready to help her, Jane Anderson should betray her?

"Not going to school?"

"No, I'm going to take Johnny off to see a doctor, and I don't want father and mother to know until noon. Will you take mother this letter, which I've written to tell her all about it? I wrote it last night, meaning to leave it with some one to give her; for I didn't want them at home to know till I was well started. I knew they'd see so many lions in the way."

"Is it right?" Jane Anderson asked, debating the point, as it appeared, with herself.

"Yes, of course it's right!" Jess cried, almost impatiently. "Won't you say it's right, if I bring Johnny back cured?"

Jane Anderson reached out her hand for the letter.

"I'll do it," she said, quietly. "Your mother shall have it at noon."

"Why, it's time for Jess and Johnny!" John Cortrell said, as he sat down to dinner.

"Jess sent this letter," a voice, not his own girl's, answered from the door; and Jane Anderson reached in and laid a paper on the table, and was gone before any one could ask her a question.

John took the letter and read it out loud to his wife, — just a few lines, as like Jess as if she had spoken them :

"DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER, — I didn't ask you, for fear you would say no, but Johnny and I are going to Boston to see Dr. Williamson. I heard all the reasons why you couldn't take him till fall, and I couldn't wait. 'Twon't hurt us to walk, this nice spring weather; and I don't think any one will refuse to give a poor blind boy and his sister a place to sleep, or a bowl of bread and milk to eat. We shall ask our road, and we won't get lost. Our Father in heaven will go with us all the way."

John Cortrell rose from his untasted dinner, drawing his hand across his eyes.

"I must start after them, wife. Those children on the road to Boston all alone! Jess is crazy!"

His wife laid a detaining hand on his arm.

"What if God put it into her heart, John? What if Johnny will get help this way, long before he could in any other? I can't think any one would hurt those helpless lambs, and I do believe their Heavenly Father'll go with them all the way, as Jess says."

So, after long talking, the matter was finally settled. John Cortrell ate his dinner with what appetite he

could summon, and went back to his work; and Jess was suffered to go on her hopeful yet anxious way, unmolested.

Early on the third morning she led Johnny into Boston; for they had made — walking mostly, but sometimes getting a ride with some traveller — fifteen miles on each of the two first days. So they rose early, and accomplished the last five miles of their journey before city people were likely to have had breakfast. They came in over the Brighton road, and when they got among the tall, handsome West End houses, they were not far from Blank Street. They had met so much kindness on their way that their faith in God and in human nature had grown with every day. So now Jess accosted a policeman who was walking down the street with the air of slow dignity common to his order. She did not know what he might be, but he looked to her a very grand personage indeed — some great general, perhaps. However, he was the only person in sight, so she plucked up courage and told him she never was in Boston before, and would he tell her how to find No. 33 Blank Street?

“I’ll take you there; I’ve time enough,” he said, good-naturedly; and, by the time they reached the door, he had found out their whole story, and the great, big human heart, under his policeman’s buttons, was touched by it to the core.

“Here, now you go in,” he said, as he rang the bell, “and see what Dr. Williamson will say to you, and I’ll be back along in an hour, and stop and find out. Don’t you go ’way from here, on any account, till you see me again. If the doctor won’t take hold of this matter,

I'll take you to a place down on Charles Street, where you'll be sure of kind treatment, anyway."

Dr. Williamson had just finished his steak, and rolls, and coffee, and kissed his four children all around, preparatory to going into his office to read for a few minutes before office hours began. In the hall he almost ran against Jess and Johnny, whom the servant had just admitted.

"What little folks are these?" he said, all the more pleasantly, perhaps, because his own children's kisses were so fresh on his lips.

Then Jess, speaking very fast indeed, that her courage might not fail her, told him how Johnny's sight had been getting dim all winter, and at last the very worst had come, and he was stone blind. And they had heard of Dr. Williamson, but father thought he must wait and earn a great deal of money before he could bring Johnny to him, and *she* couldn't wait, and so she had taken Johnny and come away, and left a letter to tell her mother where she was going; and on the way every one had been kind to her, — so kind! and now would the doctor see if there was any hope? If there was none, she would take Johnny back again; but if there was, even just a little, and the doctor would try to cure him, he should have his pay some time, surely.

Dr. Williamson was not what is called a philanthropist. He was very busy all the time, healing people who came to him and paid him great prices, and somehow it never occurred to him to hunt up people who might need him just as much, and who couldn't pay him. But not to hunt up people who



need you is one thing, and to turn away those who have hunted you up is quite another; and a certain reminiscence of the golden rule lingered in his heart, which no selfish prosperity had overgrown.

"Poor babies!" he said to himself, as he led them into his office and made preparations carefully and thoroughly to examine Johnny's eyes. Jess felt her strength failing her, at last, as the examination went on. She thought she could not stand, but she steadied herself somehow, and kept Johnny's hand in hers. At last Dr. Williamson turned round, with the air, which she interpreted quickly enough, of one who had made up his mind.

"Oh, sir!" Jess cried, and then the room seemed whirling round, and she felt herself put into a chair, and something stinging and pungent was held to her nose. Presently she opened her eyes, and saw that the doctor was smiling.

"Well," he said, cheerfully, "I think there are nine chances in ten that I can cure your brother."

"And you'll try?"

"Yes, I'll try. He shall stay here until I have made the trial."

"You shall be paid, sir, every dollar."

"Yes, I'm sure of that. I'm going to lend a trifle to a good Paymaster. I wish I was as sure of all my debts."

Jess did not understand him; but one thing she did comprehend, — Johnny was to have his chance, *through her*. Must she go away and leave him?

"Three patients waiting," a servant said at the door, and she knew the doctor expected her to go. But where?

"Oh, sir!" she said, and stopped.

"Well?" very kindly spoken.

"Am I to go home and leave Johnny? If I only *could* do something to earn my board! I can do a good many things; I am used to helping mother, and I would try very hard."

"Well, so you shall." The doctor wrote a few lines, rapidly, and handed them to the servant in waiting.

"Take that and these children to Mrs. Williamson," he said; and then turned to meet a patient, and his day's work began.

As Jess went through the hall she saw that an hour had passed, and her policeman friend was waiting.

"It's all right," she told him, joyfully. "We are to stay here, and Johnny is to be cured."

That night Dr. Williamson, who was a man in the habit of doing his work thoroughly, obtained from Jess her father's address, and wrote to him a letter assuring him that his children were in safe shelter, and that Johnny should have the benefit of his best skill; — a letter which made the home hearts, which had been like to break with suspense, swell almost to bursting with a rapture of thanksgiving.

It was nearly the last of June when the bandages were removed from Johnny Cortrell's eyes, and the result of the doctor's operations was made known. Jess had not been present at this last crisis. She could not bear it, she thought, calmly enough, so she had waited in the housekeeper's room, and to the door of that room Dr. Williamson led Johnny, at length, and opened it.

"Oh, Jess, Jess!" the boy cried, in a passion of joy and love; and in an instant he was across the room, and his arms were around the neck of the sister who had been his good angel.

"Can you see, Johnny?" she gasped; but her eyes were dim, and her words choked her.

"Yes, I can see, — as well as ever, as well as you!"

"Thank God, thank God!" And Dr. Williamson looking on, his own eyes wet with unwonted tears, was not hurt that, in this first rush of emotion, they seemed to forget him. It was not long, however, before Jess was almost at his feet, blessing him, thanking him, as no one ever had before. It was the best fee which had ever been paid him.

The next day he sent the children home. He put them on the cars, in care of a good-natured conductor, and when he left them he placed a sealed envelope in the hand of Jess.

"My bill, for your father; you will see there is no haste about it," he said, kindly, and then he bade them good-by.

The journey was a short one; and while the family at home sat at dinner, Jess led her brother into their midst.

"I have brought him back — cured!" she cried; and then there were embracings, and thanksgivings, and tears of joy at which you and I may guess, but which words would fail me to describe.

It was not till quite late in the afternoon that Jess remembered to give Dr. Williamson's bill to her father.

"Whatever it is, I shall pay it cheerfully, my girl, and thank God for the chance!" he said, as he opened it; and then he read:

"For services rendered Johnny and Jess Cortrell,  
"Received payment in full.

"CHARLES WILLIAMSON."

So Johnny got his eyes again, and the journey to Boston was made, and the doctor's bill was settled, and Jess did it all.

— *Louise Chandler Moulton.*

### WHAT IS SUCCESS?

Every man must patiently abide his time. He must wait, not in listless, not in useless pastime, not in querulous dejection, but in constant, steady fulfilling and accomplishing his task; that when the occasion comes, he may be equal to the occasion. The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, without a thought of fame. If it come at all, it will not come because it is sought after. It is a very indiscreet and troublesome ambition which cares so much about fame; about what the world says of us; to be always looking in the face of others for approval; to be always anxious about the effects of what we do or say; to be always shouting to hear the echoes of our own voices.

— *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

## AN INDIAN VICTORY

The baby was sick and that was the reason I had not paid much attention to Damon the first time he came that afternoon. Saturdays they let out the boys from the Government Indian boarding-school at one o'clock, and he had come down on foot to borrow my pony. He and I had taken to sharing the pony since the baby had interfered with my horseback days. He came in with a smile on his nice boy's face, and asked where my saddle was.

Then I forgot all about him in the baby's troubles. I suppose it must have been near four o'clock when he got back again. It was May, but chilly yet; at any rate, on the baby's account, I was keeping a fire in the living-room stove. I remember that Damon entered without knocking — that's the Indian way — and slumped down into a chair behind the stove. The baby's attack seemed to be over; he was nearly asleep. I sat on the sofa jiggling his carriage. I was still wiping an occasional tear from my own eyes, and the baby, poor lamb, every now and again shook all over with sobs.

For a long time the boy sat quiet, but after a while I heard little broken sounds coming from behind the stove, and snuffles. I made haste to emerge from the gloom into which the afternoon had cast me.

"Why, Damon. Why, boy! What on earth is the matter?"

Had I been Indian I should never have been so rude as to ask a direct question, but — well, it took him a

long time to answer it. He, at least, was Indian enough. At last he got it out.

"Elk wouldn't sign for me."

"You mean to say you went way down to Goes-in-Lodge's, where Elk is staying, and that he wouldn't sign your Carlisle paper, though he promised you to do it today?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Damon, and snuffled again.

"But I don't understand at all why he wouldn't. He has always seemed willing enough for Mr. Knight, when he goes East next week, to take you with the other children. Why, boy, what on earth can you do now? Elk's surely the one who ought to sign for you. Why do you think he went back on you?"

There was a long pause. At last Damon managed: "John Pine, he died —" Then he stuck again.

Conversation between the naturally reticent Indian and the as naturally loquacious white man is very likely to impress one as does an overheard telephone talk; one man apparently doing all the work.

"Oh, John Pine's dead," said I. "Well, I knew he was going to die before long, of course. He came back about Christmas time, wasn't it, from that Kansas school, and with consumption? And now he's dead. So your uncle —"

"Yes, ma'am. Elk, he got scared, and he said what did I want to go off so far for, and couldn't I learn enough at this here school."

"And then what did you say?" I didn't want him to run down till I had got it all out of him.

"I just kept sayin': 'I want to go to Carlisle, I want to go to Carlisle.'"

"Well, there's Hubert. He's a kind of an uncle to you, too. He's been off at school. Maybe he could sign for you. Did you try him?"

"He was to Goes-in-Lodge's too. But he just talked mean to me. He said, why did I want to go and try to learn to be a white man? He said I'd forget how to talk Indian. And 'look at the ones that's come back,' he said; 'can they earn any more money than us fellows here? They ain't white and they ain't Indian. You better stay here,' he said, 'and this summer I'll take you out on my ranch with me, and maybe in the fall me and you'll have a little huntin' trip back of Black Mountain.'"

"And what did you say to that, boy?"

"Just the same thing. I kept sayin': 'I want to go to Carlisle. I want to go to Carlisle. There ain't never been one of us Northern Arapahoes graduate from Carlisle, and I want to be the first one,' I said."

"Well, Damon, there's your mother. Do you think anyway she could be made to do it?"

"No, ma'am," said Damon, and again he snuffled.

"She's old," said I, "and, being blind that way, it surely would be hard to make her understand. She'd just hate to have you go so far. To her it would be like sending you off to the moon. And she couldn't realize where the advantage to you would be. Let me see, you must have other relatives, plenty of them, who could sign that paper."

"No, ma'am," said Damon again. "Can't nobody sign for me but just Elk or my mother. That's what the agent told Mr. Knight."

Poor boy of fourteen! Vaguely, in his groping

child's heart, he craved a little more education than the reservation school could offer, and he was fired also with a dim desire to see something of the outside world in this his one and only chance, living as he did in so remote a part of the country. Poor youngster! To be forced thus to fight for the chance a good government had meant to place within his easy reach, — on the one hand the indifference of self-seeking whites, and on the other the ignorance and stubbornness of his own people. I wondered how, at fourteen, my boy, there in the cradle, would face a similar situation.

We seemed to be in a *cul-de-sac*, which is the French for box-cañon, a horrid place in which to find yourself when all your desire is to be at the other side of the end wall of it.

Well, there I was in my box-cañon, off the trail, no suggestions to offer. I told Damon to keep my pony all night and to come back tomorrow; and in the meantime to tell Mr. Knight, the lesser light, and the boy's good friend, all his difficulties. Perhaps, among us all, we might be able to find some way out of the dilemma.

In the morning I saw a buggy drive through the ranch gate. The sun was shining, the baby smiling again. I remember I was just doing the dishes.

"Oh! leave your dishes and come along. We're going over to Wind River, to get Damon's mother to sign this paper if we can. This boy's just got to go to Carlisle, and we'll leave no stone unturned to get him there."

So I bundled up the baby and put on my linen duster



and threw my heavy coat under the back seat. That's the way it is in Wyoming; the dust is always with us, and the cold generally. So we got prepared for anything.

The river was high, but we got through it all right. Government horses are big and strong. We turned north across "Dobe Flat", then a little eastward up the long divide between the two rivers. We always call it five miles to the summit; it's all of that, a long, heavy, gradual grade. At the top Mr. Knight pulled up the team to let them breathe, and we all turned back to look at the country behind us, the big sunny valley sloping up to the foothills and lined with little brush-bordered creeks, each one tracing its tortuous way back to its own cleft cañon. Beyond we saw the mountains, delicate, graceful, snow-sprinkled, and outlining the whole west of the world.

We stood there at the summit the hill falling away from us both ways. You could hear the wind singing away off; you always can on the plains, no matter how still it is. There were a few cactus plants growing near us, and they were in bloom. The sage smelled good, that clean, primeval smell that takes you back to the beginning of all camping, of all life. Everything was sparkling in the sun, and, most of all, those mountains, so many of them, in such a wide, powerful line.

We started at a good clip down the other slope. The road wound through red, sage-covered, rolling country; down there, miles ahead of us, we could see the big river, marked by a wide band of cottonwoods.

The country through which we were passing, though looking most accessible, was in reality so completely

the reverse that you couldn't help admiring the clever way the road nosed its passage between the little hills, down gulches and draws, along hogbacks, finding out and following the only possible ways.

At last we were nearly down. We passed through a narrow draw, all pinkish-red sand, very hard and ancient looking. There the sage grew as high as your eyes as you sit a horse. It looked gnarled, misformed, and old, as though it had been the very first thing of its kingdom created of God. As we came down that sand-draw I turned my head to the left and hugged the baby close. You can't see it from the road, but just a little way back from it there's a box-cañon, red and sandy and sage-covered, where the people over here on the river bury their dead. I have heard them up there "crying" at twilight, the age-old lament of grief.

At last we got to the river. Elk's camp stood right at the edge of the tall timber, within sound of the roar, if not quite within sight of the water. There stood three cabins, set at irregular angles, the most primitive form of human-built house; rough, dusty logs, the ends not so much as sawed off even, chinked with red mud, dirt roofs and floors, crooked door and window frames of hewn logs. There also stood at one side a tall teepee, graceful and free, compared to its squat house neighbors.

By the side of one of the houses a post was driven into the ground, and sitting in the dirt, facing it, was a woman. Her hands held the two ends of a wet cow-hide, scraped of its hair, which, to soften, she kept pulling back and forth around the stake. At the sound of the buggy she turned her face toward us,

listening expectantly. We tied the team to the fence and all went over to her. Mr. Knight shook hands with her.

"How! Blind Woman."

I did likewise. "How! How! Blind Woman."

It never seemed to me either polite or considerate to call her that. But that was her name. We all used it.

Damon hung back.

"You'll have to interpret for us," said Mr. Knight to him. "There's no one else."

The boy came forward bashfully and stood in the sunshine by his blind mother. She let the hide slip from her hands. The ends lay touching her feet, within reach. She lifted her face to us, her blind face, which wore, as do the faces of so many of the Indians, a look of child-like sweetness and age-long patience.

Mr. Knight explained. Damon interpreted. I sat on somebody's saddle, which lay on the ground, holding my baby.

"Six days to get there?"

"Yes."

"And for five years?"

"Yes."

The light faded from the blind face.

"My husband is dead," said the woman. "I have but two sons. The other one, as you know, is sick. Five years!"

Damon interpreted on. Then a slow tear stole down the old woman's face, and another. She wiped them away with the palms of her hands. Tears ran down the boy's face also. A sudden sob shook him. They spoke quietly to each other; scantily.

At last Damon said: "She says to give her the paper, she will make her mark."

Mr. Knight handed it to her. He guided her hand. He and I witnessed the crude signature. Then we went down to the river bank to eat our lunch, leaving the mother and son together. I felt somehow as though I could not let the baby out of my arms.

On our way home we were all inclined to be quiet. The hills were glorious in the afternoon light, long shadows pointed back from the mountains — it was all so world-wide, so everlasting looking. It made you feel as though suddenly, mysteriously, you were in touch with the things that transcend time and space.

— *Grace Coolidge.*

## A BOOK

He ate and drank the precious words,  
His spirit grew robust;  
He knew no more that he was poor,  
Nor that his frame was dust.  
He danced along the dingy days,  
And this bequest of wings  
Was but a book. What liberty  
A loosened spirit brings.

— *Emily Dickinson.*

## THE TREE IN THE CITY

In a narrow space between two buildings, in a crowded city, grew a tree. There was no other green thing near it. On one side its leaves touched the blank wall of a warehouse, on the other they swept the window of a poor tenement; the space under it was paved up to its very roots; but still it lived, and put forth its fresh leaves every spring.

"Why do you take so much trouble?" asked the old rat who lived under its roots. "I would not, if I were in your place."

"It is my business!" said the tree. "It is the thing I have to do. All my family do it."

"But there is no one to see you," said the rat, "except me, and I do not care."

"That is not my affair!" said the tree.

But the sick girl in the tenement said, "Mother! Mother dear! The tree outside the window is putting out little new leaves, soft and green. It is spring, even here in the city. I shall grow better now, I am sure."

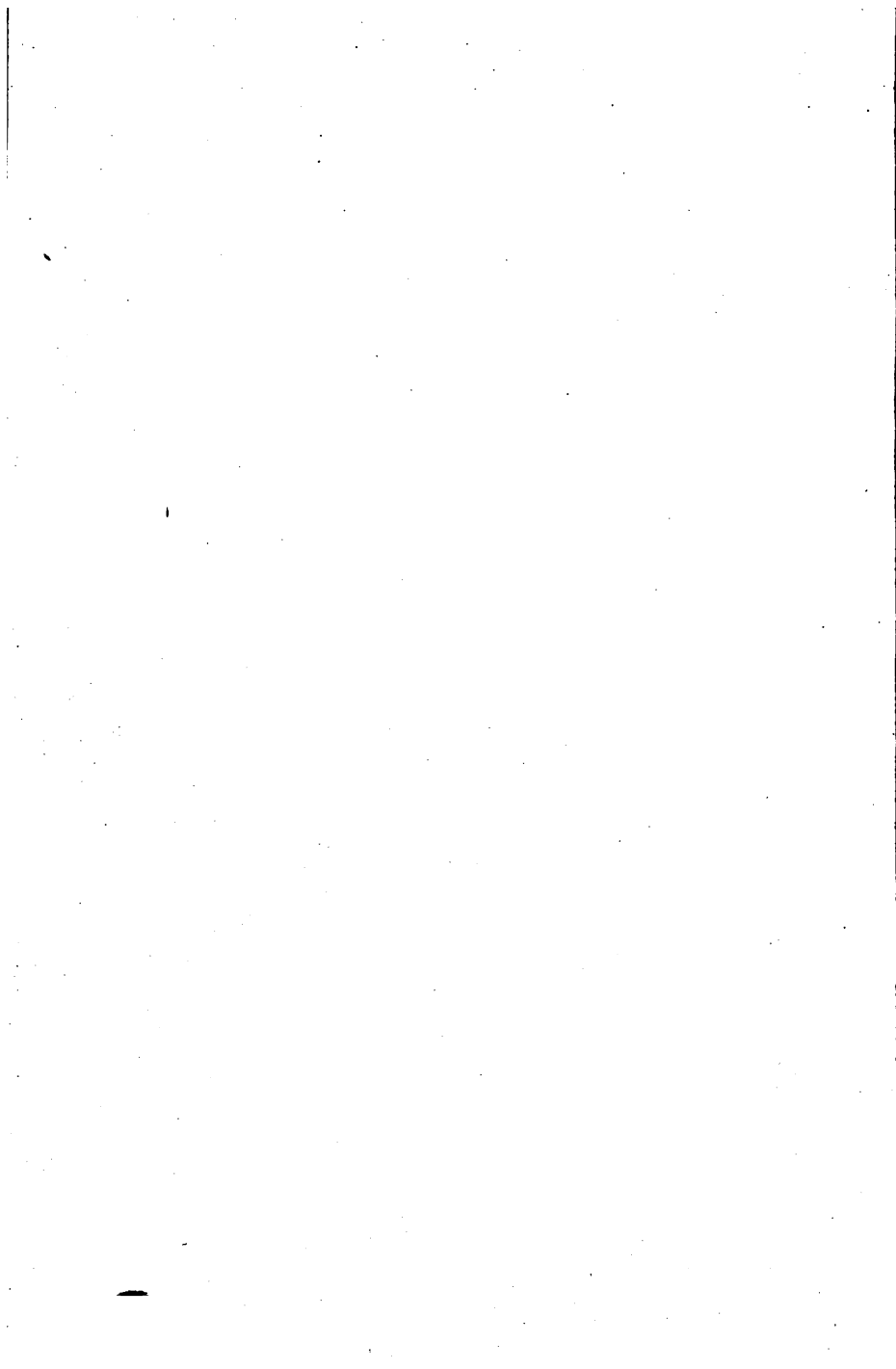
"Thank God!" said the mother.

Summer came. The leaves of the tree were large and long, and the branches were heavy with them; they quivered and rustled with every breath of wind.

"It really does seem a pity for you to exert yourself so!" said the old rat who lived under the roots. "If you caught beetles now, or did anything useful, I should feel better about it. Why do you take all this trouble?"



**THE TREE IN THE CITY**



"It is the thing I have to do," said the tree. "All my family do it."

"But if anybody cared it would be different," said the rat.

"That is not my affair," said the tree.

But the sick girl in the tenement said: "Mother, the heat is stifling. I could not bear it if it were not for the shade of this dear tree. The wind rustles the leaves, and I seem to hear coolness in the sound; it tells me that somewhere in the world there are whole forests of trees, rustling and waving, and green fields with flowers in them and streams of cool water flowing and falling. The tree makes summer for me."

"Thank God!" said the mother.

By and by it was autumn. The air grew thin and chill; the leaves of the tree turned yellow, and one by one dropped off and fell to the ground. The paved court was covered with them and they shone like gold.

"Now you see," said the old rat who lived under the roots. "Now it is over, and what have you for your pains?"

"I have done the thing I had to do," said the tree. "That is enough for me."

"Poor-spirited vegetable," said the rat. "If you had borne acorns for people to gnaw, it would at least have been something, but you have nothing to show for your trouble save dead leaves and empty branches."

"That is not my affair," said the tree.

But the sick girl in the tenement said, "Mother! Mother dear! I am tired. Summer is over. Look, the leaves have fallen from my dear tree, and the bare branches tap against the window like summoning



hands. The tree is going to sleep for the winter, and I think that I shall sleep, too. Mother dear, when I am asleep, gather the leaves from the ground and strew them over me, for they have been my joy."

And she turned her face to the wall and slept.

"Thank God!" said the mother.

— *Laura E. Richards.*

### THE PHILOSOPHER'S GARDEN

"See this my garden,  
Large and fair!"  
Thus to his friend,  
The Philosopher.

"'Tis not too long,"  
His friend replied,  
With Truth exact, —  
"Nor yet too wide,  
But well compact  
If somewhat cramped  
On every side."

Quick the reply —  
"But see how high!  
It reaches up  
To God's blue sky!"

— *John Oxenham.*

## THE THANKSGIVING FEAST

The Thanksgiving dinner in New England is an occasion of rare and long-anticipated pleasure, occurring, as it does, during that period of almost enforced idleness among the distinctively farming people.

Farm life is of great variety, and not at all the humdrum sort of an existence it is thought by some to be. Who ever heard of a farmer to the manor born, or his thrifty housewife, being troubled with the fashionably termed ennui, the disease of idleness? There is neither time nor disposition to indulge in complaints, in this mixture of outdoor and indoor life, every moment of which is pulsating with robust exhilaration, whether it is in the searching after and the plucking of the sweet-smelling arbutus blossom among the low evergreens in the pastures, with the maples showering down upon you their blood-stained flowers with every vibration of the atmosphere, the driving of the team afield with plough or harrow, or the scattering of the grain across the mellow last-year's corn lands. The spring days are overflowing with a freshness and promise and bursting beauty that ever lie within the rarer enjoyments of anticipation, — anticipation that is richest in its fulfilment.

Thanksgiving day is a long-anticipated occasion of festivity. The poultry are sedulously watched and fed, those of rufous plumage being especially devoted to the executioner and marketman, with some of the older "fry" among the Cochins, Brahmas, and Plymouth Rocks; the largest, fairest fruits from the

orchards are selected for its desserts; the sage and mint for the stuffing of the big turkey are picked in blossoming time, and carefully laid away beyond the touch of profane hand; nothing is forgotten, not even the powder and shot for the old Queen's-arm musket is overlooked, with which to shoot the partridges and squirrels for the pot-pie, which is always set upon the table in the big ten-quart tin pan in which it was baked, its top crust rising like a dome from its flaring rim, delicately browned, and flaky as only mother knew how to make it.

The hard, puckery fruit from the native pear tree that grew in the gap in the pasture-fence, already of uncertain age, has been preserved in the best Cien-fuegos, and the new cider has been boiled to the proper consistency and flavor for sauce of quartered sugar-sweetings that hung all summer long over the wood-pile behind the shed, to drop one by one, through the mellow haze of the short October afternoons, into the débris of dead thistles and beechen chips below, with many a cut and bruise upon their golden rinds. It was a rare relish, and took the place of the cranberry, for there was not a cranberry-bog within fifteen miles of the home farm.

The potato-vines have grown rusty, lying so long in the summer sun, and at last, dead and dry, are pulled from the long, parallel ridges of mellowed soil, and with bright-bladed hoe the white and purple tubers are thrown out to dry before being carted to the cellar and piled away beneath the stone arches that hold up the big, wide hearth, with its heavy chimney-stack.

The corn-crop has been gathered into the husking-pile and deftly stripped of its yellow sheaths and brown silks, and has been carried in baskets to the corn loft in the long attic of the woodshed, for the vagrant mice to feed upon the winter through. The silver-skins in the onion patch have been pulled and carted with the other field produce into the cellar, to keep company with the potatoes, where there are also ample bins of rutabagas and Dutch cabbages dressed in royal purple, with blood-red beets in quantities for the housewife; where there are bushels of carrots, long and tapering, each one an ingot of ruddy gold, for the calves, and an occasional boiled dinner of country pork or well-salted beef. In the apple room, in the southerly corner, are bushels upon bushels of apples, piled high against its four walls, which bespeak ample store for winter days.

So, day by day, the steps are taken with slow certainty toward this goal of rest, when the harvest work is at last over and everything made snug and tight for the drifting snows and sleet-laden winds; nor is it to be wondered at that the thrifty husbandman and his faithful helpmeet in the farmhouse appreciate their well-earned interregnum of resting days and look forward to the celebration of this Autumn festival with all its devoutness, its attendant jollity and good eating, with a joyous anticipation.

It is a glorious ride homeward from the church, with the sun just past its meridian, while always before, and often below the line of vision, lies spread out the white, silent picture of the dazzling winter

landscape. There is a magic in the snow; for the familiar roadway, hemmed in with bramble of scrub apple and blackberry bush, with alder and birch and elderberry bush, has grown strangely unfamiliar overnight. Nothing retains its former individuality, for the fences are hidden under a heap of snowy covering, and even the trees have lost shape and outline.

Everything seems to have undergone a subtle change, as of diminution. The pine-woods do not seem so lofty as on yester-afternoon, but look discouraged and cast down under their damp clinging burden. The trees in the orchard are shrunken and dwarfed-looking, making but a beggarly appearance, with their misshapen trunks and ragged, out-at-the-elbow-like limbs; the farm-buildings have a look as if they were slowly settling into the ground; the woodlands have stolen upon us unawares in a single night, and seem but a step away across the narrowed pastures. The sleigh-tracks, scarce a yard apart, along the broad highway, lend a reality to the illusion, while the horizon seems nearer and the blue skies lower down than ever. There is a sense of compactness, as if Nature had packed her belongings in one huge trunk, and was about to take a long journey; a feeling that is much intensified as one looks from the cosy hearth-fire out upon the embargo of winter.

There is a rare sense of shelter in the all-enveloping snow, and no matter how hard the sleet beats against the window-pane, with a glowing wood fire on the ample hearth and the cheery company of home folk and a few chosen companions from the bookshelf, one can be a philosopher with small effort: and what

would seem a dismal howling of the storm is transposed into the tuneful music of the elements.

But the farm-house is in sight, and, with an extra shake of the string of deep-sounding bells by the horse, as if to add emphasis to his satisfaction, the house-door is reached, wide-open, within it standing a goodly-looking woman, her mild eyes of softest brown just a bit disturbed, as if tired with overwaiting; her long apron of checked or blue mixed homespun stuff thrown carelessly about her head, down upon which noiselessly drift troops of glittering snow crystals through the sunlit air, blown from the low roof above, as she urges the travellers to be "quick with the horse", as dinner has been "waiting too long already."

But what a dinner! for there is nothing lacking from the menu which makes up this old-fashioned repast which the farm produced, all done to a turn, and steaming hot, and fit to set before a king!

Here is the menu, if you have the curiosity to see it as others did, glancing here and there about the table literally creaking under its burden of good things: cold roast spare rib, pig, brown and crisp, and roast turkey, juicy and tender, filled full to bursting with incomparable stuffing; for removes — potatoes baked in the hot ashes of the open fire, white, fine, and dry like meal, with real giblet-sauce; an accompanying big dish of boiled onions, indispensable upon such occasions; boiled cider-apple sauce and cold slaw of Dutch cabbage, for entrées. Then there is the big pot-pie of game, mayhap of gray squirrel and partridge; the old-fashioned suet pudding, boiled in a bag of coarse cloth, a dainty much prized in those

days; another pudding, stuck full of plums as big as any that little Jack Horner found in his own as he sat in his chimney corner; and such rare apple and mince pies! For dessert there is the lightest and whitest of cream biscuit; the rarest of golden butter, made before the days of artificial coloring, kept company with a plate of amber-colored honey fresh from the hives; doughnuts and cheese in abundance; and at each plate a bumping glass of newly made cider, with just a discernible "tang", which was the only drinkable, outside the regulation tea and coffee.

It is a rare good dinner, in its setting of blue, antique-patterned china, with knives and forks of steel, scoured to such brilliance as "Bristol brick" and hard rubbing could lend; with clumsy handles of plain buckhorn, rough, unpretentious, and homely; a dinner, the rugged cheer and unstinted eating of which is most excellent proof of the appreciation in which the bounty of the well-tilled fields is held, and which, if it perchance entails upon its partakers a transient feeling of discomfort, is but a repetition of what has occurred upon many a past anniversary of this feast day of the Forefathers.

There is no haste in the eating of this brave dinner, but every one takes abundance of time, and after each has eaten to heart's content the old, basket-bottomed chairs are moved back with a hesitating, doubtful air, bit by bit, as if the occasion had not been sufficiently honored in its observance. The conversation, so brisk in the earlier part of the feast, has lulled into silence. Each seems mentally in a state of preoccupation. The sun pours its slanting light through the

westward-looking windows, and the snowflakes are still drifting, sifting, down from the house-roof against the warm window-panes. The little clock on its narrow shelf between the windows marks the slow-going hours with mechanical exactness, and with a never varying monotony of speech, unheeding the jealous crackle of the open fire, which now looks pale and colorless in the bright sunlight that floods the home-made rugs and broad fireplace and its dingy wainscoting with the glory of its slow-setting splendor. The huge forestick, laid in the early forenoon, will break apart in a moment, to throw its ruddy coals about the tiled hearth.

The brand has parted. A hasty movement is made to brush up the scattered fire, on the untoward signal that the rites of the feast have been concluded; it is none too soon, for chore-time has already come, with its feeding and watering of the cattle at the barn, and the getting in of the wood at the house. Mid-afternoon past, the winter day closes swiftly. The horizon-line of the White Hills, growing more darkly blue, as if cast in a mordant of ultramarine, is massed against a sky brilliant with color; its coldly-tempered edges drawn sharply through the west as if to cut heaven and earth asunder.

“The sun, a snow-blown traveller”,

dips slowly and steadily toward the gray sea of bare woods that lengthen out miles on miles to the foothills of the mountains, their silences broken only by the rasping notes of the belated crows, the Bedouins of the farm, as they come over the hill upon their south-



ward flight. The best wish the farmer has for them is that they will not find their way back in the spring.

The next half hour is a busy one for the housewife, and, while the clatter of the dishes goes on, the "men folks" are about the chores to get them done up quickly. The snow buntings have already begun their chatter about the doorsteps, even before the big tablecloth is shaken, as it always is, over the snow at their side, the daily feeding ground of these brave little sojourners. North winds have not the slightest terror for the snow-birds, small as they are, and the deeper the snows the more noisy their frolics among the bare boughs.

They are the most agreeable outdoor companions, for no matter how cheerless the day, — if a winter day can be cheerless, and I doubt it, — they chatter, chatter overhead and underfoot, tipping their little heads to one side and the other, this way and that, with many a knowing wink, as if the winter chopper and themselves were making common cause against the inclemency of the weather. They are remarkably friendly and inquisitive in their dispositions, and seem to delight in having all the woods to themselves, playing many a queer prank and antic in their seeming desire to entertain their human visitors. They are one of Nature's most delightful freaks in this land of snow.

But the sun has disappeared

"From sight beneath the smothering bank"

of western snow-clad hills, now grown dusky in the short winter twilight; the cattle at the barn have been watered and fed, while we boys have

"Piled with care our nightly stack  
Of wood against the chimney-back, —  
The oaken log, green, huge, and thick,  
And on its top, the stout back-stick;  
The knotty forestick laid apart,  
And filled between with curious art  
The ragged brush; then, hovering near,  
We watched the first red blaze appear,  
Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam"

on quaintly-papered wall and whitened ceiling, festooned with many a loop of cored apple, hanging pendant from the drying-poles, held firmly in place by iron hooks, driven years ago into the splintery hemlock lathing,

"Until the old, rude-furnished room  
Bursts flower-like into rosy bloom", —

while snowy window-pane and drift-piled ledge and dusky sash are resplendent with firelight glow.

The little, round-topped light stand of painted pine, with its three short legs, is drawn into the middle of the room, and the dented, battered brazen candlesticks — so old are they — that through the day ornamented the narrow mantel over the fireplace, their tallow dips carefully snuffed and lighted, are set in place, and a brave light we thought them before the advent of kerosene. Even after the brilliant burning oils found their way to the country store, farm folk were not averse to the light of the richly endowed pitch knot; and, viewed in the light of domestic economy, the pine knot was not to be laughed at, for its heat was of the rarest quality, and there was ever

a big pile of these pasture-gleaned light-bearers in one corner of the woodshed.

This night, of all the year, the family stayed at home. There was no going to the neighbor's for an hour's gossip, or to the store for a brief hour or two of loafing, and the Thanksgiving dance was not then indulged in to any great extent among the more respectable portion of the community, in the more exclusively farming districts. Beechnuts, butternuts, apples, and cider furnished the good cheer; and, what with talk of one sort and another, of story-telling, or an innocent game of checkers, or of "fox and geese", the evening was rapidly passed.

Old-fashioned as were those days, and primitive as were their ways of living, there had been more old-fashioned days than they, and days of more primitive manners, and all within the memory of the grown-up people, who never tired of telling how their fathers were wont to hitch the farm horse to the heavy backstick, and in that way pull it into the great kitchen, to be rolled with handspikes against the back of the fireplace, so tall and wide that a horse could stand within it; when there were but two or three roads in town, and the proximity of the nearest neighbor was reckoned by miles — two, three, and often more — and the school-house, where they had one, was even still farther away; when a flint and steel, a box of powdered punk or tinder, and a rude hand bellows were the only means at hand for the building of a fire, — when those were lacking, coals were borrowed at the nearest house, with which to start the hearth-flame anew; days that abounded in adventures of the

hunt, oftentimes full of peril ; days of rude desire and of rude plenty.

But this first day of real winter weather is done. Sated with its homely pleasures, we boys steal off to our bed under the rafters, just as the clock is striking nine ; and in a few moments, warmly wrapped in thick woollen blankets, we are lying with our faces to the stars that look so kindly in through the diminutive window-panes in the little gabled alcove that reaches down behind our sleeping-place to the eaves.

— “ *Homestead Paths.* ”

### WINTER NIGHT

Within our beds awhile we heard  
The wind that round the gables roared,  
With now and then a ruder shock,  
Which made our very bedsteads rock.  
We heard the loosened clapboards tost,  
The board nails snapping in the frost ;  
And on us, through the unplastered wall,  
Felt the light-sifted snowflakes fall.  
But sleep stole on, as sleep will do  
When hearts are light and life is new ;  
Faint and more faint the murmurs grew,  
Till in the summer-land of dreams  
They softened to the sound of streams,  
Low stir of leaves and dip of oars,  
And lapsing waves on quiet shores.

— *John Greenleaf Whittier.*

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

DRAMATIZATION: THE HOLIDAYS IN THE HOME

SCENE I

PLACE: *Scrooge's Counting House*

CHARACTERS

SCROOGE

NEPHEW

CLERK

(CLERK *on high stool with comforter about his neck.*  
NEPHEW *enters.*)

*Nephew* A merry Christmas, Uncle! God save you!

*Scrooge* Bah! Humbug!

*Nephew* Christmas a humbug, Uncle? You don't mean that, I am sure.

*Scrooge* I do. Merry Christmas! What right have you to be merry? You're poor enough!

*Nephew* Come, then, what right have you to be dismal? You're rich enough. Don't be cross, uncle.

*Scrooge* What else can I be when I live in such a world of fools as this? Merry Christmas! Out upon Merry Christmas! What's Christmas time to you but a time for paying bills without money; a time for finding yourself a year older, and not an hour richer? If I could work my will, every idiot who goes about with Merry Christmas on his lips should be boiled with his own pudding and buried with a stake of holly through his heart.

*Nephew* Uncle!

*Scrooge* Keep Christmas in your own way and let me keep it in mine. Much good may it do you! Much good it has ever done you!

*Nephew* I have always thought of Christmas as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time, and, therefore, Uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it has done me good and *will* do me good, and I say, God bless it!

*(The CLERK claps his hands.)*

*Scrooge* Let me hear another sound from you and you'll keep your Christmas by losing your situation.

*Nephew* Don't be angry, Uncle. Dine with us to-morrow.

*Scrooge* Good afternoon.

*Nephew* A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, Uncle.

*Scrooge* Good afternoon.

*(NEPHEW leaves the room.)*

## SCENE II

PLACE: *Scrooge's room*

### CHARACTERS

SCROOGE (*lying on couch*)

GHOST (*Christmas Past*)

LITTLE FAN AND OTHERS

*(GHOST dressed in white and carries a sprig of Christmas'holly. Bell outside strikes twelve; an interval and then it strikes one. GHOST enters.)*

*Scrooge* Who and what are you?

*Ghost* I am the Ghost of Christmas Past.

*Scrooge* What business brings you here?

*Ghost* Your welfare. Rise! and walk with me!

(*GHOST waves his hands, SCROOGE rises and looks uncertainly about him, rubs his eyes.*)

*Scrooge* Good Heavens! I was born in this place. This is my old school.

(*A little girl runs in.*)

*Girl* I have come to bring you home, dear brother. To bring you home, home, home!

*Scrooge* Home, little Fan?

*Girl* Yes! Home for good and all. Home forever and ever. Father is so much kinder than he used to be, that home's like Heaven! We're to be together all the Christmas long and have the merriest time in all the world.

(*GHOST waves his hand. FAN goes out, and an old gentleman in a wig appears. He mounts a high stool and begins to write.*)

*Scrooge* Why, it's old Fezziwig! Bless his heart! It's Fezziwig alive again!

*Fezziwig* Yo ho, there! Ebenezer! Dick!

(*Two young men enter.*)

*Fezziwig* No more work to-night! Christmas Eve, Dick! Christmas, Ebenezer! Clear away, my lads, and let's have lots of room here.

*(Enter fiddler with violin and music book, MRS. FEZZIWIG, daughters, apprentices, etc. The Virginia Reel or any country dance is danced. The clock strikes eleven. MR. and MRS. FEZZIWIG shake hands with all as they depart.)*

Scrooge Spirit! remove me from this place. I cannot bear it! Leave me! Take me back! Haunt me no longer!

## SCENE III

PLACE: *Scrooge's Room*

## CHARACTERS

GHOST (*Christmas Present*)

SCROOGE

THE CRATCHITS

*(Clock strikes one. GHOST enters and waves his hand, SCROOGE looks about and finds himself in BOB CRATCHIT'S home. CRATCHITS all enter. TINY TIM has a crutch. SCROOGE in corner unseen.)*

Bob Why, where's our Martha?

Mrs. Cratchit Not coming.

Bob Not coming on Christmas Day?

*(MARTHA appears from behind the door. Great joy and clapping of hands.)*

Mrs. Cratchit And how did Tiny Tim behave?

Bob As good as gold and better. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in



the church, because he was a cripple and it might be pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas Day Who made lame beggars walk and blind men see.

*(The table is set, and the family gather around.)*

**Bob** A merry Christmas to us all, my dear! God bless us!

**Tiny Tim** God bless us, every one!

*(BOB raises his glass.)*

**Bob** I'll give you a toast, dear ones. Here is to Mr. Scrooge, the Founder of the Feast!

**Mrs. Cratchit** The Founder of the Feast, indeed! I wish I had him here! I'd give him a piece of my mind to feed upon, and I hope he'd have a good appetite for it!

**Bob** My dear! The children! Christmas Day!

**Mrs. Cratchit** It should be Christmas Day, I'm sure, on which one drinks the health of such an odious, stingy, hard, unfeeling man as Mr. Scrooge. You know he is, Robert. Nobody knows it better than you do, poor fellow!

**Bob** My dear! Christmas Day!

**Mrs. Cratchit** I'll drink his health for your sake and the Day's, not for his. Long life to him! A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year! He'll be very merry and very happy, I have no doubt.

*(Bell strikes twelve and GHOST waves his hand. CRATCHITS disappear and GHOST also.)*

## SCENE IV

PLACE: *Scrooge's Room*

(SCROOGE *on couch. He awakens with a scream. Sits up; rubs his eyes; feels of all the articles of furniture; looks out of the window or door.*)

*Scrooge* What's to-day?

*Boy (at the door)* To-day? Why, Christmas Day!

*Scrooge (clapping his hands with glee)* It's Christmas Day. I haven't missed it. The Spirits have done it all in one night. They can do anything they like. Of course they can. Hello, my fine fellow!

*Boy* Hello!

*Scrooge* Do you know the poulterer's in the next street but one, at the corner?

*Boy* I should hope I did.

*Scrooge* An intelligent boy! A remarkable boy! Do you know whether they've sold the prize turkey that was hanging up there? Not the little prize turkey; the big one?

*Boy* What! the one as big as me?

*Scrooge* What a delightful boy! It's a pleasure to talk to him. Yes, my boy!

*Boy* It's hanging there now.

*Scrooge* Go and buy it.

*Boy* Walk — er!

*Scrooge* No, no, I am in earnest. Go and buy it and tell 'em to bring it here, that I may give them the directions where to take it. Come back with the man in less than five minutes, and I'll give you half-a-crown.

(BOY *runs off.*)

*Scrooge* I'll send it to Bob Cratchit. He shan't know who sends it. It's twice the size of Tiny Tim. Here's the turkey. Hello! Whoop! How are you? Merry Christmas! Why, it's impossible to carry that to Camden Town. You must have a cab.

*(Boy goes off with turkey in his arms.)*

## SCENE V

### *Scrooge's Office*

#### CHARACTERS

SCROOGE

BOB CRATCHIT

*Scrooge* Hello! What do you mean by coming here at this time of day?

*Bob* I am very sorry, sir, I am behind my time.

*Scrooge* You are! Yes, I think you are. Step this way, sir, if you please.

*Bob* It is only once a year, sir. It shall not be repeated. I was making rather merry yesterday, sir.

*Scrooge* Now, I'll tell you what, my friend. I am not going to stand this sort of thing any longer. And, therefore, I am about to raise your salary. A Merry Christmas, Bob! A merrier Christmas, Bob, my good fellow, than I have given you for many a year. I'll raise your salary, and endeavor to assist your struggling family. Make up the fires and buy another coal scuttle before you dot another i, Bob Cratchit!

*(Claps Bob upon the back; puts his arm over his shoulder and they go out.)*

— Charles Dickens.

## THE PICNIC

The ground was carpeted with the softest grass. Thickets of wild roses showed here and there a late blossom, and other thickets of alders glittered with coral-red berries. Apple trees loaded with small crimson apples made spots of color on the hill-side. Wild-flowers grew thickly in damp spots, and mosses clustered among the stones. Birds chirped and flew from every bush and tree. All was shaded and peaceful and still. Newport, with its whirl and glitter, seemed immeasurably far away. The Paradise Valley might to all appearance have been hidden in the heart of the Alleghanies, instead of being within three miles of the gayest watering-place in America!

Mrs. Gray, with accustomed feet, led the way straight across the glade to where an old cedar tree stood commanding the oceanward view, with a square block of stone at its foot.

"This is where we used always to come," she said, in a dreamy voice.

"What a delicious place!" cried Julia; "to think that I should have spent seven summers in Newport and never have seen it before! What shall we do with the baskets, Mrs. Gray, dear?"

"Put them here in the shade, and when you all feel hungry we will open them."

"Hungry! why, I am as hungry as a wolf at this moment. I have a gift at being ravenous. Girls, what do you say? Don't you agree with me that no time is like the present time for lunch? Hold up your hands if you do."

"Very well," said Mrs. Gray, laughing, as every hand flew up. "We will have lunch at once, then; but I warn you that there is a good deal to be done first. There," pointing to a blackened spot against a rock, "is where we always boiled our kettle. If some of you will collect some dry sticks, we will see if the present generation is capable of making a fire. I, meanwhile, will fetch the water."

She took a bright little copper kettle from one of the baskets, and mounted the hill with elastic footsteps, calling out, as she went, —

"Make haste, and be sure that the sticks are dry."

"I'm not sure that I know a dry stick when I see it," whispered Maud Hallett to Julia; but instinct, as often happens, took the place of experience on this occasion, and Mrs. Gray found a respectable pile of fuel awaiting her when she came back with her kettle full of spring water.

"Now I will show you how to swing a pot over the fire," she said; and in three minutes a rustic crane of boughs was constructed, the kettle was hanging from it, and the wood piled artistically underneath. A box of matches appeared from Mrs. Gray's pocket, which, as Marian said, was every bit as good as the "Bag" of the mother in the "Swiss Family Robinson", and seemed to hold almost as great a variety of useful things. Presently a gay little fire was crackling and snapping against the face of the rock, and adding its smoke to the blackened stains left by those other smokes of long ago. The girls stood about, watching the blaze and listening for the first hiss of the kettle;

but Mrs. Gray informed them that there was still work to be done.

"I want some new potatoes to roast, for one thing," she said. "Maud and Georgie, you might run up to the farm and ask Mr. Bacon to send me a few, say eighteen or twenty large ones, — oh, and a couple of dozen fresh eggs."

While they were absent on this errand, the other girls, under Mrs. Gray's direction, unpacked the baskets and arranged their contents on the rock beneath the cedar tree. Mrs. Gray had taken pains to provide, as far as was possible, the same sort of food which twenty-odd years before it had been customary to take to picnics. Out of one basket came a snow-white tablecloth and napkins; out of another, a chafing-dish, a loaf of home-made brown bread, and a couple of pats of delicious Darlington butter. A third basket revealed a large loaf of "Election cake", with a thick sugary frosting; a fourth was full of crisp little jumbles, made after an old family recipe and warranted to melt in the mouth. There was a pile of thin, beautifully cut sandwiches; plenty of light buttered rolls; and a cold fowl, ready carved into portions.

By the time that these provisions were unpacked, Maud and Georgie were seen descending the hill at a rapid walk, which, at sight of the festive preparations below, changed to what Julia Prime called "a hungry gallop." By this time exercise and fresh air had made everybody so desperately hungry that it seemed impossible to wait another moment; so, while Mrs. Gray heated the coffee and dropped the large pink potatoes into their bed of embers to roast, the younger members

of the party fell to work on the sandwiches, just to take off the fine edge of their appetites till something better was ready.

When the coffee was hot, Mrs. Gray seated herself by the rock, lit the lamp under her chafing-dish, dropped in a bit of butter, sprinkled with pepper and salt, and proceeded to scramble a great dish of eggs. Did any of you ever eat hot scrambled eggs under a tree when you were furiously hungry? If not, you can form no idea of the pleasure which the "early dippers" took in theirs. But it was not the eggs only; it was everything: never was a luncheon so delicious, the girls protested. New potatoes roasted in the ashes were a feast for the gods; and as for the Grandmother's cake with which the repast wound up, it baffled analysis and description.

Mrs. Gray had made this cake with her own hands, "in order to carry out the historic verities", as she said. It used to be part of the religion of New England, especially of Connecticut, she explained; and she told them how once, when she was a girl, making a visit to an old aunt in Wethersfield, she had sat up nearly all night over a "raising" of Election cake.

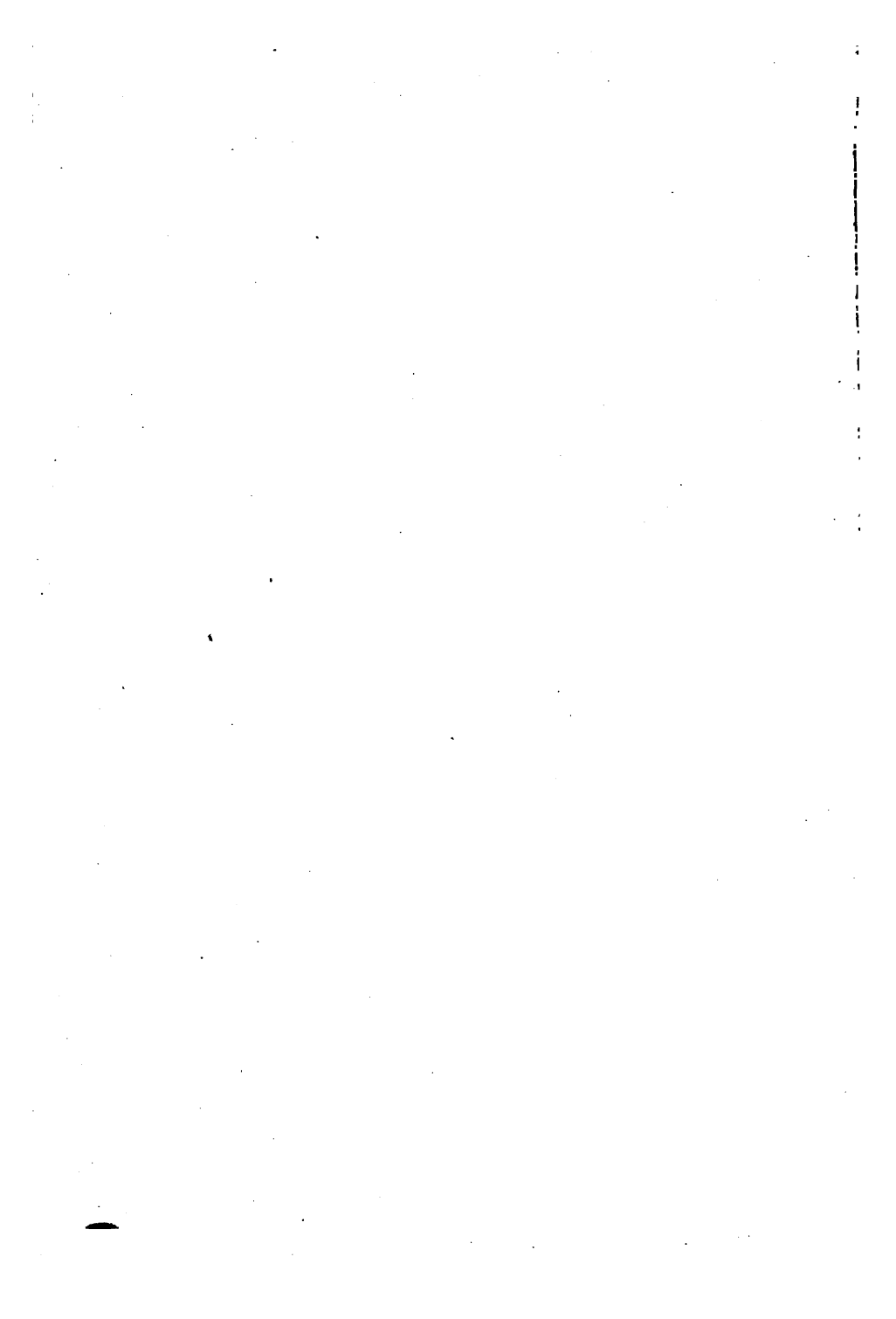
"But why did you do that?" asked the girls.

"Well, you see, my aunt had a sudden attack of rheumatism in her arm. She was going to have the sewing-society meet at her house; and such a thing as a sewing-society without Election cake was not to be dreamed of. So I offered to make it; and I was bound that it should be good. The peculiarity of this particular cake is that it must rise twice before it is baked. You mix half the butter and sugar, and so on, with the



THE PICNIC





yeast ; and when that is light, you put in the other half. Now, my first half refused to rise."

"What did you do?"

"Oh, I sat beside it with one of Scott's novels, and I waited. It was rather poky ; for my aunt and her servant had gone to bed, and there were queer creaks and noises now and then, as there always are in old houses. Midnight struck, and one, and two, before the first bubbles appeared on the surface of the cake ; and I had fallen asleep over my book more than once, before I could be quite sure that it was safe to stir in the remainder of the spice and fruit, and go to bed. It was just four o'clock when I finally put out my lamp ; and very sleepy I was next day, as you may imagine : but the cake turned out a great success, and I had many compliments about it from the crack house-keepers in the neighborhood, when they found that it was of my making."

"Wasn't it a dreadful trouble to have to make cake and things like that at home?" asked Maud Hallett. "I think I would rather have had it not quite so good, and got it from the confectioner's, than to have all that fuss and bother."

"My dear, there *were* no confectioners in those days except in two or three of the largest cities, and none even then who would be thought worth speaking of in our time. It was a case of home-made cake or none ; and though it was certainly a great deal of trouble, the cake was better than any confectioner's cake that I ever tasted. People took great pride in it ; and recipes were copied and handed about and talked over with an interest which would be impossible nowadays,

when everything comes to hand ready made, and you can order a loaf of sponge cake by postal card, and have it appear in a few hours, sent by express from central New York, as some of us have been doing this summer."

The last crumb of the Grandmother's loaf had now disappeared, and Mrs. Gray proposed that the girls should go for a scramble on the hills while she repacked the baskets. But this division of labor was not permitted. The girls insisted that they must be allowed to stay and help, and that the scramble would be no fun at all without their matron. Julia seized the coffee-pot and chafing-dish, and ran up the hill to rinse them at the spring; the others collected forks and plates; and, many hands making light work, in a very short while all was in order, and Mrs. Gray in readiness to head the walking party.

She guided them to the top of the granite ridge which is visible from Newport, and made them observe the peculiarity of the rock lines, and the contrast between their bareness and the fertility of the little intervening glades, for which they serve as a natural conservatory. Then they dipped down into the thickets of the farther side, finding all manner of ferns and wild-flowers and shy growing things, and so to the sandy flats above the third beach, with their outlook across the river-like strait to Little Compton and up the curving shore of Newport Island, set with old farm-houses and solemn orchards of gnarled apple trees. From thence a short walk brought them to the end of the ridge and to Bishop Berkeley's seat, with its ponderous projecting roof of rocks: and they all sat down to rest just where he is said to have sat with his books

and pen, looking off toward far Bermuda, and dreaming of the "star of empire."

At that time no ugly brick chimneys or artificial water-basin existed to mar the foreground; and nothing sweeter or more peaceful could be imagined than the view from the rocky shelf, — the breadth of ocean lit with clear sun, the shining capes to right and left, the yellow sand-dunes and winding creek bordered with brown grasses and patches of mallow or green rushes, and over all the arch of blue summer sky. One or two carriages rolled along the distant road as they sat there; but otherwise the stillness was unbroken save by the twitter of birds in the woods behind them, the chirp of sand-peeps or the scream of gulls on the beach, and the soft intermittent boom of the surf.

— *Susan Coolidge.*

### NATURE IS CALLING

Nature is calling "Come out! come out!  
Over the hills and away,  
I have dressed me in a robe of green,  
Embroidered with posies gay;  
O come with me for the day is long,  
And golden-glad are the hours,  
We will listen to the throstle's song  
Beneath a tent of flowers.  
A robin is singing, clear and loud,  
High up in the linden tree,  
My ensign flutters—a silver cloud,  
Now come and see—come and see!"

— *Camille Durand Walker Giddings.*

## THE GARDENER OF THE MANOR

About one Danish mile from the capital stood an old manor house, with thick walls, towers, and pointed gable ends. Here lived, but only in the summer season, a rich and courtly family. This manor house was the best and most beautiful of all the houses they owned. It looked outside as if it had been cast in a foundry, and inside it was comfort itself. The family arms were carved in stone over the door; beautiful roses twined about the arms and the balcony; a grass-plot extended before the house with red thorn and white thorn, and many rare flowers grew even outside the conservatory.

The manor kept also a very skillful gardener. It was a real pleasure to see the flower-garden, the orchard, and the kitchen-garden. There was still to be seen a portion of the manor's original garden, a few box-tree hedges cut in shape of crowns and pyramids, and behind these two mighty old trees, almost always without leaves. A swarm of rooks and crows from time immemorial had built their nests there.

The gardener very often explained to the master the necessity of felling these old trees, as they did not look well, and by taking them away they would probably also get rid of the screaming birds, which would seek another place. But he could never be induced either to give up the trees or the swarm of birds; the manor could not spare them, as they were relics of the good old times that ought always to be kept in remembrance.



**THE GARDENER OF THE MANOR**



"The trees are the birds' heritage by this time," said the master. "So let them keep them, my good Larsen. Haven't you room enough to work in, little Larsen? Have you not the flower-garden, the greenhouses, the orchards, and the kitchen-garden?" The gardener cared for them, he kept them in order, and cultivated them with zeal and ability, and the family knew it, but they did not conceal from him that they often tasted fruits and saw flowers in other houses that surpassed what he had in his garden; and that was a sore trial to the gardener, who always wished to do his best. He was good-hearted and a faithful servant.

The owner sent one day for him, and told him kindly that the day before, at a party given by some friends of rank, they had eaten apples and pears which were so juicy and well-flavored that all the guests had loudly expressed their admiration. They learned that the fruit was bought of one of the first fruit dealers of the city, and the gardener was to ride to town and find where they came from, and then order some slips for grafting. The gardener was very well acquainted with the dealer, because he was the very person to whom he sold the fruit that grew in the manor garden, beyond what was needed for the family. So the gardener went to town and asked the fruit dealer where he had found these apples and pears that were praised so highly.

"They are from your own garden," said the fruit dealer, and he showed him both the apples and the pears, which he recognized. Now how happy the gardener felt! He hastened back to his master, and



told him that the apples and pears were all from his own garden. But he would not believe it.

"It cannot be, Larsen. Can you get a written certificate of that from the fruit dealer?" And that he could, and brought him a written certificate.

"This is certainly wonderful!" said the family.

And now every day were set on the table great dishes filled with beautiful apples and pears from their own garden; bushels and barrels of these fruits were sent to friends in the city and country — nay, were even sent abroad. It was exceedingly pleasant; but when they talked with the gardener, they said that the last two seasons had been remarkably favorable for fruits, and that fruits had done well all over the country.

Some time passed. The family were at dinner at court. The next day the gardener was sent for. They had eaten melons at the royal table which they found very juicy and well flavored; they came from his majesty's greenhouse. "You must go and see the court-gardener, and let him give you some seeds of those melons."

"But the gardener at the court got his melon seeds from us," said the gardener, highly delighted.

"But then that man understands how to bring the fruit to a higher perfection," was the answer. "Each particular melon was delicious."

"Well, then, I really may feel proud," said the gardener. "I must tell your lordship that the gardener at the court did not succeed very well with his melons this year, and so, seeing how beautiful ours looked, he tasted them, and ordered from me three of them for the castle."

"Larsen, do not pretend to say that those were melons from our garden."

"Really, I dare say as much," said the gardener, who went to the court-gardener and got from him a written certificate to the effect that the melons on the royal table were from the manor. That was certainly a great surprise to the family, and they did not keep the story to themselves. Melon seeds were sent far and wide, in the same way as had been done with the slips, which they were now hearing had begun to take, and to bear fruit of an excellent kind. The fruit was named after the manor, and the name was written in English, German, and French.

This was something they never had dreamed of.

"We are afraid that the gardener will come to think too much of himself," said they; but he looked on it in another way: what he wished was to get the reputation of being one of the best gardeners in the country, and to produce every year something exquisite out of all sorts of garden stuff, and that he did. But he often had to hear that the fruits which he first brought, the apples and pears, were after all the best. All other kinds of fruit were inferior to these. The melons, too, were very good, but they belonged to quite another species. His strawberries were very excellent, but by no means better than many others; and when it happened one year that his radishes did not succeed, they only spoke of them, and not of other good things he had made succeed.

It really seemed as if the family felt some relief in saying, "It won't turn out well this year, little Lar-

sen!" They seemed quite glad when they could say, "It won't turn out well!"

The gardener used always twice a week to bring them fresh flowers, tastefully arranged, and the colors by his arrangements were brought out in stronger light.

"You have good taste, Larsen," said the owner, "but that is a gift from our Lord, not from yourself."

One day the gardener brought a great crystal vase with a floating leaf of a white water-lily, upon which was laid, with its long thick stalk descending into the water, a sparkling blue flower, as large as a sun-flower.

"The sacred lotos of Hindostan!" exclaimed the family. They had never seen such a flower; it was placed every day in the sunshine and in the evening under artificial light. Every one who saw it found it wonderfully beautiful and rare; and that said the most noble young lady in the country, the wise and kind-hearted princess. The lord of the manor deemed it an honor to present the flower to her, and the princess took it with her to the castle.

Now the master of the house went down to the garden to pluck another flower of the same sort, but he could not find any. So he sent for the gardener, and asked him where he kept the blue lotos. "I have been looking for it in vain," said he. "I went into the conservatory, and round about the flower-garden."

"No; it is not there," said the gardener. "It is nothing else than a common flower from the kitchen-garden, but do you not find it beautiful? It looks

as if it was the blue cactus, and yet it is only a kitchen herb. It is the flower of the artichoke."

"You should have told us that at the time," said the master. "We supposed, of course, that it was a strange and rare flower. You have made us ridiculous in the eyes of the young princess! She saw the flower in our house and thought it beautiful. She did not know the flower, and she is versed in botany, too, but then that has nothing to do with kitchen herbs. How could you take it into your head, my good Larsen, to put such a flower up in our drawing-room? It makes us ridiculous."

And the magnificent blue flower from the kitchen-garden was turned out of the drawing-room, which was not at all the place for it. The master made his apology to the princess, telling her that it was only a kitchen herb which the gardener had taken into his head to exhibit, but that he had been well reprimanded for it.

"That was a pity," said the princess, "for he has really opened our eyes to see the beauty of a flower in a place where we should not have thought of looking for it. Our gardener shall every day, as long as the artichoke is in bloom, bring one of them up into the drawing-room."

Then the master told his gardener that he might again bring them a fresh artichoke flower. "It is, after all, a very nice flower," said he, "and a truly remarkable one." And so the gardener was praised again. "Larsen likes that," said the master; "he is a spoiled child."

In the autumn there came up a great gale, which

increased so violently in the night that several large trees in the outskirts of the wood were torn up by the roots; and to the great grief of the household, but to the gardener's delight, the two big trees blew down, with all their birds'-nests on them. In the manor house they heard during the storm the screaming of rooks and crows, beating their wings against the windows.

"Now I suppose you are happy, Larsen," said the master: "the storm has felled the trees, and the birds have gone off to the woods; there is nothing left from the good old days; it is all gone, and we are very sorry for it."

The gardener said nothing, but he thought of what he long had turned over in his mind, how he could make that pretty sunny spot very useful, so that it could become an ornament to the garden and a pride to the family. The great trees which had been blown down had shattered the venerable hedge of box, which was cut into fanciful shapes.

Here he set out a multitude of plants that were not to be seen in other gardens. He made an earthen wall, on which he planted all sorts of native flowers from the fields and woods. What no other gardener had ever thought of planting in the manor garden he planted, giving each its appropriate soil, and the plants were in sunlight or shadow, according as each species required. He cared tenderly for them, and they grew up finely.

The juniper tree from the heaths of Jutland rose in shape and color like the Italian cypress; the shining, thorny Christ-thorn, as green in the winter's cold

as in the summer's sun, was splendid to see. In the foreground grew ferns of various species; some of them looked as if they were children of the palm tree; others, as if they were parents of the pretty plants called "Venus's golden locks" or "Maidenhair." Here stood the despised burdock, which is so beautiful in its freshness that it looks well even in a bouquet. The burdock stood in a dry place, but below, in the moist soil, grew the colt'sfoot, also a despised plant, but yet most picturesque, with its tall stem and large leaf. Like a candelabrum with a multitude of branches six feet high, and with flower over against flower, rose the mullein, a mere field plant. Here stood the wood-roof and the lily of the valley, the wild calla and the fine three-leaved wood sorrel. It was a wonder to see all this beauty.

In the front grew in rows very small pear-trees from French soil, trained on wires. By plenty of sun and good care they soon bore as juicy fruits as in their own country. Instead of the two old leafless trees was placed a tall flag-staff, where the flag of Dannebrog was displayed; and near by stood another pole, where the hop tendril in summer or harvest-time wound its fragrant flowers; but in winter time, after ancient custom, oat-sheaves were fastened to it, that the birds of the air might find here a good meal in the happy Christmas time.

"Our good Larsen is growing sentimental as he grows old," said the family; "but he is faithful, and quite attached to us."

In one of the illustrated papers there was a picture at New Year's of the old manor, with the flag-staff

and the oat-sheaves for the birds of the air, and the paper said that the old manor had preserved that beautiful old custom, and deserved great credit for it.

"They beat the drum for all Larsen's doings," said the family. "He is a lucky fellow, and we may almost be proud of having such a man in our service."

But they were not a bit proud of it. They were very well aware that they were the lords of the manor; they could give Larsen warning, in fact, but they did not. They were good people, and fortunate it is for every Mr. Larsen that there are so many good people like them.

Yes, that is the story of the Gardener of the Manor. Now you may think a little about it.

— *Hans Christian Andersen.*

## THE VALUE OF PRAISE

Whatever is in any way beautiful hath its source of beauty in itself, and is complete in itself; praise forms no part of it. So it is none the worse nor the better for being praised.

Doth perfect beauty stand in need of praise at all? Nay; no more than law, no more than truth, no more than loving kindness, nor than modesty.

— *Marcus Aurelius.*

## THE LAST LESSON

That morning I was very late for school, so I was terribly afraid of a scolding — particularly as Master Hamel had said that he would examine us on participles, and I knew not the first word about them! For a little while I thought of playing truant and wandering in the fields.

The day was so warm, so clear!

I could hear the blackbirds whistling on the borders of the woods; and back of the sawmill, in the Rippert field, the Prussian soldiers were drilling. All of this was much more tempting to me than participial rules — but I was strong enough to resist, and away to school I ran as fast as I could.

As I passed by the mayor's office, I observed that a number of people were assembled before the little board on which notices were generally posted. For two years every piece of bad news had come from that board — defeats in battle, conscriptions, orders from headquarters — and without stopping, I wondered:

“What can it be this time!”

Just then, as I was running across the square, Wachter the blacksmith, who with his apprentice stood reading the placard, called to me:

“You needn't hurry so fast, my lad, you'll get to school soon enough.”

I thought he was making game of me, and I kept right on, reaching Master Hamel's little yard quite out of breath.

Ordinarily as school was opening the uproar was



so great that it could be heard clear out on the street — desk-lids opening and shutting, lessons droned aloud in unison, pupils holding their ears shut to learn their lessons easier, while the master's great ferule beat upon the desks :

“A little quietness.”

I had counted on this noise to enable me to reach my seat unnoticed ; but on that particular day everything was as quiet as a Sabbath morning. Through the open window I saw my schoolmates already ranged in their places, and Master Hamel pacing to and fro, his formidable iron ferule under his arm. In the midst of that complete silence I had to open the door and go in ! You can well imagine whether I blushed and was afraid !

But, quite to the contrary, Master Hamel looked at me with no sign of anger, and then very gently said :

“Go directly to your seat, my little Frantz — we were about to begin without you.”

Immediately I stepped over the bench and sat down at my desk. Only then, when I had partly gotten over my fright, did I observe that our master was wearing his handsome blue riding-coat, his plaited ruff, and his black silk embroidered breeches — worn only on inspection days or when prizes were awarded. Furthermore there was something extraordinary, something solemn, about the whole school. But what astounded me more than anything else was to see a number of people from the village, sitting as silent as we, on the usually empty benches at the back of the room ; old Father Hauser with his three-cornered

hat, the ex-mayor, the former postman, besides a number of others. All seemed cast down, and Father Hauser had brought with him an old primer, with chewed-up leaves, which he held wide open, upside down, on his knees, and lying on it his huge spectacles.

While I was marveling at all this, Master Hamel had mounted his platform, and in the same gentle and serious voice with which he had greeted me, he said to us :

"My children, this is the last day that I shall keep school. The order has come from Berlin that nothing but German shall be taught in the schools of Alsace and Lorraine. The new schoolmaster will arrive tomorrow. This is the last class in French — I beg you to be very attentive."

His simple words overwhelmed me. This, then, was the notice they had posted at the mayor's office. Oh, the scoundrels!

My last lesson in French!

And I was scarcely able to write! Then I was never to learn! I must stop short just where I was! How angry with myself it made me to remember the time I had frittered away, and the lessons I had missed while hunting birds' nests or sliding on the Saar! My books now seemed to me like old comrades from whom it broke my heart to part, and only a moment since I had found them — my grammar, my sacred history — so dull, and so heavy to carry! It was just the same when I thought of Master Hamel. He was going away, I should never see him again — the thought made me forget all his punishments and strokes with the ferule.

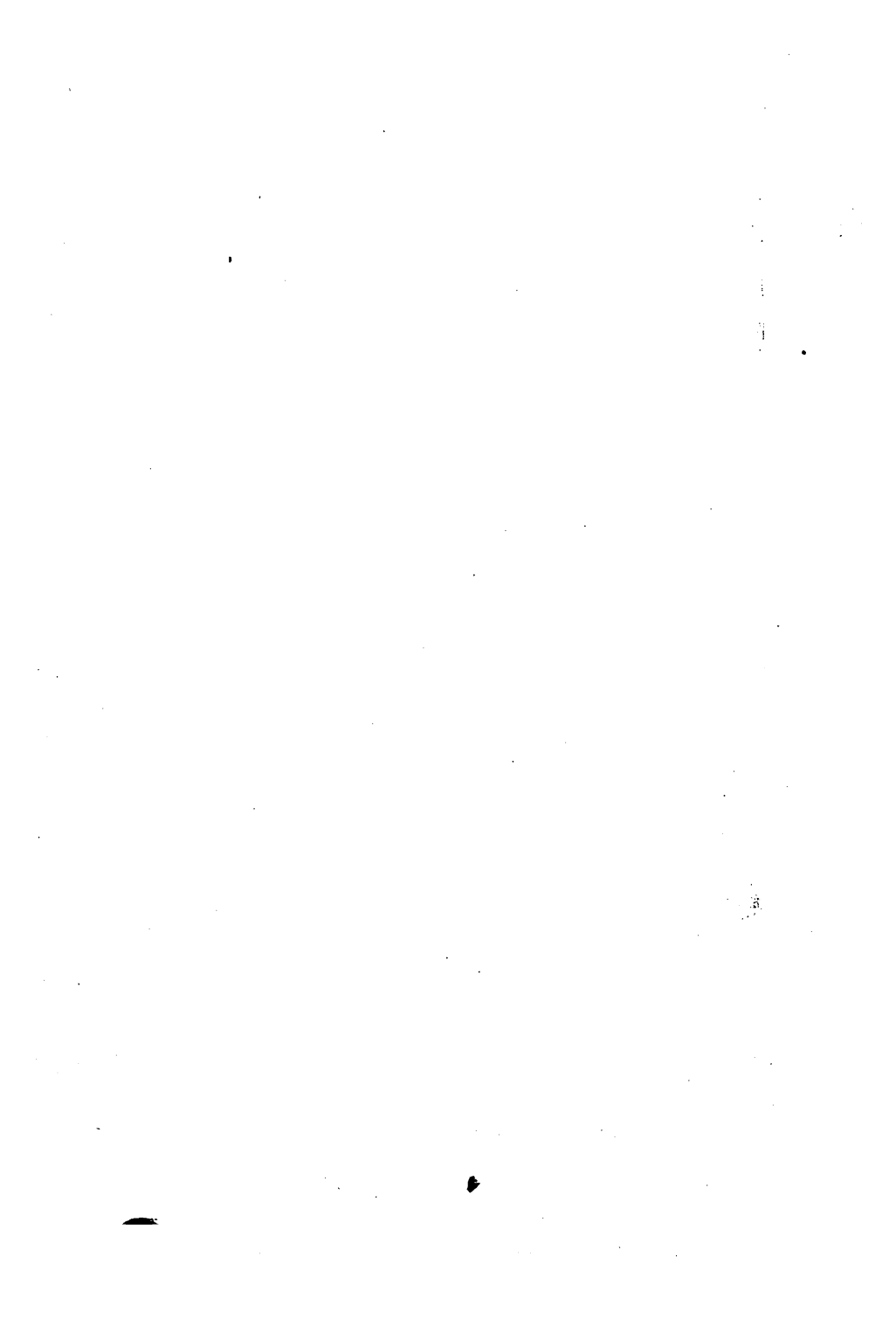
Poor old man! So it was in honor of that last lesson in French that he had donned his Sunday best — and now I understood why those old folks from the village were seated at the back of the room. It seemed to say they regretted that they had not visited the school oftener. Besides it was a sort of way of thanking our teacher for his forty years of devoted service, and of showing their love for the fatherland which was passing away.

Just at this point in my reflections I heard my name called — it was my turn to recite. Oh, I would have given anything to be able to recite without a slip, in a strong clear voice, that celebrated rule about participles; but at the very first words I grew confused and I only stood there at my bench swaying back and forth, my heart swelling, not daring to lift my head. At length I heard Master Hamel saying to me:

“My little Frantz, I shall not scold you. You are punished enough, I think. It is so with all of us. Every day we reassure ourselves: ‘Bah! I shall have plenty of time. To-morrow I shall learn.’ Then you see what happens. Alas! It has ever been the misfortune of our Alsace to defer its lessons until the morrow. And now these people are justified in saying to us, ‘What, you pretend to be French, and you are able neither to speak nor to write your language!’ But in all this you are not the most guilty one, my poor Frantz — we are all worthy of a full measure of self-reproach. Your parents have not taken enough care to see that you got an education. They preferred to save a few more sous by putting you to work in the fields or in the factories. And I



THE LAST LESSON IN FRENCH



— have I nothing for which to blame myself? Have I not frequently sent you to water my garden instead of keeping you at your books? Or have I ever hesitated to excuse school when I wanted to go trout-fishing?"

So Master Hamel, passing from one theme to another, began to speak to us about our French language. He said that it was the most beautiful language in the whole world — the most clear, the most substantial; that we must ever cherish it among ourselves and never forget it, for when a nation falls into bondage, just so long as it clings to its language it holds the key to its prison.

Then he took a grammar and read us our lesson. I was astonished to see how readily I understood! Everything he said seemed to me so easy — so very easy. I believe that never before had I listened so attentively, and that he, in turn, had never explained things with such infinite patience. It almost seemed as if the poor fellow wished to impart all his knowledge to us before he left us — to drive it all into our heads with one blow.

The lesson ended, we went on to the exercises in penmanship. For that day Master Hamel had gotten ready some entirely new copies which he had written in a neat, round hand: "France, Alsace, France, Alsace." The slips of paper looked like tiny flags, waving all about the room and hanging from the rods of our desks. You should have seen how diligently every one worked, and how quiet it was! Only the scratching of the pens over the paper could be heard. Once some beetles flew in but no one paid the slightest

attention to them — not even the very smallest chaps, who were struggling to draw their oblique lines with a will and an application as sincere as though even the lines themselves were French. Pigeons cooed in low tones on the roof of the schoolhouse, and as I listened to them I thought to myself :

“I wonder if they are going to make them coo in German too!”

Now and then, as I lifted my eyes from my tasks, I saw Master Hamel seated motionless in his chair and staring at things about him as though in that look he would carry away with him the whole of his little schoolhouse. Think of it! For forty years he had occupied that same place, his yard in front of him, and his school always unchanged. Only the desks were rubbed by use until they were polished; the walnuts in the yard had grown large, and the hop-vine he himself had planted now hung in festoons from the windows clear to the roof. How heart-breaking it must have been for that poor man to leave all this — to hear his sister moving to and fro in the room overhead as she packed their trunks! Next day they were going away — to leave the fatherland forever.

All the same he had the courage to keep the school to the very closing moment. The writing over, we had our lesson in history. Then the little ones sang in unison their *ba, be, bi, bo, bu*. Yonder, at the back of the room, old Father Hauser was holding his spelling-book with both hands, and with the aid of his great spectacles he spelled out the letters — one could see that even he too was applying himself. Emotion

shook his voice, and to hear him was so droll that we all wanted to laugh — and to cry. Ah, I shall always remember that last lesson !

Suddenly the church clock sounded twelve. Then the Angelus. At the same instant were heard under our very windows the trumpets of the Prussians returning from drill. Pale as death, Master Hamel rose from his chair. Never had he seemed so large.

“My friends,” he began ; “my friends, I — I —”

But something choked him. He could not end the sentence.

Then he turned to the blackboard, seized a piece of chalk, and, bearing all his strength upon it, he wrote in the largest letters he could make :

“VIVE LA FRANCE !”

Then he stood there, his head leaning against the wall, and without a word he signed to us with his hand :

“It is the end . . . go !”

— *Alphonse Daudet.*

## THE MARSEILLAISE

Ye sons of France, awake to glory !

Hark ! hark ! what myriads bid you rise !

Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,

Behold their tears and hear their cries !

\* \* \* \* \*

To arms ! to arms ! ye brave !

The avenging sword unsheathe !

March on ! march on ! all hearts resolved

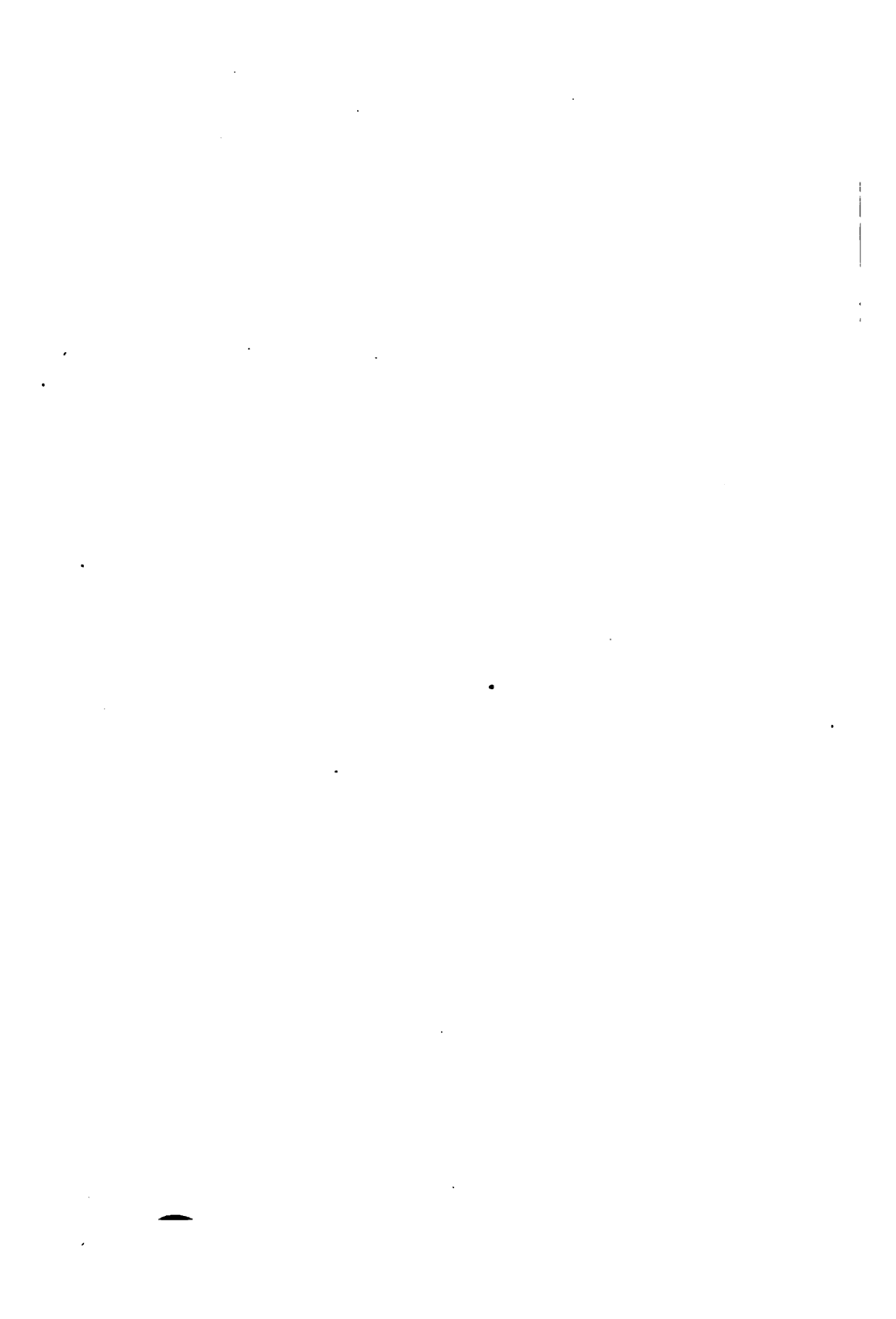
On victory or death !

— *Joseph Rouget de Lisle.*





## HOMES OF FAMOUS PRESIDENTS



## MOUNT VERNON

The mansion house is a wooden structure, the sidings of which are cut and painted to resemble stone. The central and main part was built by Lawrence Washington in 1743, and he called it "Mount Vernon" after his highly-esteemed superior officer in the British navy, the gallant Admiral Vernon.

The east piazza extends the entire front of the house. Eight large square pillars support the roof, which is ornamented by a balustrade. It is paved with flags, brought from the Isle of Wight. The curved colonnades on the west side lead from the extensions to the family kitchen on one side, and on the other side to the state kitchen.

Entering the central hall from the east, the first object of interest is the "Key of the Bastille", which hangs in a glass casket on the south wall.

The quaint woodwork, wainscotings, and designs of cornice and ceiling of this hall and the two rooms on either side — this being the old part of the house — attract general attention.

The view from the east door of the hall commands the Potomac or Pedhammock — "They are coming" — as the Indians named this noble stream. The generous lawn, gardens, and encircling forests on the west present a scene of equal beauty. The ponderous brass

knocker on the west door of the hall, which has been lifted by so many illustrious guests, presents a dignified individuality. On each side of the step outside the door is a pair of the once indispensable "scrapers", contemporary in use with the stately knocker. Near the door is a neat memorial which preserves the names and amounts donated towards the sum total of one thousand dollars for the "Restoration of the Colonnades and Piazza of Mount Vernon."

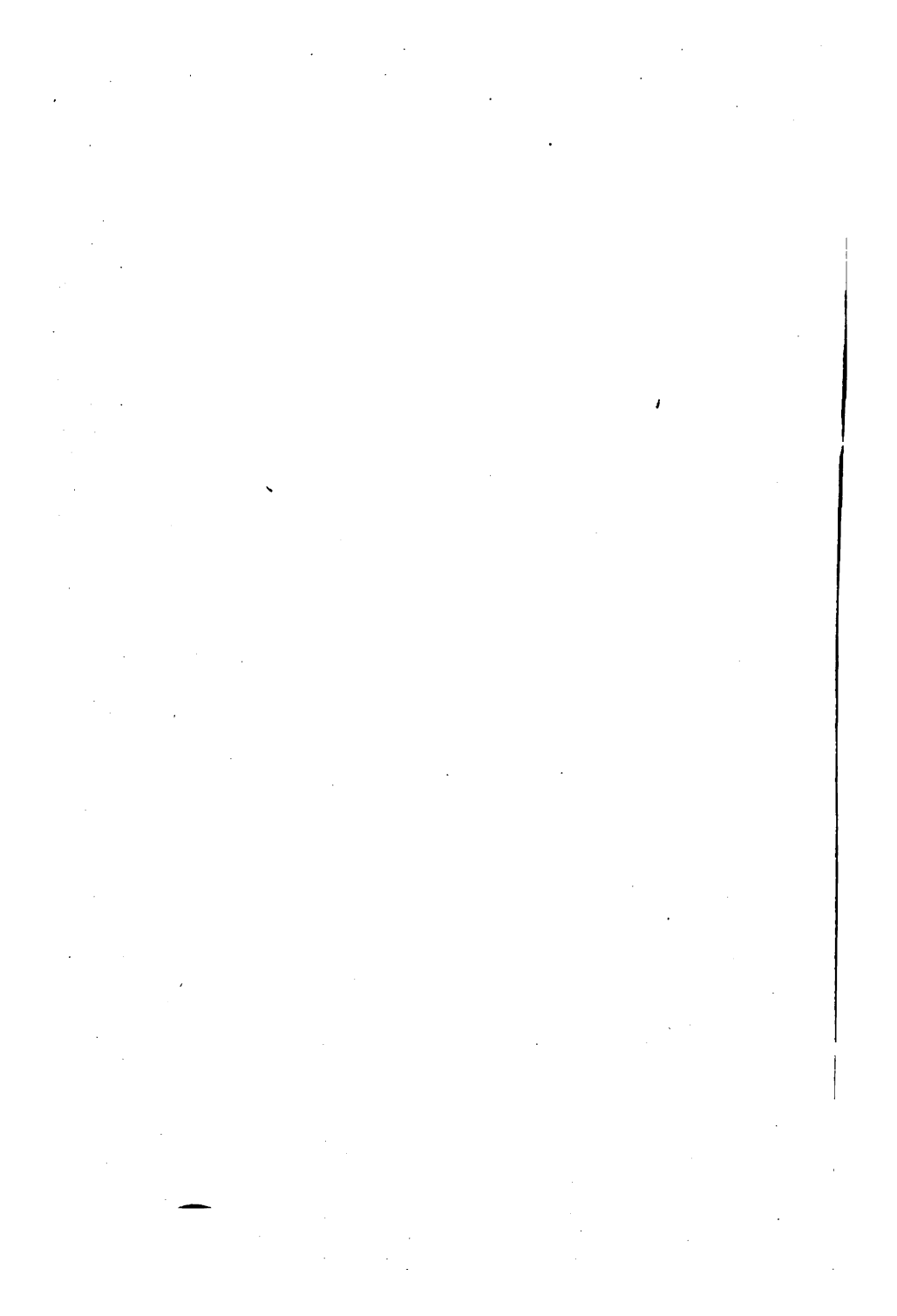
The dining-room on the right of the hall contains the Carrara marble mantel-piece sent from Italy to General Washington. It is elaborately carved and is adorned with Siena marble columns said to have been the work of Canova.

The small windows and low ceilings, together with the many little closets and dark passage-ways, strike one strangely who is accustomed to the mansions of modern times; but these old homesteads are numerous throughout the "Old Dominion", and are the most precious of worldly possessions to the descendants of worthy families. There are more than twenty apartments at Mount Vernon, most of them small and plain in finish.

The library, which ordinarily is the most interesting room in any house, should be doubly so in the home of Washington. Here, early in the morning and late at night, he worked continuously, keeping up his increasing correspondence and managing his vast responsibilities. Murmurs of another war reached him as he sat at his table planning rural improvements, and from this room he wrote accepting the position no other could fill while he lived.



**MOUNT VERNON: THE HOME OF WASHINGTON**



Here death found him the night before his last illness, when cold and hoarse he came in from his long ride and warmed himself by his library fire. That night he went up to his room over his favorite study, and said as he passed out, in reply to a member of his family who urged him to do something for his illness, "No, you know I never take anything for a cold. Let it go as it came."

The winds and rains of many years have beaten upon that sacred home on the high banks of the silvery waters beneath, since the widowed, weary wife was laid to rest beside her noble dead, and the snows of winter and storms of summer have left it looking like some splendid ghost of other days left alone to tell of its former life and beauty. In its lonely grandeur it stands, appealing to us for that reverence born of sentiment stirred by the recollections of the great and good.

— *Selected.*

## WASHINGTON

For though the years their golden round  
O'er all the lavish region roll,  
And realm on realm, from pole to pole,  
In one beneath thy Stars be bound,  
The far-off centuries as they flow  
No whiter name than this shall know!

— *Francis Turner Palgrave.*



## THE CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON

For many years I have studied the career of Washington, and with every step the greatness of the man has grown upon me, for analysis has failed to discover the act of his life which, under the conditions of the time, I could unhesitatingly pronounce to have been an error. Such has been my experience, and although my deductions may be wrong, they at least have been carefully and slowly made.

I see in Washington a great soldier, who fought a trying war to a successful end impossible without him ; a great statesman, who did more than all other men to lay the foundations of a republic which has endured in prosperity for more than a century. I find in him a marvellous judgment which was never at fault, a penetrating vision which beheld the future of America when it was dim to other eyes, a great intellectual force, a will of iron, an unyielding grasp of facts, and an unequalled strength of patriotic purpose. I see in him, too, a pure and high-minded gentleman of dauntless courage and stainless honor, simple and stately of manner, kind and generous of heart. Such he was in truth. The historian and the biographer may fail to do him justice, but the instinct of mankind will not fail. The real hero needs not books to give him worshippers. George Washington will always receive the love and reverence of men, because they see embodied in him the noblest possibilities of humanity.

— *Henry Cabot Lodge.*

## MONTICELLO

The house at Monticello was thirty-two years in building. Begun in 1770, it was not finished until 1802, and cost, altogether, according to Jefferson's account-books, about seven thousand two hundred dollars. The bricks were not imported, as many suppose, but were made on the ground by Jefferson's own slaves. The ornamental material was brought from Philadelphia by water to Richmond and then hauled over in carts, but the frame, the floorings, and most of the woodwork was made from timber cut and dressed on the place. Every nail was made on the place by hand, forged by his own colored boys.

From the cupola of Monticello you can look into half a dozen counties. The home of President Monroe, known as Ashlawn, lies about eight miles down the valley; Madison's home, a few miles north, was called Montpelier.

From the northern terrace the view is superb. Here Jefferson and his guests were accustomed to sit in the summer evenings until bedtime. Here, perhaps, have been assembled more patriotism, wisdom, and learning than in any other garden in America.

The mansion is of the Doric order of Grecian architecture, with heavy cornices and massive balustrades. The interior is in the Ionic style. The front hall recedes six feet within the wall of the building, and a portico, the full height of the house, projects twenty-five feet with stone pillars and steps. The hall is also the full height of the house, and passages leading off

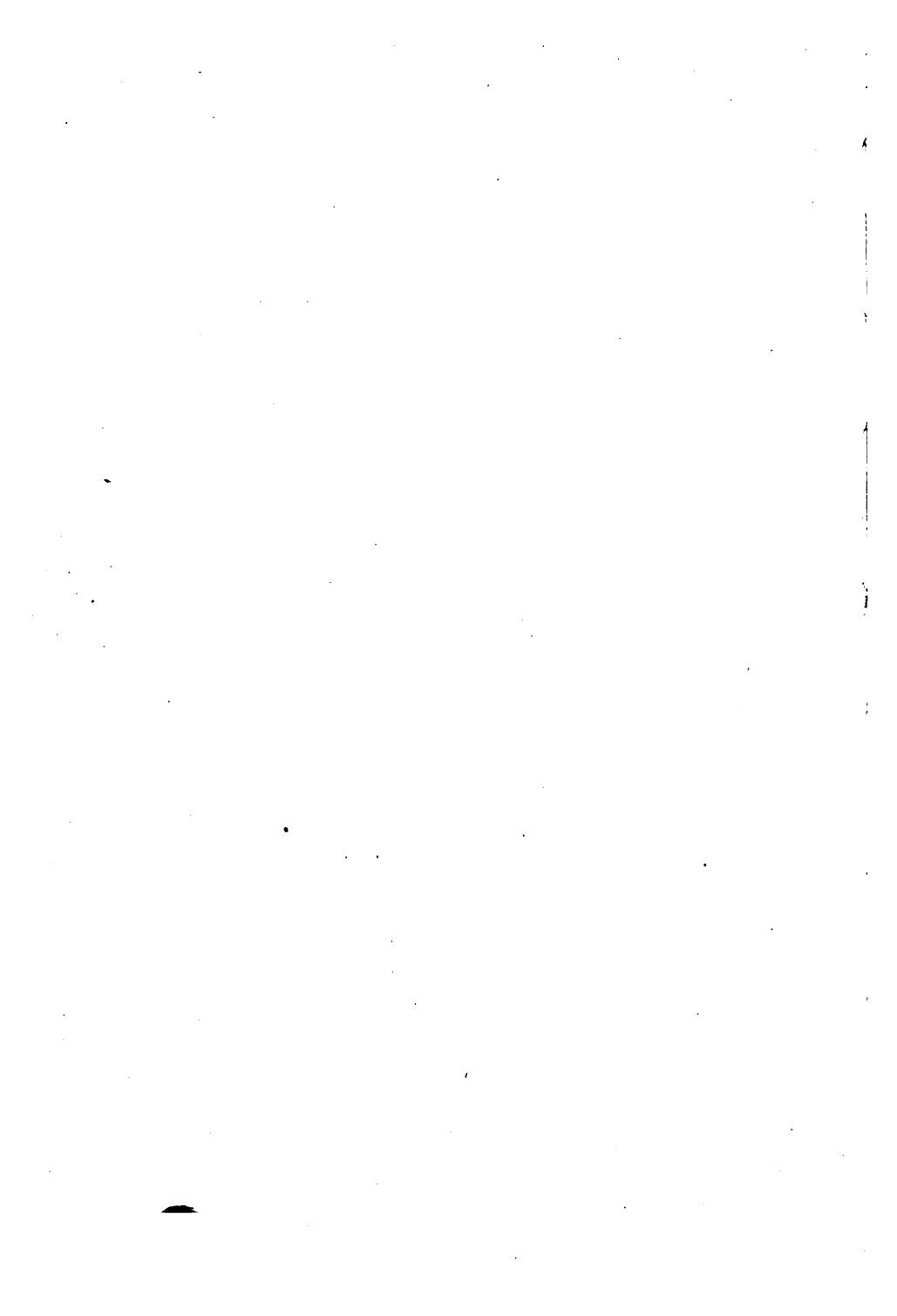
to other parts of the building terminate in octagonal apartments, leaving recesses on three equal sides. Piazzas project six feet beyond ; their roofs, being the height of the house, rest on brick arches. The northern piazza connects the house with the public terrace, while the southern is sashed in for a greenhouse. East of the central passage, on each side of the hall, are lodging-rooms, this front being one-and-a-half stories.

A charming picture of Monticello and its inmates is found in "Travels in North America", by the Marquis de Chastellux, an accomplished French nobleman who visited Jefferson. After describing his approach to the foot of the mountains he says : "It was a debt Nature owed to a philosopher, and a man of taste, that in his own possessions he should find a spot where he might best study and enjoy her. He calls his house Monticello (in Italian "Little Mountain"), a very modest title, for it is situated upon a lofty one, but which announces the owner's attachment to the language of Italy and, above all, to the fine arts, of which that country was the cradle and is still the asylum. My object in this short description is only to show the difference between this and the other houses of the country, for we may safely aver that Mr. Jefferson is the first American who has consulted the fine arts to know how he should shelter himself from the weather."

In the summer of 1825 the tranquil life at Monticello was broken in upon by the arrival of General Lafayette to take leave of his distinguished friend, Jefferson, preparatory to his return to France. A dinner was given to him by the professors and students



**MONTICELLO: THE HOME OF JEFFERSON**



of the University of Virginia, at which Madison and Monroe were present, but Jefferson was too feeble to attend. It is not often that so distinguished a company has gathered at a farmhouse as the three former Presidents and their guest.

Bacon says: "It used to be very interesting to the people to see three ex-Presidents together. I have often seen them meet at Charlottesville on Court Day, and stand and talk together a few minutes; crowds of people would gather around them and listen to their conversation and follow them wherever they would go."

The lawn on the eastern side of the house at Monticello contains not quite an acre. On this spot was the meeting of Jefferson and Lafayette, as described by Mrs. Randolph, who says: "The barouche containing Lafayette stopped at the end of this lawn. His escort — one hundred and twenty mounted men — formed on one side in a semicircle extending from the carriage to the house. A crowd of about two hundred men, who were drawn together by curiosity to witness the meeting of these two venerable men, formed themselves in a semicircle on the opposite side. As Lafayette descended from the carriage, Jefferson descended to the steps of the portico. The scene which followed was touching. Jefferson was feeble and tottering with age — Lafayette permanently lamed and broken in health by his long confinement in the dungeon of Olmutz. As they approached each other, their uncertain gait quickened itself into a shuffling run, and exclaiming, 'Ah, Jefferson!' 'Ah, Lafayette!' they burst into tears as they fell into each other's arms.

Among the four hundred men witnessing the scene there was not a dry eye — no sound save an occasional suppressed sob. The two old men entered the house as the crowd dispersed in profound silence."

Jefferson was the soul of hospitality. One of his relatives has written a description of the daily life at Monticello which suggests the drain upon his resources. She says: "His visitors came of all nations, at all times, and paid longer or shorter visits. I have known a New England judge to bring a letter of introduction to my grandfather, and stay three weeks. We had persons from abroad, from all the states of the Union, from every part of the state, — men, women, and children. In short, almost every day, for at least eight months in the year, brought its contingent of guests. People of wealth, fashion, men in office, professional men, military and civil, lawyers, doctors, Protestant clergymen, Catholic priests, members of Congress, foreign ministers, missionaries, Indian agents, tourists, travellers, artists, strangers, friends. Some came from affection and respect, some from curiosity, some to give or receive advice or instruction, some from idleness, some because others set the example; and varied, amusing, and agreeable was the society afforded by this influx of guests."

His overseer says: "He (Jefferson) knew that it more than used up all his income from the plantation and everything else, but he was so kind and polite that he received all his visitors with a smile, and made them welcome. They pretended to come out of respect and regard for him, but I think that the fact that they saved a tavern bill had a good deal to do with it for a good

many of them. They ate him out of house and home. They were there at all times of the year ; but about the middle of June the travel would commence from the lower part of the state to the springs, and then there would be a perfect throng of visitors."

### JEFFERSON

From his pen has flowed the word  
Of Independence, and the nations heard  
The solemn doctrine that is death to kings,  
That government, all its just power derived  
Not from the skies but from the governed, thrives  
Only in their consent ; that all men are  
Equal before the law, with equal right  
To Liberty, to Life and the pursuit  
Of Happiness. The doctrines that were moot  
Before, he made self-evident, in sight  
Of all. Give thanks for this our guiding star.

### THE BUILDERS

Great were the hearts, and strong the minds  
Of those who framed in high debate  
The immortal league of love, that binds  
Our fair broad Empire, State with State.

— *William Cullen Bryant.*



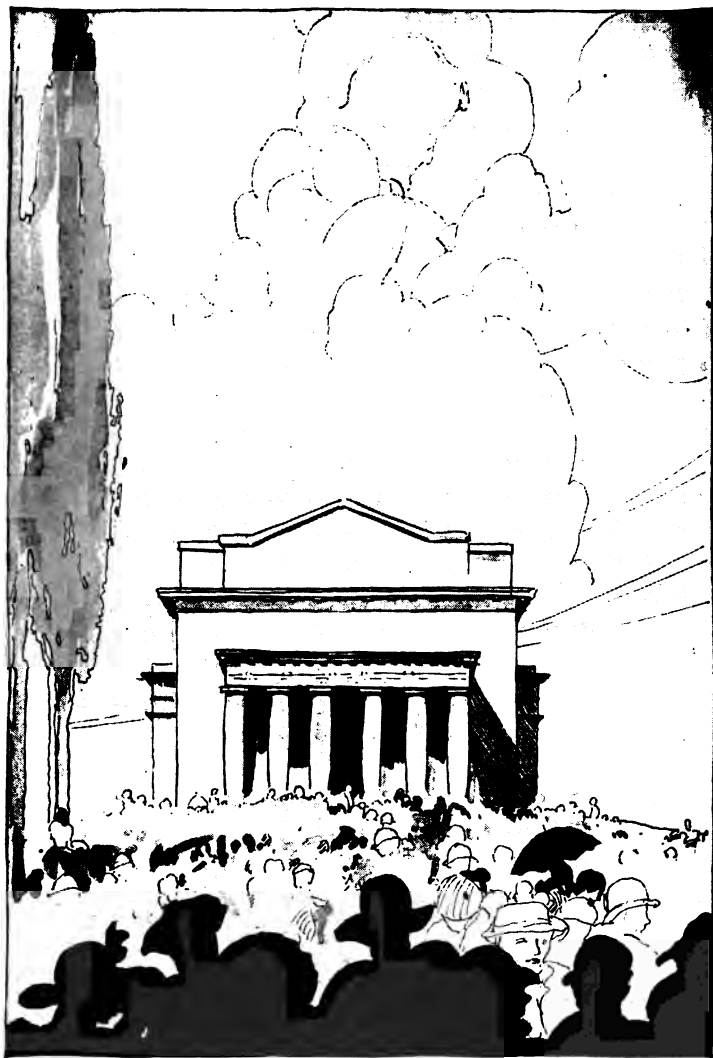
## ENSHRINING LINCOLN'S BIRTHPLACE

High on a breezy hilltop in the southern part of Kentucky, the memorial marking the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln was dedicated on November 9, 1911, by President Taft and ten thousand American citizens.

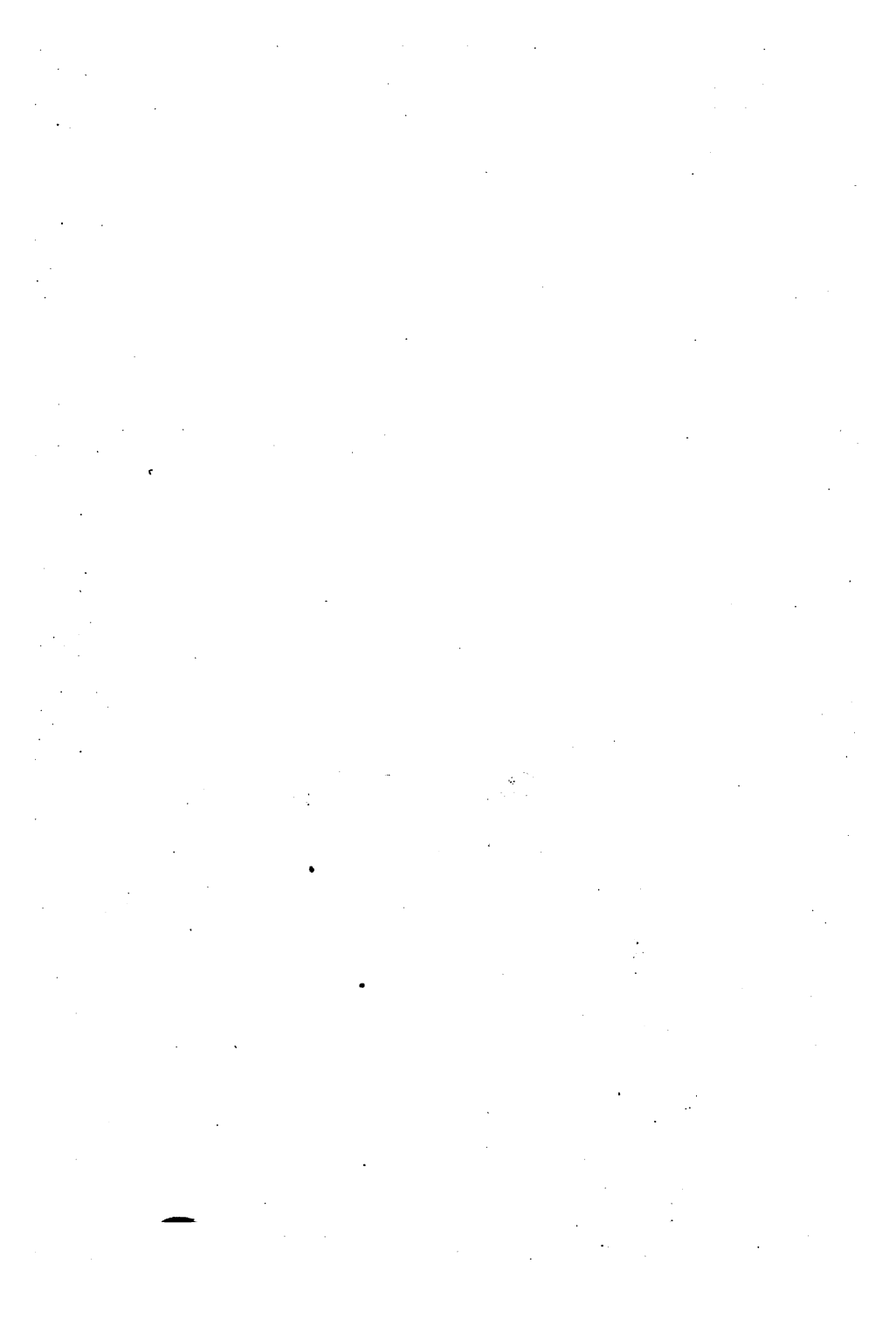
Hodgensville is a small town fifty miles south of Louisville. Two and a half miles south of that hamlet, more than a hundred years ago, a spring of clear water that flowed from the foot of a hill attracted the attention of Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks Lincoln, his wife, who were wandering in search of a home. Thomas Lincoln hewed the logs and slabs and planks with which he built a crude cabin with mud-chinked walls on the hilltop.

The cabin had one room on the ground, a loft, an outside chimney of logs and mortar, and a huge fireplace. The only light in the hut came from the open door or from the fireplace. The door was low and narrow. There was not one window, though later occupants did make a small one. In this cabin Abraham Lincoln was born on February 12, 1809. The little boy who was destined to become one of the world's greatest and kindest men played about the door of this cabin and among the trees in a great grove that still stands close at hand. That grove was part of the valuable forest in which his father's axe made a clearing.

Neglect and decay during many years following the death of Lincoln nearly obliterated all traces of the illustrious birthplace. The farm, long abandoned, was sold at the auction-block for taxes long past due, and the log cabin itself was sold to speculators who



LINCOLN'S BIRTHPLACE ENSHRINED



hawked it about the country on exhibition. Robert J. Collier redeemed the cabin from the speculators and bought the farm, to save it from being exploited by enterprising men who saw in it a chance for a paying investment. Twenty thousand Americans joined an association called the Lincoln Farm Association and through their efforts was made safe forever the first home of the great Emancipator.

The appeal for funds to save "the little farm that raised a Man", as Mark Twain phrased it, brought instant response from the South as well as the North, and from farthest California as well as New England. It was amazing to see in the letters from far and near, from very poor as well as very rich people, how deep and fervid was the reverence for the charity, the patience, the fortitude of the great Lincoln.

On the centenary of Lincoln's birth President Roosevelt had laid the corner-stone of the beautiful memorial structure of granite within which the ancient log-cabin birthplace was re-erected; and it was the completed edifice, with its precious relic restored, that was dedicated on November 9, 1911.

The memorial stands at the head of a long, broad flight of granite steps that lead up from the old spring. Troops flanked the steps as President Taft walked from the cabin to the speaker's stand beside the spring. In presenting the memorial to President Taft, on the part of the Federal government which now assumes guardianship of it, Treasurer Mackay spoke of the work of the Lincoln Farm Association. "It is the gift of both the affluent and the lowly," he said. "It has come from a gift of twenty-five thousand dollars

from one, and from the gifts of many thousands like the good woman who sent me eighty cents for herself and seven children, and the two miners who, from their Alaskan diggings, sent me ten dollars in gold dust."

Inside this Greek temple on the Kentucky farm is enclosed the humble birthplace of one of the greatest Americans. At first thought this seems incongruous, but may we not look upon it as symbolic of the union in one man of the most splendid qualities of the Greeks — their physical endurance, their poetic insight, and their love of pure beauty — with the best spirit of America?

### THE MAN LINCOLN

Not as the great who grow more great  
Until they are from us apart —  
He walks with us in man's estate ;  
We know his was a brother heart.

The marvelling years may render dim  
The humanness of other men,  
To-day we are akin to him  
As they who knew him best were then.

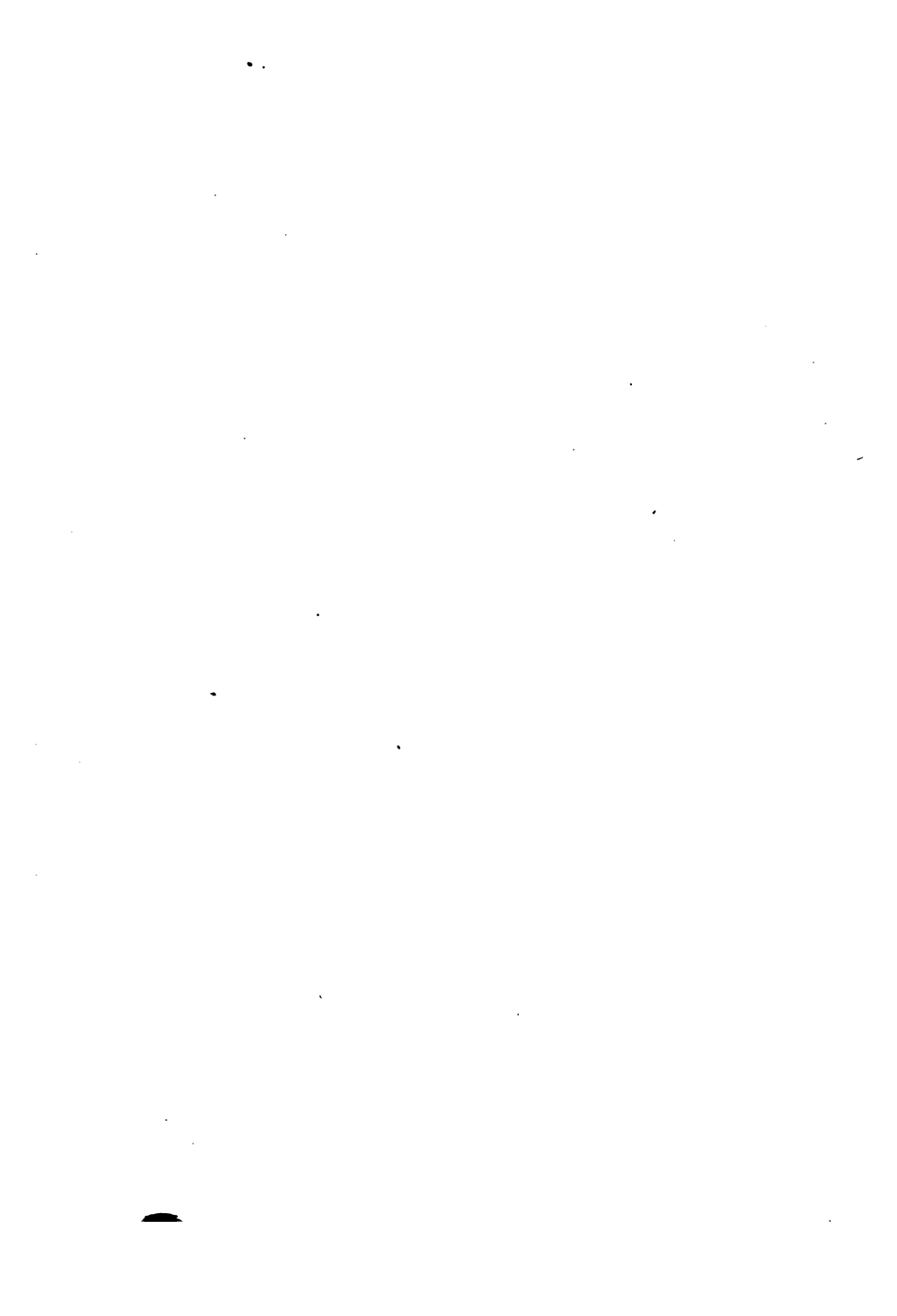
Not as the great who grow more great  
Until they have a mystic fame —  
No stroke of fortune or of fate  
Gave Lincoln his undying name.

A common man, earth-bred, earth-born,  
One of the breed who work and wait —  
His was a soul above all scorn,  
His was a heart above all hate.

— *Wilbur D. Nesbit.*



**LINCOLN'S BIRTHPLACE**



## PRESIDENT WILSON'S ADDRESS AT THE BIRTHPLACE OF LINCOLN

No more significant memorial could have been presented to the nation than this. It expresses so much of what is singular and noteworthy in the history of the country ; it suggests so many of the things that we prize most highly in our life and in our system of government. How eloquent this little house within this shrine is of the vigor of democracy ! There is nowhere in the land any home so remote, so humble, that it may not contain the power of mind and heart and conscience to which nations yield and history submits its processes. Nature pays no tribute to aristocracy, subscribes to no creed of caste, renders fealty to no monarch or master of any name or kind. Genius is no snob. It does not run after titles or seek by preference the high circles of society. It affects humble company as well as great. It pays no special tribute to universities or learned societies or conventional standards of greatness, but serenely chooses its own comrades, its own haunts, its own cradle even, and its own life of adventure and of training.

Here is proof of it. This little hut was the cradle of one of the great sons of men, a man of singular, delightful, vital genius, who presently emerged upon the great stage of the nation's history, gaunt, shy, ungainly, but dominant and majestic, a natural ruler of men, himself inevitably the central figure of the great plot. No man can explain this, but every man can see how it demonstrates the vigor of democracy, where every



door is open, in every hamlet and countryside, in city and wilderness alike, for the ruler to emerge when he will and claim his leadership in the free life. Such are the authentic proofs of the validity and vitality of democracy.

Here, no less, hides the mystery of democracy. Who shall guess this secret of nature and providence and a free polity? Whatever the vigor and vitality of the stock from which he sprang, its mere vigor and soundness do not explain where this man got his great heart that seemed to comprehend all mankind in its catholic and benignant sympathy, the mind that sat enthroned behind those brooding, melancholy eyes, whose vision swept many an horizon which those about him dreamed not of — that mind that comprehended what it had never seen, and understood the language of affairs with the ready ease of one to the manner born — or that nature which seemed in its varied richness to be the familiar of men of every way of life. This is the sacred mystery of democracy, that its richest fruits spring up out of soils which no man has prepared and in circumstances amidst which they are the least expected. This is a place alike of mystery and of reassurance.

It is likely that in a society ordered otherwise than our own, Lincoln could not have found himself or the path of fame and power upon which he walked serenely to his death. In this place it is right that we should remind ourselves of the solid and striking facts upon which our faith in democracy is founded. Many another man besides Lincoln has served the nation in its highest places of counsel and of action whose origins were as humble as his. Though the greatest example

of the universal energy, richness, stimulation, and force of democracy, he is only one example among many. The permeating and all pervasive virtue of the freedom which challenges us in America to make the most of every gift and power we possess, every page of our history serves to emphasize and illustrate. Standing here in this place, it seems almost the whole of the stirring story.

Here Lincoln had his beginnings. Here the end and consummation of that great life seem remote and a bit incredible. And yet, there was no break anywhere between beginning and end, no lack of natural sequence anywhere. Nothing really incredible happened. Lincoln was unaffectedly as much at home in the White House as he was here. Do you share with me the feeling, I wonder, that he was permanently at home nowhere? It seems to me that in the case of a man — I would rather say of a spirit — like Lincoln the question *where* he was is of little significance, that it is always *what* he was that really arrests our thought and takes hold of our imagination. It is the spirit always that is sovereign. Lincoln, like the rest of us, was put through the discipline of the world — a very rough and exacting discipline for him, an indispensable discipline for every man who would know what he is about in the midst of the world's affairs; but his spirit got only its schooling there. It did not derive its character or its vision from the experiences which brought it to its full revelation. The test of every American must always be, not where he is, but what he is. That, also, is of the essence of democracy, and is the moral of which this place is most gravely expressive.

We would like to think of men like Lincoln and Washington as typical Americans, but no man can be typical who is so unusual as these great men were. It was typical of American life that it should produce such men with supreme indifference as to the manner in which it produced them, and as readily here in this hut as amidst the little circle of cultivated gentlemen to whom Virginia owed so much in leadership and example. And Lincoln and Washington were typical Americans in the use they made of their genius. But there will be few such men at best, and we will not look into the mystery of how and why they come. We will only keep the door open for them always, and a hearty welcome — after we have recognized them.

I have read many biographies of Lincoln; I have sought out with the greatest interest the many intimate stories that are told of him, the narratives of near-by friends, the sketches at close quarters, in which those who had the privilege of being associated with him have tried to depict for us the very man himself "in his habit as he lived"; but I have nowhere found a real intimate of Lincoln's. I nowhere get the impression in any narrative or reminiscence that the writer had in fact penetrated to the heart of his mystery, or that any man could penetrate to the heart of it. That brooding spirit had no real familiars. I get the impression that it never spoke out in complete self-revelation, and that it could not reveal itself completely to any one. It was a very lonely spirit that looked out from underneath those shaggy brows and comprehended men without fully communicating with them, as if, in spite of all its genial efforts at comradeship, it dwelt

---

apart, saw its visions of duty where no man looked on. There is a very holy and very terrible isolation for the conscience of every man who seeks to read the destiny in affairs for others as well as for himself, for a nation as well as for individuals. That privacy no man can intrude upon. That lonely search of the spirit for the right perhaps no man can assist. This strange child of the cabin kept company with invisible things, was born into no intimacy but that of its own silent assembling and deploying thoughts.

I have come here to-day, not to utter a eulogy on Lincoln: he stands in need of none; but to endeavor to interpret the meaning of this gift to the nation of the place of his birth and origin. Is not this an altar upon which we may forever keep alive the vestal fire of democracy as upon a shrine at which some of the deepest and most sacred hopes of mankind may from age to age be rekindled? For these hopes must constantly be rekindled, and only those who live can rekindle them. The only stuff that can retain the life-giving heat is the stuff of living hearts. And the hopes of mankind cannot be kept alive by words merely, by constitutions and doctrines of right and codes of liberty. The object of democracy is to transmute these into the life and action of society, the self-denial and self-sacrifice of heroic men and women willing to make their lives an embodiment of right and service and enlightened purpose. The commands of democracy are as imperative as its privileges and opportunities are wide and generous. Its compulsion is upon us. It will be great and lift a great light for the guidance of the nations only if we are great and carry that light high for the

guidance of our own feet. We are not worthy to stand here unless we ourselves be in deed and in truth real democrats and servants of mankind, ready to give our very lives for the freedom and justice and spiritual exaltation of the great nation which shelters and nurtures us.

— *Woodrow Wilson.*

### LINCOLN'S PLEA FOR THE UNION

FROM THE FIRST INAUGURAL ADDRESS, MARCH 4, 1861

In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the government; while I have the most solemn one to "preserve, protect, and defend it."

I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection.

The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battle field and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.

— *Abraham Lincoln.*

## TAD LOSES HIS FATHER

On the morning of April 14, General Grant arrived in Washington, and with him was Captain Robert Lincoln. Late in the afternoon, the Secretary of War called at the White House and had a talk with the President. Afterward, with Mrs. Lincoln, he took a drive, and Tad, for once, was left behind. They talked of the future, and Mrs. Lincoln remarked that she had not seen her husband so cheerful since the death of their second son, Willie.

That night Washington went on a lark. The night was flooded with moonlight, but the houses were lighted from cellar to attic. Business houses, government buildings, and private residences were gorgeously decorated with flags and bunting. The theatres were a mass of bright colors, and flaming announcements were posted to attract the crowds who would certainly be seeking amusement on that festal occasion. The streets were filled with torchlight processions, and the inspiring strains of martial music were heard in every square.

Both the leading playhouses had sent invitations to the President to occupy that night the box always reserved for him, and to C. Dwight Hess, the acting manager of Grover's, Mrs. Lincoln wrote in reply that the President already had accepted an invitation to Ford's, but that Tad with his tutor would be glad to go to the National.

The boy and his escort arrived early, and, after a little visit behind the scenes, the boxes now having

been all sold, they were shown to seats well at the front of the house.

After awhile a messenger came to Tad's companion and whispered something to him. The tutor seemed surprised and bewildered, but he turned to the boy and told him that word had been brought that Mr. Lincoln was ill, and that perhaps it would be well for them to return to the White House. As soon as they had retired, Mr. Hess, with a very white face, came before the curtain and, to an audience that suddenly, as by the electric thrill of premonition, became as still as the grave, he made his terrible announcement. As if they were afraid to breathe, the people walked past the soldiers now on guard at the doors and out into the moonlight.

The hoofs of cavalry horses soon came pounding over the cobblestones. The lights in the dwellings were all extinguished. But all night long women huddled together in groups at the windows and waited and wondered. All night long rumors flashed over the stricken city of raids, of wholesale assassinations, and of lootings and burnings. Blue-clad sentinels during the whole night patrolled the streets, through which horsemen dashed, bearing orders and despatches.

An enormous throng stood in the streets about the house to which "Father Abraham" had been carried. All night long couriers bore bulletins from that secretary whom the President had playfully called "Mars," now keeping vigil in the house of death in Tenth Street, to the telegraph office in the War Department, whence the operators, almost speechless with grief, sent them to New York to be distributed over the

country and the world. And in the morning thousands of men, infuriated, despairing men, tramped to their homes and told the dire tidings to the waiting women.

At the White House door Thomas Pendel, who had been a member of the President's bodyguard and now was stationed at the entrance to his home, was awaiting the return of the theatre party. Somehow the tidings reached him. No one knows just how the story was wafted over Washington that night. The horror spread, and all in an instant seemed to blanket the joy of the people, put out their lights, and silence their cheers. Pendel had to notify Secretary John Hay and Captain Robert Lincoln, and they hastened away to Tenth Street.

Scarcely had they gone ere Pendel, quivering with apprehension, had to receive Tad and his tutor. The boy came running up the steps and through the portico, sobbing as if his heart would break. Into the arms of the agitated doorkeeper he tumbled, just as a thousand times he had dashed into the embrace of his father, crying: "O Tom Pen! O Tom Pen! They've killed my papa day! They've killed my papa day!"

As tenderly as ever his father might have done, Pendel, who was almost as tall as Lincoln, carried the weeping boy upstairs. He laid him down upon his bed in the room across the hall from the workshop where the Cabinet consultations had been held. As a mother would have done, he took off the lad's shoes, loosened his clothing, and bathed his face. They wept together. Tad's lisping syllables shaped themselves intelligibly only when he called "Papa day,



Papa day." Pendel stretched out beside the boy, put his arms about him, and soothed him patiently until, some time after midnight, Tad fell asleep and forgot his troubles for a time.

All day following, the rain fell. Men said the heavens were weeping. In an hour the capital which had been a riot of color became a city of sepulchral black. The bells which had clanged in joy now tolled doleful dirges. The bands which had blared "Yankee Doodle" now played a solemn dead march, as the President was carried home once more. The black people whom he had liberated crowded about his coffin. Thousands waited in line all day to look upon his face as he lay in state in the executive mansion of the nation.

Secretary Welles and Attorney-general James Speed came through the upper hall that afternoon, silent and preoccupied with their hopes and fears. The boy of the White House turned from a window through which he had been looking at the crowd of wailing colored women and children without, recognized the Secretary of the Navy, and burst into tears.

"Oh, Mr. Welles," he cried, "who killed my papa day, and why did he have to die?"

The grave men could not restrain their emotion, nor could they answer Tad's question. They could only try to say something comforting and pass on, leaving disconsolate the boy who had been so great a comfort to his martyred father.

— *F. Lauriston Bullard.*

## BELOVED POEMS OF HOME



## FROM "SNOWBOUND"

As night drew on, and, from the crest  
Of wooded knolls that ridged the west,  
The sun, a snow-blown traveller, sank  
From sight beneath the smothering bank,  
We piled with care our nightly stack  
Of wood against the chimney-back, —  
The oaken log, green, huge and thick,  
And on its top the stout backstick;  
The knotty forestick laid apart,  
And filled between with curious art  
The ragged brush; then hovering near,  
We watched the first red blaze appear,  
Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam  
Until the old rude-fashioned room  
Burst flower-like into rosy bloom;  
While radiant with a mimic flame  
Outside the sparkling drift became,  
And through the bare-boughed lilac tree  
Our own warm hearth seemed blazing free.  
The crane and pendent trammels showed,  
The Turks' heads on the andirons glowed;  
While childish fancy, prompt to tell  
The meaning of the miracle,  
Whispered the old rhyme: "Under the tree,  
When fire outdoors burns merrily,  
There the witches are making tea."

Shut in from all the world without,  
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,  
Content to let the north wind roar  
In baffled rage at pane and door,  
While the red logs before us beat  
The frost-line back with tropic heat;  
And ever, when a louder blast  
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,  
The merrier up its roaring draught  
The great throat of the chimney laughed;  
The house-dog on his paws outspread  
Laid to the fire his drowsy head,  
The cat's dark silhouette on the wall  
A couchant tiger's seemed to fall;  
And, for the winter fireside meet,  
Between the andiron's straddling feet,  
The mug of cider simmered slow,  
The apples sputtered in a row,  
And close at hand the basket stood  
With nuts from brown October's wood.

— *John Greenleaf Whittier.*

### THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS

Somewhat back from the village street  
Stands the old-fashioned country seat.  
Across its antique portico  
Tall poplar trees their shadows throw;  
And from its station in the hall  
An ancient timepiece says to all, —  
    “Forever — never!  
    Never — forever!”

Halfway up the stairs it stands,  
And points and beckons with its hands  
From its case of massive oak,  
Like a monk, who, under his cloak,  
Crosses himself, and sighs, alas !  
With sorrowful voice to all who pass, —

“Forever — never !  
Never — forever !”

By day its voice is low and light ;  
But in the silent dead of night,  
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,  
It echoes along the vacant hall,  
Along the ceiling, along the floor,  
And seems to say, at each chamber door, —

“Forever — never !  
Never — forever !”

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,  
Through days of death and days of birth,  
Through every swift vicissitude  
Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,  
And as if, like God, it all things saw,  
It calmly repeats those words of awe, —

“Forever — never !  
Never — forever !”

There groups of merry children played,  
There youths and maidens dreaming strayed ;  
O precious hours ! O golden prime,  
And affluence of love and time !

Even as a miser counts his gold,  
Those hours the ancient timepiece told, —  
    “Forever — never!  
    Never — forever!”

From that chamber, clothed in white,  
The bride came forth on her wedding night;  
There, in that silent room below,  
The dead lay in his shroud of snow;  
And in the hush that followed the prayer  
Was heard the old clock on the stair, —  
    “Forever — never!  
    Never — forever!”

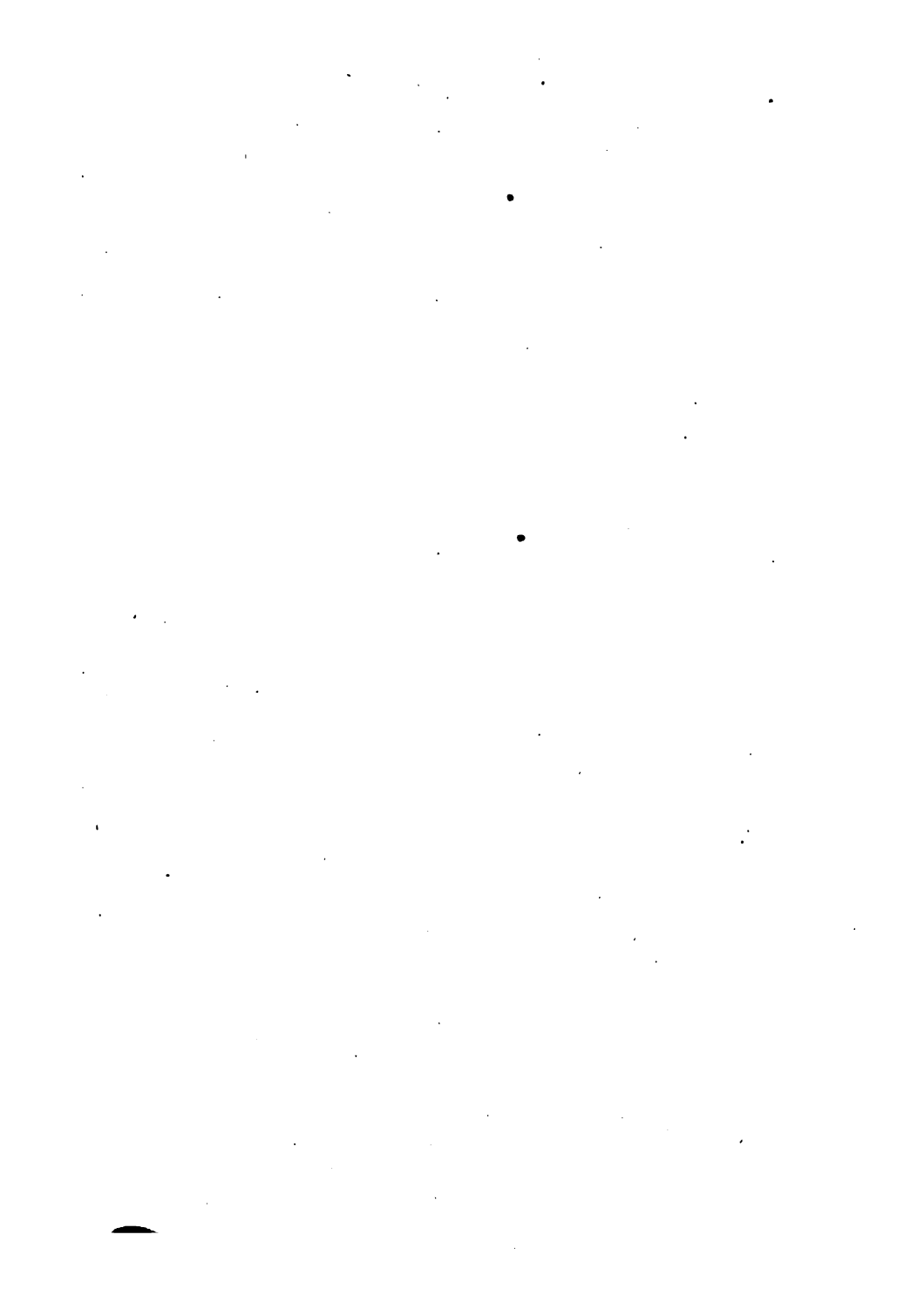
All are scattered now and fled,  
Some are married, some are dead;  
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,  
“Ah! when shall they all meet again?”  
As in the days long since gone by,  
The ancient timepiece makes reply, —  
    “Forever — never!  
    Never — forever!”

Never here, forever there,  
Where all parting, pain, and care,  
And death, and time shall disappear, —  
Forever there, but never here!  
The horologe of Eternity  
Sayeth this incessantly, —  
    “Forever — never!  
    Never — forever!”

— *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

A PEEP INTO THE PAST THROUGH  
FACT AND FANCY





## A-HUNTING OF A PATRIOTIC PIG

Hours passed before a suitable plantation was found. Finally, some distance at one side among the live oaks, a mansion house appeared with the customary little settlement of negro quarters at the rear, and halting the troop, Lieutenant Heath sent a couple of men to reconnoitre. Warily they went at a walk down the avenue, each with his musket held aloft, with the butt resting on the hip, ready for instant use, and keeping a keen eye out ahead as well as swift side glances at every thicket of shrubbery which perchance might hold a rifleman. Presently they came cantering back with a shake of the head.

"Nothing?"

"No, sir. Place deserted. Smokehouse burned."

Just then a stray pig, moved by unwise curiosity, poked his round snout out from a thicket and grunted, his mouth full of grass and roots of some sort. The men brightened up and looked inquiringly at the lieutenant, who nodded.

"You two — Hackett and Burton."

Handing their muskets to comrades the two men drew the sabres with which the foraging parties were provided and, separating, quietly moved on either side toward the rear of the enemy. Gunpowder would make too much noise in a hostile land. If they could

drive the porker toward the troop, doubtless it would be easy to master him, and the noise in the land, although quite as great, would be of a less warlike quality.

"Woof!" remarked piggy affably, as he watched the advance through his little twinkling eyes and took thought as to their errand.

"Huh! urrrrrump! woof!" and with a snort he cavorted around a little and then came to a dead halt as though a new idea had struck him. Perhaps one had. He was not wholly accustomed to the society of scarlet coats, as the middy said about admirals.

The men meanwhile had quietly got behind his thicket, and one remarked in what was meant to be a soothing tone, —

"Shoo, piggy!"

Doubtless he expected that the pig would retire from him toward the road and into the welcoming presence of the platoon; but in so guessing he underestimated the obstinate frame of mind belonging to rebel pigs, for the specimen before him retorted with staccato emphasis, "'Nf! 'nf!" and without the least warning save a wild squeal he curled his tail and charged straight at the trooper whose horse was between himself and his natural line of retreat; in two seconds there was a grand mix-up of horse's legs and shrieking pig and vainly slashing sword, from which the quarry emerged on the wrong side of the enemy but on the right one for him, and fled ululating toward the live oaks, with the other trooper spurring in full chase. Being well mounted the latter gained his point, and amid the plaudits of his comrades, in



**"PIGGY WAS DEFIANTLY UNSUBDUED"**



which even the lieutenant joined, he headed piggy off and turned him toward the road, holding his sabre low down, ready for the fatal thrust as soon as a good opportunity offered. It was useless to try it from the front, as he had found, for the point glanced off the thick bristles as from scale armor.

After vainly trying to dodge the more experienced forager, who now was reinforced by his humiliated and wrathful comrade, piggy suddenly concluded that there might be safety in numbers, and with cavernous grunts and squeals he bolted straight for the centre of the platoon, whose horses, startled by the apparition, plunged and danced on all sides. Several of the men found themselves suddenly sitting on the sand, being jerked endways by the reins to which they clung from sheer discipline. The air was filled with shouts, squeals, snorting of horses, and yells of laughter, punctuated with dots and dashes by the language of the lieutenant, whose sense of dignity as a British officer was being utterly outraged, and who had no sense of humor whatever.

"Head him off, there, Mulligan!" he roared.

"Slash him over the back of the neck! Give him the point, Scott!"

But the slash over the neck merely glanced and elicited a legion of shrieks; while the thrust commanded wounded only the air where the active beast had been the second previous, and take it all in all never in this world was there a more demoralized company of mounted infantry clad in the uniform of his gracious majesty King George.

Presently, by one of the odd coincidences which will

sometimes happen in this universe of ours to make us wonder, a single thought seemed to come at the same instant to the mind of every man in the troop and, the dismounted mounting, one and all leaped their horses out of distance and faced inward, with swords pointing murderously toward piggy, as he stood in the centre of the ring, still defiantly unsubdued but surprised at the change of front, and the centre of all eyes while the laughing foragers got their breath. Several minutes were thus profitably employed.

"Now then, Scott!" cried the irate lieutenant as the pig, discomposed by being so suddenly the centre of attention, showed symptoms of bashfulness and of a retiring disposition.

"Dismount, you, and take your knife to him. We've wasted time enough over one thin pig to clean out a fat plantation."

"Don't say 'wasted', my deah fellow," said a voice behind him with perfect southern intonation and the most dulcet and soothing tones. "I kin assuah you that you have given the keenest, — er, pleasuah to myself and to my men, suh! I have rarely seen King George's troops more active in well doin'."

And lo! as the startled lieutenant turned in his saddle he found himself staring into the smiling eyes of a well-mounted horseman whose steed had come forward velvet-footed and as silently as though he had risen like mist from beneath the earth; while cradled in another fellow's elbow was a long rifle whose muzzle carelessly bore in a direct line for the centre of the officer's back. And all around the ring of foragers a larger ring of mounted men were sitting

in their saddles, each with his rifle levelled ready for use in the same careless fashion, and on his face a broad, though silent grin.

"Where under the canopy did you fellows spring from?" asked the lieutenant sullenly.

"My deah suh, they grow men like us hereabouts. Is it your pleasuah to surrendah, suh?"

"I don't see that I can help myself," said the officer, red with mortification. "You haven't left me a chance to win, or by George, I'd take it!"

"Exactly so, suh!" was the amused response. "That is the game of wah; to keep all the chances in youh own han's when you deal the cards. Try it, my deah fellow, next time. I kin assuah you that you will find it will save a lot of trouble. Meanwhile, I will ask youah men to drop their swords where they are, and advise them to make no resistance when Sergeant Pinckney relieves them of their guns, for he is a hot-tempered man, sometimes, and handy with a knife. Hold, Butler! That pig is too good a patriot to be harmed! Let him go! Come, gentlemen, spur onward in our company, if you please!" and within a minute or two the discomfited band of warriors were on their way at a smart trot, casting rueful glances at each other, half angry, half laughing, in spite of their plight. Behind them, in the centre of the glade, more thoroughly mystified than ever with the incomprehensible ways of men, sat the pig.

As for Stuart Schuyler, he hardly knew whether to be delighted or chagrined. He was in the hands of his friends when he could convince them of the truth, which now might well be difficult, seeing that he had



been taken in bad company; but this was not at all the style in which he had pictured his return to the continental ranks, carrying with him some budget of news important enough perhaps to win a battle by; and he kept as strict a guard over his countenance as possible, although not enough so but that afterward the men congratulated him on his power to be happy under difficulties, a remark which he listened to with a variety of emotions.

Falling into conversation with the nearest of his captors, in due time he learned that the officer in command was Colonel White, with a mixed command made up from several troops that were on raiding duty generally when they were lucky enough to pick up Lieutenant Heath and his men, thanks to the efficient aid of the patriotic pig. Here the conveyer of useful information grinned broadly, and the receiver expressed his emphatic opinion of pigs in general and that one in particular.

Peace, or rather an armed truce, being restored, he learned further that they were now on their way to Lenew's Ferry, where a considerable force awaited them to protect their crossing. Here the speaker broke off abruptly, and held his head on one side as though listening.

Several others did likewise, and Colonel White held up his hand for silence, a keen glance at an insubordinate prisoner compelling instant obedience. Far to the rear Stuart thought he could hear a low jarring sound, well muffled. The colonel spurred his horse clear of the troop and looked back eagerly down the long, straight road along which they had but just

come; and as he did so, the end of the vista suddenly was blocked by a moving mass of green.

With a bound of his horse the colonel was back to his place, and raising his voice ever so slightly, said:

"Cut the prisoners' bridles, men."

So said, so done. Keen knives slashed through the pliable leather.

"Now, boys, ride for youah lives. It is Tarleton, with too many men for us. Good-by, gentlemen, till we meet again; and, — 'er, if you happen to fall in with him, kindly remembah us to the pig! Forward!"

And in a whirl and a scamper the swamp men swept onward, followed by more than one horse of the '63d who had taken a liking for his new company and whose bridleless rider was powerless to restrain him. The rest hastily knotted their severed straps as best they might, but long before any of them were ready for service Tarleton thundered by them at the head of his troop with hearty and somewhat ironical cheers after the fleeing continentals. Some he captured whose horses had given out before the ferry was reached, and many were cut down as fast as reached; but the pleasant-mannered colonel and far the greater number of his men safely swam the river, beyond which, in the face of some two hundred riflemen, Tarleton deemed it advisable not to go.

"Well, lieutenant," he remarked, wiping his sword with a still unsatisfied air, "I think you may consider yourselves in luck; but I hope your men can ride a bit, for we are a long way off now from Lord Cornwallis, and there is no safety for you after dark this side of the lines of his camp."

That was a fact of which the men of the 63d now needed no reminder, and they rode as they never had in their lives before, more than twenty of their horses falling dead by the way, leaving their riders to finish the journey on foot, seeing enemies in every thicket and ghostly challenges waved by every palmetto stirred by the night wind. Stuart came in close after the colonel, who looked rather approvingly after him as they parted for their various camps.

They did not meet the pig.

— *John Preston True.*

### DEAR COUNTRY MINE

Dear country mine! far in that viewless west,  
And ocean-warded, strife thou too hast known;  
But may thy sun hereafter bloodless shine,  
And may thy way be onward without wrath,  
And upward on no carcass of the slain;  
And if thou smitest let it be for peace  
And justice — not in hate, or pride, or lust  
Of empire. Mayst thou ever be, O land,  
Noble and pure as thou art free and strong;  
So shalt thou lift a light for all the world  
And for all time, and bring the Age of Peace.

— *Richard Watson Gilder.*

THE NUTCRACKERS AND THE  
SUGAR-TONGS

The Nutcrackers sat by a plate on the table :  
The Sugar-tongs sat by a plate at his side ;  
And the Nutcrackers said, "Don't you wish we were  
able

Along the blue hills and green meadows to ride ?  
Must we drag on this stupid existence forever,  
So idle and weary, so full of remorse,  
While every one else takes his pleasure, and never  
Seems happy unless he is riding a horse ?

Don't you think we could ride without being instructed,  
Without any saddle or bridle or spur ?  
Our legs are so long and so aptly constructed,  
I'm sure that an accident could not occur.  
Let us all of a sudden hop down from the table,  
And hustle downstairs and jump on a horse !  
Shall we try ? Shall we go ? Do you think we are  
able ?"

The Sugar-tongs answered distinctly, "Of course !"

So down the long staircase they hopped in a minute ;  
The Sugar-tongs snapped and the Crackers said  
"Crack !"

The stable was open, the horses were in it ;  
Each took out a pony and jumped on his back.  
The Cat, in a fright, scrambled out of the doorway ;  
The Mice tumbled out of a bundle of hay ;

The Brown and White Rats and the Black ones from  
Norway,  
Screamed out, "They are taking the horses away!"

The whole of the household was filled with amazement ;  
The Cups and the Saucers danced madly about ;  
The Plates and the Dishes looked out of the casement ;  
The Salt-cellar stood on his head with a shout ;  
The Spoons with a clatter looked out of the lattice ;  
The Mustard-pot climbed up the gooseberry pies ;  
The Soup-ladle peeped through a heap of veal-patties,  
And squeaked with a ladle-like squeak of surprise.

The Frying-pan said, "It's an awful delusion!"  
The Teakettle hissed and grew black in the face ;  
And they all rushed downstairs in the wildest confusion,  
To see the great Nutcracker-Sugar-tong race.  
And out of the stable with screaming and laughter,  
Their ponies were cream-colored, speckled with brown,  
The Nutcrackers first and the Sugar-tongs after,  
Rode all down the yard and then all round the town.

They rode through the street, and they rode by the  
station,  
They galloped away to the beautiful shore ;  
In silence they rode and made no observation,  
Save this: "We will never go back any more!"  
And still you might hear, till they rode out of hearing,  
The Sugar-tongs snap and the Crackers say "Crack,"  
Till, far in the distance their forms disappearing,  
They faded away and they never came back.

— *Edward Lear.*

## PHIDIAS AND THE PARTHENON

Pericles and Phidias walked slowly together.

"I am not willing, Phidias," said Pericles, "that this beautiful procession shall any longer end on a ruined hill. This Acropolis is the head of Athens. It should be beautiful, as she deserves. Our walls are done. Piræus is built. We are lords of the sea. We are rich, but we are not yet beautiful. Persian fire ate our temples and statues. It is time that we build them again. It is my dream to make Athens queen in loveliness. I wish her to be the shrine of beauty, where men shall come from all the world to fill their eyes and their souls.

"Years ago men started the work, — Themistocles and Cimon. See, there is the broad foundation where the temple of Athene was to rise. Here are the steps that were to lead up to it. The gods and the people need new temples. Let us get to work, Phidias."

"It is a glorious thing to do," said Phidias.

The two men stayed for a long time, looking at the ruins, measuring distances. At last, as they went down the hill, Pericles said:

"Talk with Ictinus to-morrow. He is, surely, the best architect in Greece. Make your plans, then get your artists together and begin the sculpture. I will send workmen to the quarries immediately."

Soon after that the Acropolis was busy with workmen. They were cleaning away the broken stones, measuring and marking lines on the rock platform. Stone-cutters were chiseling blocks into shape. Drivers were urging their mules up the slope, dragging loads of marble.

Miles away, on Pentelicus, quarrymen were splitting out great pieces and sending them crashing down the slides. Stone-cutters were smoothing and squaring them. And all along the road, from Pentelicus to Athens, were creaking carts loaded with marble.

Phidias' shop, too, was a busy place. As people passed it, they looked with glowing eyes at the bare walls.

"Behind that wall," they said, "the beauties of Athens are being made."

They watched the dozen men going in.

"There is a young sculptor from Argos," one said to another. "There is one from Ægina, and another from Thebes. Peace or war makes no difference to artists. They come from cities that hate us, because they love beauty and Phidias."

Then Phidias himself came around a corner. He was an old man, with bald head and stooping shoulders. He was staring far ahead.

"He is thinking of his statues," a watcher said to his friend, in a low voice. "They say that Athene sends him visions in dreams."

When Phidias went into the shop on this day, his pupils were already at work. Many young men had come from the cities of Greece to learn under him. Some few did good work. These he set to sculpturing a statue or a slab. The poorer workers he set to chiseling out the first rough shapes. Now there was a gay chatter and humming of songs as the mallets struck and the chips flew.

Clay models stood on tables, for the sculptors to work from. Phidias's charcoal sketches and paintings

on wood lay about. The floor was white with marble dust. Corners were littered with broken pieces and cast-away statues left unfinished. The men were in short chitons. Clothes, hair and skin were dusty with marble.

Phidias stopped before a slab. A young man was working at it. He was sculpturing a woman carrying a basket. Phidias put his hand on the young man's shoulder.

"I am afraid it will not do, Alcestor," said he, in a kind voice. "It is stiff and awkward. There are too many folds in the robe. People will stop to count them. They will forget what it is all about. It is the same with the hair. Hair does not hang in such precise locks, does it? You work carefully. Your hand is skillful. But you must train your eyes to see what is beautiful. Look at this figure." He led him to another slab. "You think of what this woman is doing. You think of the procession in which she walks. You remember the goddess whom she is going to worship. You do not notice her hair or the folds of her robe. Let us try again."

So the unfinished slab was thrown into the corner. Phidias took off his long himation and stood in his short chiton. Then he set to work helping his pupil to start again.

After a while he went on to another piece of work. He stood before it, smiling, watching the sculptor. The young man was making his chisel fly, from foot to head, from waist to shoulder. He stepped quickly to and fro. He bent his head from side to side. Phidias laughed.



"You are a dashing artist, Charicles. You remind me of Phaethon, who tried to drive the sun's chariot. You must learn to drive first. Steady, steady! Do not make a stroke before you know what it will do. See!"

He took the artist's chisel and mallet and chipped delicately at the marble.

"The arm is well shaped, but it is rough. The muscles stand too high."

At first he talked as he worked, explaining. But soon he forgot everything except the statue. His pupil saw slowly grow under the master's tool a strong arm, where the muscles seemed almost to move. Some of the artists had gathered around to see Phidias work. At last he stopped and looked up at them, smiling.

"But I must go to my Athene," he said.

He gave back the tools and walked away to a quieter corner. Here stood a tall figure wrapped in damp cloths. These he carefully unwound. A helmet of yellow clay peeped out, then a strong face, a raised hand. And at last the whole figure was bare. The rough edges of the robe, the shapeless hand, the smeared lips, showed that it was still unfinished.

"Quickly she leaped from the head  
Of the counselor Zeus,  
Shaking her spear and flashing her mail  
Till high Olympus trembled in dread  
And the wide earth shook below  
At the maiden's strength,  
And the dark sea boiled and broke in foam,"

chanted Pericles from the doorway.

Phidias turned quickly.

"Welcome, Pericles," he cried; "come in. It is a long time since you visited us. Yes, this is Athene."

"She is wonderful," said Pericles. "She moves. I can tell from her alone what is happening in the whole picture."

"But come," Phidias urged; "let me show you the rest of the work. Here is the Zeus that Alcamenes is chiseling. I shall put the finishing touches upon it in a few days. Here is the block of marble that is to make Iris. The stone-cutter will begin to shape it to-morrow. This is the clay model. She is running to tell the world of Athene's birth. Three nights ago I dreamed how to make her. The gods are helping me, Pericles."

"And you are helping Greece," Pericles answered. "These pupils of yours will go back to their cities and fill them with beauty, as you are filling ours."

"I hope they will do something," said Phidias; "but they cannot do so much as I shall be able to do. They have no Pericles to put them to work. They can make beautiful statues, but they cannot make a whole beautiful city. That is the task you have set me. But come and talk while I work. I cannot answer, but I can listen."

So, while the artist walked about his figure, carving the lips with his tool, smoothing the cheeks with his thumb, shaping the hand, stepping back to look at his work, Pericles sat on a block of marble and talked.

"I can see this new Athens, Phidias," he said. "The temple of Athene and a new Erechtheum are glowing on the Acropolis. Gates, porches, steps, are shining

on the slope. Another theater on the hillside rings with music. Beautiful halls surround the market-place. A temple honors every god.

"Themistocles saved Athens from the Persians. Themistocles and Cimon gave her walls and ships and power. We will give her beauty. That will be as great a service, I think. Our city wants good men. We will make them with beautiful statues, buildings, pictures. Perhaps the gods are good because they see nothing ugly in Olympus. Let us try it with men in Athens. Let them, when they pray, see statues, ceilings, walls, that remind them of Olympus. You have seen how happy people are when they are looking at a beautiful picture. Let us give them many such chances to be happy.

"And how people will love a city that shines with beauty! They will walk about happy, looking at temples and statues, and saying proudly to themselves: 'This is our city. She is worth the best we can give her, — honesty, kindness, bravery.'

"I stood to-day gazing at your bronze Athene. My heart grew strong. I said to myself: 'My enemies, my worries, are only little things. I will keep on at my work and fear nothing.' Surely her brave lips have put courage into many men. Surely her calm eyes have soothed many angry hearts. We need more such statues."

Phidias turned from his modeling.

"And one of them must be in the new temple," he said. "But what shall it be? I am all in the dark. I have made many Athenes, but I am not satisfied. This one must be truer than any one yet. Athene

has so many sides! She is the fierce goddess of war. She is the loving one who teaches me to work with my hands. She is the giver of health. She is the goddess of wise counsel. She is wonderful always, but how is she best? Which way will make her people love her most, will best please the savior, the lover of Athens? I cannot tell. Perhaps she will tell me in a dream."

The work on the Acropolis had been going on for seven years. Pericles was there watching one afternoon. Workmen were bringing up the pieces of sculpture for the metopes from Phidias' shop. Some were already there, and men were hoisting them into place. Others had been set, and scaffolds hung below them. Here artists were standing putting on the last touches of the chisel. Stonecutters were making the grooves in the tall columns. Others, at a little distance, were cutting joints on marble blocks. Pulleys and ropes were creaking. Mallets and chisels were pounding. Men were shouting orders.

Pericles found Phidias in a little wooden shop. Here it was more quiet, but just as busy. Goldsmiths, with little hammers, were beating out plates of gold. Ivory workers were sawing great tusks into strips, or were carving the thin pieces.

"And here you are making the beautiful Athene!" Pericles said.

Phidias looked up from the gold he was hammering.

"Yes," he answered. "Did you see the core for it in the temple? It is all finished."

"I saw it," laughed Pericles; "but I confess that it does not look to me much like a statue or anything else beautiful. I call it a tangle of wood and iron. But

I will trust you to make it beautiful," he laughed again. "Every one here seems busy."

"I have not even had time," Phidias said, "to go down to the shop and find how things are there."

"I will go and see, and report to you," said Pericles, and was off.

As he walked through the door of the shop, it seemed to him a different place from the one he had been used to see. There was little ringing of chisels and noise of moving blocks. In the corners and along the wall stood finished statues. Some were wrapped in great cloths, but some were uncovered. Artists were working on these, tinting the white marble with soft colors. One of the young men turned as he heard a footstep.

"Ah, Pericles!" he cried; "you are in a glorified shop; Athene smiles at us," pointing to a marble statue. "Zeus, Apollo, Hephæstus, Poseidon," still pointing here and there at different statues. "We are among the gods."

"And you have lived among the gods for seven years," said Pericles.

The artist's gay smile vanished. Quickly his face flushed, and his eyes glowed.

"Yes," he said softly; "and it has been a blessed life. I have had these calm faces looking upon me day after day. I have seen what a man can do with marble. I have seen Phidias dreaming, dreaming and making perfect beauty. I have felt my own hands grow skillful, and my eyes trained to see loveliness. I cannot tell which of these things has been best."

Another artist had come up to listen.

"It has been a wonderful time for us all," he said.

"Oh, to do something worth doing! That is joy. I travelled for a little in Persia a few years ago. The idleness of it disgusted me. Themistocles did a good thing when he set you Athenians to work. And you have not forgotten your lesson. Work, work! You can feel it in the air of Athens."

"And we are not drudges, either," said the other artist, an Athenian. "We work because we like to work. I have seen men in Egypt building a temple. They were driven like slaves. They must have hated that building. We love every stone that goes into this temple."

"We must thank the gods that we are Greeks," said Pericles.

— *Jennie Hall.*

## BEAUTY

A thing of beauty is a joy forever :  
Its loveliness increases ; it will never  
Pass into nothingness ; but still will keep  
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep  
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.  
Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing  
A flowery band to bind us to the earth,  
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth  
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,  
Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darken'd ways  
Made for our searching : Yes, in spite of all,  
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall  
From our dark spirits.

— *John Keats.*

## THE HUNT FOR THE BEAUTIFUL

There was once a boy named Karl who lived in a little village in a valley, far from all the great cities. It was a simple and quiet village, but very pleasant to see, because of the many flowers that grew in the people's gardens and of the beautiful hills that lay just behind it.

In the middle of the village was an old chapel, and as the boy's father was the sexton, their little house and garden were next door. The chapel was a dim, restful place, with stained-glass windows which had been made hundreds of years before, and had figures of saints and angels shimmering in them. Very often, when Karl was tired of both work and play, he would go in and sit there, and would sometimes fall asleep looking at the lovely pictures in the windows.

There was a particular reason why he was so much interested in the pictures, and that was that he wished to be a great artist. Before he had been old enough to read, he had drawn pictures wherever he could find a place to put them, and nothing made him so happy as to have a present of colored crayons or paints. Then, as he grew older, whatever money he could save for himself — which was not much, for his father and mother were poor — he spent in paying for lessons in drawing and painting from whoever could be found to teach him in the village.

But as the village was so small, Karl wished very much to go to see the world, and to study painting with great teachers. The village people thought that he

was already a wonderful painter, because he could sit down before a flower, or a house, or even a child's face, and make a copy of it so good that no one could think how it might be better. They could not see, therefore, why Karl was not satisfied. But he always told them that there were better pictures in the world than either he or they had ever seen, and that if they could once see them, they would never again be pleased with his.

"Well, in that case," the people answered, "why should we want to see them? If what you say is true, we should be less happy than we are now. We are pleased with your pictures, and you should be pleased with them, too."

"No," said Karl. "I cannot be pleased with anything until it is the very best I can do, and I believe I can do still better. If I could only see the most beautiful things in the world, I could paint them, at any rate. I have painted everything in this place, — the old chapel, and the hills behind the village, and the flowers in our garden, and the prettiest children. But all the time I have known that these are not the most beautiful sights. Somewhere is the most beautiful sight in the world. I shall never be happy till I have seen it."

So they could not make him believe that they were right, and although he enjoyed his work, he was never pleased with it when it was done. At last there came a time when he thought he could go away to see the world. His brothers were now old enough to be of help to his father; and his mother, though she would be very lonely without him, seemed almost as eager as



he was that he should make his great journey. So one morning he bade them all good-bye, and started down the road that led into the great world.

There was really no one but Karl himself who knew why it was that he felt so sure he must go away. Something had happened more than a year before, which he had kept secret but had never forgotten. One day he had been working hard at a picture, as he always did in his spare minutes, and had grown tired and discouraged, because when it was finished it was not so beautiful as he had hoped. So he had gone into the little old chapel to rest and comfort himself, as I have said that he did so often.

There was one window in the chapel that Karl had always thought especially beautiful. In it was the figure of a great white angel, whom he always called the Angel of Beauty, not knowing what her real name might be. He knelt under the window where he could look up into the face of this Angel, and thought how fine it would be if she could only speak to him and give him a message, as the angels and saints had done in earlier times.

"I know what I would say to her," he said to himself. "I would ask her: When can I ever paint the beautiful picture that I am always trying to paint?"

Then a very wonderful thing happened. Karl had asked this question aloud, because he was so much in earnest about it, and knew that no one else was in the chapel to hear him. Now, as he looked at the face of the angel in the window, he suddenly saw her lips open; and then, before he realized what it could mean, she was speaking to him. This was what he heard:

"When you have seen the most beautiful sight in the world."

That was all. Karl asked more questions, and begged the angel to tell him how he could find the most beautiful sight, but she never spoke to him again, though sometimes afterward, when he would go to the little chapel to rest after a hard day's work, he would think that he saw her lips break into a kindly smile as she looked down upon him in the dim light. He never told any one, not even his father and mother, of the words that she had spoken to him, but he never ceased to think of them; and this was why he was so eager to set out on his journey, as we have seen that he did at last.

It would take a very long time to tell about all of Karl's travels during the months that followed his going away from home. On the whole, though he saw many fine sights and made new friends, it was a wearisome journey. He did not have money enough to travel in comfort, and sometimes he would find that he had spent everything he had, and would be obliged to stop somewhere for a few weeks until he could earn enough to take him farther. Sometimes he would walk many miles, from one city to another, and arrive with his feet so sore and his back so tired and aching that it seemed to him he wanted only one thing — his little bed in his little room.

But all this would not have mattered if only he could have found the thing for which he had set out. It always seemed to be just a little distance ahead of him. At first he thought that he would be most likely to find it in the galleries where the paintings and statues of all

the greatest artists were collected. So he visited these in the different cities, and once or twice he found a painting or a statue so wonderfully beautiful that he exclaimed: "Surely this is the most beautiful thing in the world!" But always some one said to him: "No; wait till you have seen such-and-such a picture in such-and-such a gallery. That is without doubt more beautiful than this." So he would go on hopefully to the other gallery, but always with the same uncertainty as to whether he had found what he was searching for.

After many weeks spent in this way, Karl decided that it was not in pictures or statues, but in beautiful scenes of nature, that he was most likely to find what he sought. For whenever he saw a lovely picture of a lake or a mountain or a valley it would occur to him that, if the picture were so beautiful, the landscape itself must be still more so. So, as the summer was now coming on, he visited the loveliest countries that he could hear of, where the mountains were covered with snow the year round, but the valleys between were filled with wonderful flowers, and brooks went singing down the slopes and emptied themselves into lakes as blue as the sky.

He had never dreamed of anything so beautiful as some of these places, yet the same thing happened that had happened before. Whenever he would say to another traveler that he thought this must be the most beautiful sight in the world, the traveler would say: "No, I have seen one still better; you will find it in the Valley of So-and-So." So Karl would take up his journey again, always with new hope.

Meantime he did not get good news from home. His mother wrote him that his father was dead, and this made him very sad. Then she wrote that it had been a hard winter in their neighborhood, so that his brothers had found it difficult to earn as much as usual, and they had had to sell some of their land to buy fuel to keep them warm. But she did not ask Karl to come home, for she was as anxious as he was that he should become a great artist, and was sure that he would succeed if he only had good luck on his journey. So she told him to go on, and not to be troubled about the things that were happening at home, for she would not have written of them at all if it had not been to explain why she could not send him any money.

So Karl continued his journey a little farther, and tried to keep a good heart. At last he felt more certain than ever before that he was going to find the object of his search, for a number of travelers had told him that he ought to go to see a certain castle on a certain mountain, in a certain distant country, where the view was undoubtedly the most beautiful in the world. So many people told him this that Karl felt now that all he had to do was to get money enough to take him to that country, when his journey would be ended, but this was hard to do. So he stopped in the city where he was, and found regular work, copying little pictures for a man who sold them; and all the money he earned, he saved for the expense of his journey.

One day, when he thought that he had almost enough, he received a letter. It was from the village where his home was, but not from his mother. A neighbor

wrote to him, telling him that his mother was too sick to write for herself, and that his brothers were sick, too; for there was a fever in their valley, and half the people in the village had caught it. The neighbor said that he did not think Karl's mother would die, if she had good care, and that he was doing all he could for her and for the brothers, but there was no money with which to buy good food or medicines for them, and their near friends were almost as poor as they. So he had decided to write, although Karl's mother would not agree to it, asking him to come home.

It was pretty hard to receive a letter like this when he was almost ready to finish the journey that had been so long and hard. Karl thought about it for a long time; but of course he decided that there was but one thing to do—he must go home where his mother needed him. He was now not so very far away, and the money that he had saved for the longer journey would be enough to buy a good many comforts for the sick ones. So he bade good-bye to the man who had employed him, and took the quickest way he could find toward home.

Although it had been a little hard to change his plans, when Karl was once on his way home it was surprising how happy he felt about it. He did not know how much he had missed his mother and his brothers and the old place, until his face was turned toward them again. So instead of feeling sad about going in that direction, he could hardly wait to come in sight of the little village; and when he had really arrived in it, he could not wait to get a sight of his mother, but ran down the street as fast as his feet would carry him, until he

reached the door of their little house. Sure enough! there was his mother at the door to meet him; for she was recovering from the fever, and through the window had seen him running down the street.

Then Karl told her about his journey, and why he had come home; that he had not yet found the most beautiful sight in the world, but that he now felt more willing to wait for it. "For," said he, "I have seen many beautiful things, and I can make pictures of them. Some day I may be able to finish the journey. But I am so happy to be at home again and to see you, that I do not feel now as if I cared about anything else."

Then his mother took him by the hand, and they walked together out into the little garden, where everything was gay with the late summer flowers. "Why, dear me!" said Karl, "I never knew that we had such a beautiful little garden! Have you changed it since I have been away?"

"No," said his mother, "but it grows a little better every year, even when left to itself."

"It is certainly the prettiest garden I ever saw," said Karl. "And look at that view of the hills behind the village! How beautiful it is with the afternoon lights and shadows lying on it! Why, mother, was that view of the hills always there just in the same way?"

"I think it must have been," said his mother, smiling at him. "You always thought it was a pretty sight, Karl."

"Yes," said Karl, "but nothing half so beautiful as this. And you too, mother, you have grown lovelier than you ever were before, in spite of your having been

sick and poor. If I were a great artist, I should paint your portrait and make my fortune by it."

His mother smiled again, not believing what he said, but being pleased that he should think so.

"Mother," said Karl again, "I *will* paint your picture sitting here in the garden, with the flowers blossoming about you, and the view of the hills behind you. If I can only make it seem as beautiful to others as it does to me, it will be the best picture I have ever made."

So the next morning Karl made his mother sit in the garden, and then brought his paints and went to work. He was afraid that everything would not look so beautiful as it had the night before, when he had first come home, but it did. He worked faster and more joyfully than he had ever worked before, hoping that he would be able to put into the picture the wonderful new beauty that he saw all around him.

At sunset the picture was almost finished, and Karl sat alone in front of it, for his mother had gone into the house to get supper. He was feeling a little tired and discouraged, as he nearly always did after a long day's work. Perhaps, he thought, it would be impossible for him to make other people see what he was seeing, and the picture would be nothing, after all, but a pleasure to his mother and himself.

"As soon as it gets too dark to work on it any longer," he said, "I shall go into the chapel to see my Angel of Beauty. I am sure she will comfort me, as she always used to do."

Just then he thought he heard some one beside him, and when he looked up quickly, there stood the white angel herself at his side, just as he had seen her so often

in the chapel window! Karl was so surprised that he could not think of anything to say, but sat looking up at her with big wondering eyes.

"I have been here helping you all day," she said, "but I thought it would comfort you more if you could see me." Then she touched his hand lightly with her hand, and Karl went to work again with his brush, which now seemed to do its work with a wonderful skill that he had never noticed before. "Ah!" he said happily, "that was the color I wanted all the time! And that is the light on the hills that I saw last evening and thought so beautiful!"

Then, resting from his work a minute, he turned his face toward the angel, and said to her:

"Will this really be the picture that I have wanted to paint for so long?" "Yes," said the angel, "it will; for at last you have found the most beautiful sight in the world."

"And it was here all the time?" said Karl.

"What is here does not make the picture," said the angel, "but what you see." Then she faded away as quietly as she had come, and Karl saw that his picture was finished.

This was the picture that made all the world know that Karl was a great artist; but how it came to be painted has never been told before.

— *Raymond Macdonald Alden.*



## O MOTHER NIGH-FORGOTTEN

"God bless my mother! All that I am, or ever hope to be, I owe to her."—*Abraham Lincoln*.

The empires aged and vanished ;  
 The centuries unrolled ;  
 A new world rose from shadow,  
 New cycles to unfold.

Again the heavens yearned downward ;  
 Again, in winter wild,  
 The self-same stars were watching  
 A Mother and a Child ;

Another manger-cradle,  
 And oxen standing by,  
 And humble folk low bending  
 To catch a baby's cry.

O little knew the mother,  
 Madonna of the West,  
 How Fame and Fate were watching  
 The babe upon her breast !

The boy her heart had prayed for,  
 And loved so mother-well, —  
 No dream foretold him savior,  
 The land's Emmanuel.

No angel-vision showed her  
 The spirit's growth in grace,  
 The wisdom and the stature,  
 The patience in the face.

She heard no song of captives  
In rapture of release;  
No praising world acclaim him  
God's messenger of peace;

Nor saw, across the Aprils,  
A form upon a rood,  
And a great nation shaken  
With grief and gratitude;

Nor felt the four winds throbbing  
With distant birthday bells,  
As, South and North commingling,  
One surge of gladness swells.

O Mother, nigh-forgotten,  
Today, amid our joy,  
A grateful land remembers  
The Mother of the Boy!

— *William C. Gannett.*

With malice toward none; with charity for all;  
with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the  
right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in;  
to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who  
shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and  
his orphan — to do all which may achieve and cherish  
a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all  
nations.

— *Abraham Lincoln.*

## THE DREAM OF HUMAN FREEDOM

Men from old time have died for the faith they held, and men have died for dreams. I know no faith, no dream better worth dying for than this for which you gave your life, — the dream of human freedom. It is our race pride that a passion for liberty was kindled early in our remotest forebears; there is no nobler task than keeping this divine spark alive upon the human hearth. In my moments of insight I know that life has no greater boon than a chance to die for one's faith, and you have died for this. I would not take from you, even if I could, your hour of glory, your great hour of death.

— *Margaret Sherwood.*

## BRIDGES

Greater than any bridge of stone,  
 Across whatever waters thrown;  
 Greater than any heaving bridge  
 Of ships across the ridge on ridge  
 Of roaring seas; yea, greater still  
 Is that strong bridge which from the will  
 Of patriot soul to patriot soul  
 Doth bear us to our shining goal —  
 The unseen bridge of Liberty,  
 Linking all hearts that would be free.

— *Laura Blackburn.*

## AMERICAN IDEALS



## THE FLAG-MAKERS

This morning, as I passed into the Land Office, the flag dropped me a most cordial salutation, and from its rippling folds I heard it say: "Good morning, Mr. Flag-Maker."

"I beg your pardon, Old Glory," I said; "you are mistaken. I am not the President of the United States, nor the Vice President, nor a Member of Congress, nor even a general in the army. I am only a government clerk."

"I greet you again, Mr. Flag-Maker," replied the gay voice, "I know you well. You are the man who worked in the swelter of yesterday straightening out the tangle of that farmer's homestead in Idaho."

"No, I am not," I was forced to confess.

"Well, perhaps you are the one who discovered the mistake in that Indian contract in Oklahoma."

"No, wrong again," I said.

"Well, you helped to clear that patent for the hopeful inventor in New York, or pushed the opening of that new ditch in Colorado, or made that mine in Illinois more safe, or brought relief to the old soldier in Wyoming. No matter; whichever one of these beneficent individuals you may happen to be, I give you greeting, Mr. Flag-Maker."

I was about to pass on, feeling that I was being mocked, when the flag stopped me with these words :

"You know, the world knows, that yesterday the President spoke a word that made happier the future of ten million peons in Mexico, but that act looms no larger on the flag than the struggle which the boy in Georgia is making to win the corn-club prize this summer.

"Yesterday the Congress spoke a word which will open the lands of Alaska, but a mother in Michigan worked from sunrise until far into the night to give her boy an education. She, too, is making the flag. Yesterday we made a new law to prevent financial panics; yesterday, no doubt, a school teacher in Ohio taught his letters to a boy who will write a song that will give cheer to the millions of our race. We are all making the flag."

"But," I said impatiently, "these people were only working."

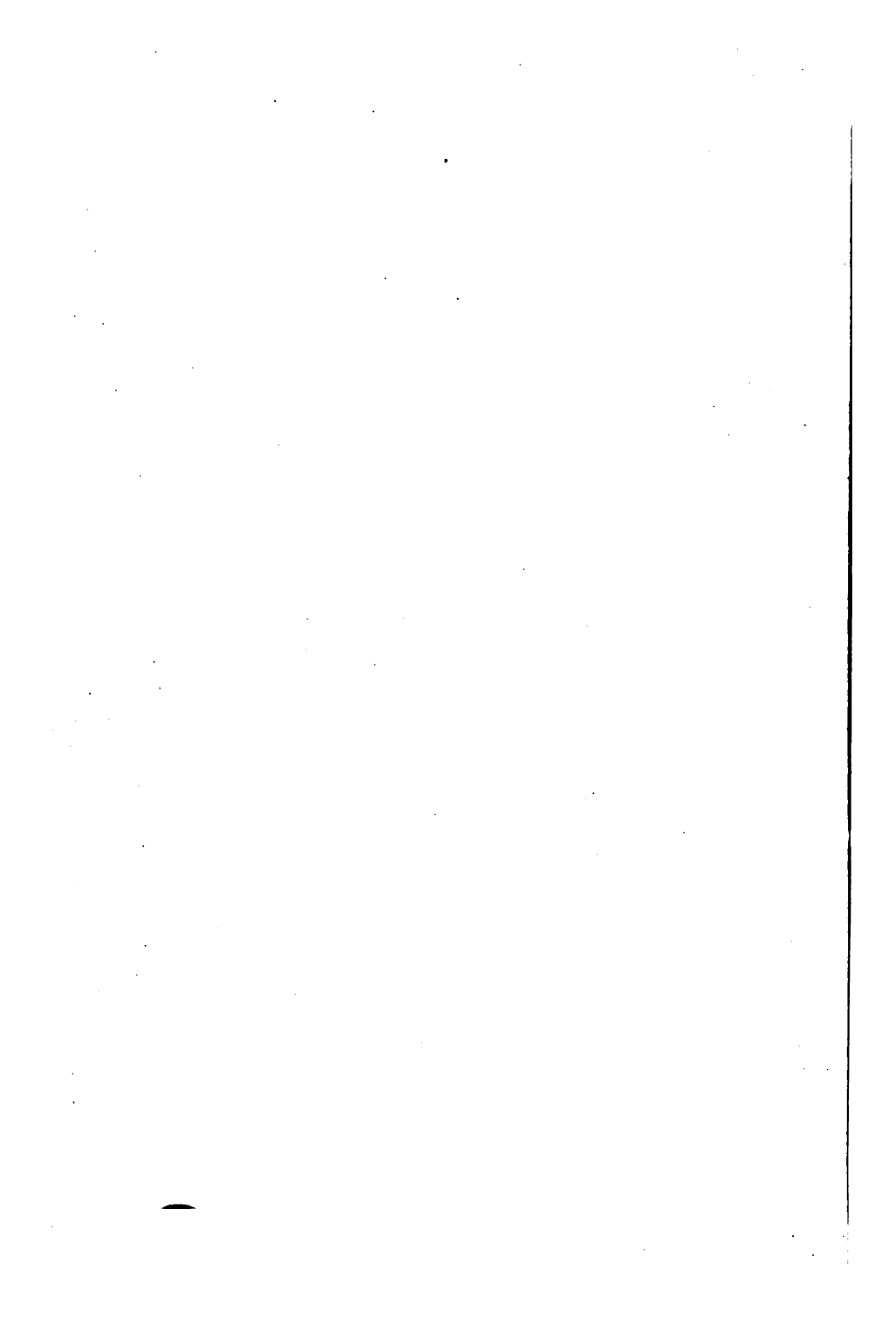
Then came a great shout about the flag :

"Let me tell you who I am. The work that we do is the making of the real flag. I am not the flag, not at all. I am but its shadow. I am whatever you make me, nothing more. I am your belief in yourself, your dream of what a people may become. I live a changing life. A life of moods and passions, of heart-breaks and tired muscles. Sometimes I am strong with pride, when men do an honest work, fitting the rails together truly. Sometimes I droop, for then purpose has gone from me, and, cynically, I play the coward. Sometimes I am loud, garish, and full of that ego that blasts judgment. But always I am all that



**"GOOD MORNING, MR. FLAG-MAKER"**





you hope to be and have the courage to try for. I am song and fear, struggle and panic, and ennobling hope. I am the day's work of the weakest man and the largest dream of the most daring. I am the Constitution and the courts, statutes and statute-makers, soldier and dreadnought, drayman and street-sweep, cook, counselor, and clerk. I am the battle of yesterday and the mistake of to-morrow. I am the mystery of the men who do without knowing why. I am the clutch of an idea and the reasoned purpose of resolution. I am no more than what you believe me to be and I am all that you believe I can be. I am what you make me, nothing more. I swing before your eyes as a bright gleam of color, a symbol of yourself, the pictured suggestion of that big thing which makes this Nation. My stars and my stripes are your dreams and your labors. They are bright with cheer, brilliant with courage, firm with faith, because you have made them so out of your hearts, for you are the makers of the flag, and it is well that you glory in the making."

— *Franklin K. Lane.*

## THE FLAG GOES BY

Hats off!

Along the street there comes  
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,  
A flash of color beneath the sky:

Hats off!

The flag is passing by!

Blue and crimson and white it shines  
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.

Hats off !

The colors before us fly ;  
But more than the flag is passing by.

Sea-fights and land-fights, grim and great,  
Fought to make and to save the State ;  
Weary marches and sinking ships ;  
Cheers of victory on dying lips ;

Days of plenty and years of peace ;  
March of a strong land's swift increase ;  
Equal justice, right and law,  
Stately honor and reverend awe ;

Sign of a nation, great and strong  
To ward her people from foreign wrong ;  
Pride and glory and honor — all  
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

Hats off !

Along the street there comes  
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums ;  
And loyal hearts are beating high :

Hats off !

The flag is passing by !

— *Henry Holcomb Bennett.*

## THE FLAG AND FRIENDLINESS

What does the flag tell us as often as we see it? It tells us that no one in America is alone or friendless. There is a mighty government, with its laws and its officers, that will not let any one be oppressed. Nowhere under our flag can any man be enslaved. The flag is the sign of our pledge to befriend one another.

What can the flag do for us if we journey abroad and visit foreign lands? It tells us that our government will watch over our safety. We have treaties with other peoples promising us that their laws and courts and police and soldiers will protect us equally with their own people. Once strangers were liable to abuse wherever they travelled. Now, wherever our flag goes, it is a sign that our government will never forget us.

The flag is not merely a sign that the government will help and protect us at home and abroad. It is also a call and a command to every one of us to stand by the government.

The truth is, the government depends upon every one of us. When we look at the flag, we promise anew that we will stand by the common country; we will try to be true and faithful citizens. We promise to do our work so well as to make the whole country richer and happier; we promise to live such useful lives that the next generation of children will have a nobler country to live in than we have had. We scorn, when we see the flag, to be idle and mean, or false and dishonest. We devote ourselves to America, to make it the happiest land that the sun ever shone on.

— *Charles F. Dole.*

## HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE?

How sleep the Brave, who sink to rest  
With all their country's wishes blest?  
When spring, with dewy fingers cold,  
Returns to deck their hallowed mold,  
It there shall dress a sweeter sod  
Than blooming Fancy ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung :  
By forms unseen their dirge is sung :  
There Honor walks, a pilgrim gray,  
To deck the turf that wraps their clay,  
And Freedom shall awhile repair  
To dwell a weeping hermit there.

— *William Collins.*

## FROM "THE BLUE AND THE GRAY"

No more shall the war-cry sever,  
Or the winding rivers be red ;  
They banish our anger forever  
When they laurel the graves of our dead !  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day ; —  
Love and tears for the Blue,  
Tears and love for the Gray.

— *Francis M. Finch.*

## ARMAGEDDON

Marching down to Armageddon,  
Brothers stout and strong,  
Let us cheer the way we tread on  
With a soldier's song!  
Faint we by the weary road,  
Or fall we in the rout,  
Dirge or pæan, death or triumph! —  
Let the song ring out!

We are they who scorn the scorers,  
Love the good, but 'hate  
None within the world's four corners —  
All must share one fate;  
We are they whose common banner  
Bears no badge or sign,  
Save the Light which dyes it white,  
The Hope that makes it shine.

We are they whose unpaid legions,  
Strong in ranks arrayed,  
Fiercely faced in many regions,  
Never once were stayed:  
We are they whose firm battalions,  
Trained to fight, not fly,  
Know the cause of good will triumph,  
It will triumph though we die!

— *Sir Edwin Arnold.*

## TUBAL CAIN

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might,  
In the days when the earth was young ;  
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright,  
The strokes of his hammer rung :  
And he lifted high his brawny hand  
On the iron glowing clear,  
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,  
As he fashioned the sword and the spear.  
And he sang : " Hurrah for my handiwork !  
Hurrah for the spear and sword !  
Hurrah for the hand that shall wield them well,  
For he shall be king and lord ! "

To Tubal Cain came many a one,  
As he wrought by his roaring fire,  
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade  
As the crown of his desire.  
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,  
Till they shouted loud for glee,  
And gave him gifts of pearls and gold,  
And spoils of the forest free.  
And they sang : " Hurrah for Tubal Cain,  
Who hath given us strength anew !  
Hurrah for the smith, hurrah for the fire,  
And hurrah for the metal true ! "

But a sudden change came o'er his heart,  
Ere the setting of the sun,  
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain  
For the evil he had done ;  
He saw that men, with rage and hate,  
Made war upon their kind ;

That the land was red with the blood they shed,  
In their lust for carnage blind.  
And he said : "Alas ! that ever I made,  
Or that skill of mine should plan,  
The spear and the sword for men whose joy  
Is to slay their fellow-man !"

And for many a day old Tubal Cain  
Sat brooding o'er his woe ;  
And his hand forbore to smite the ore,  
And his furnace smoldered low.  
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,  
And a bright, courageous eye,  
And bared his strong right arm for work,  
While the quick flames mounted high.  
And he sang : "Hurrah for my handiwork !"  
As the red sparks lit the air ;  
"Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made," —  
As he fashioned the first plowshare.

And men, taught wisdom from the past,  
In friendship joined their hands,  
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,  
And plowed the willing lands,  
And sang : "Hurrah for Tubal Cain !  
Our stanch good friend is he ;  
And for the plowshare and the plow  
To him our praise shall be.  
But while oppression lifts its head,  
Or a tyrant would be lord,  
Though we may thank him for the plow,  
We'll not forget the sword."

— *Charles Mackay.*



## FOUNDATION STONES OF LIFE

## WORK

There is always hope in a man that actually and honestly works. In idleness alone is there perpetual despair. — *Carlyle*.

Diligence is the mother of good luck. — *Franklin*.

If you have great talents, industry will improve them; if moderate abilities, industry will supply their deficiencies. — *Sir Joshua Reynolds*.

One loses all the time which he can employ better.  
— *Rousseau*.

All true work is sacred; in all true work, were it but hand labor, there is something of divineness.  
— *Carlyle*.

Labor rids of three great evils: irksomeness, vice, and poverty. — *Voltaire*.

Labor is life! 'tis the still water faileth; Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth; Keep the watch wound, or the dark rust assaileth. — *Osgood*.

The labor we delight in physics pain. — *Shakespeare*.

The world means something to the capable.  
— *Carlyle*.

Labor, wide as the earth, has its summit in heaven.

— *Carlyle*.

The winds and waves are always on the side of the ablest navigators. — *Gibbon*.

He that hath a trade hath an estate, and he that hath a calling hath an office of profit and honor.

— *Benjamin Franklin*.

Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt, nothing so hard but search will find it out. — *Herrick*.

A man who gives his children habits of industry provides for them better than by giving them a fortune. — *R. Whately*.

The work praises the workman. — *Roger Payne*.

Get work! Be sure it is better than what you work to get. — *Elizabeth Barrett Browning*.

Work is the weapon of honor; he who lacks this weapon will never triumph. — *D. E. Mitchell*.

Do not think that what is hard for thee to master is impossible for man; but if a thing is possible and proper never deem it unattainable by thee.

— *Marcus Aurelius*.

Still achieving, still pursuing, learn to labor and to wait. — *Longfellow*.

I know what pleasure is, for I have done good work.

— *Robert Louis Stevenson*.

Labor is the law of happiness. — *Stevens*.

Be strong by choosing wisely what to do ; be strong by doing well what you have chosen. — *Osgood*.

Genius can never despise labor. — *Stevens*.

The best way to live well is to work well. Good work is the daily test and safeguard of personal health.  
— *Granville*.

In all human action the faculties will be strong which are used. — *Emerson*.

There is a tide in the affairs of men  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;  
Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.  
And we must take the current when it serves,  
Or lose our ventures.  
— *Shakespeare*.

Never to put my hand to anything on which I would not throw my whole self, and never to affect depreciation of my work, whatever it was, I find now to have been my golden rules. — *Dickens*.

The dignity and permanence of work depend upon the power and might of the worker. — *Mabie*.

Hitch your wagon to a star. — *Emerson*.

## THE TRUE GRANDEUR OF NATIONS

The flowers of gentleness, of kindness, of fidelity, of humanity, which flourish in unregarded luxuriance in the rich meadows of Peace, receive unwonted admiration when we discuss them in war, like violets shedding their perfume on the perilous edges of the precipice, beyond the smiling borders of civilization.

God be praised that the Roman Emperor, about to start on a distant expedition of war, encompassed by squadrons of cavalry and by golden eagles that moved in the wind, stooped from his saddle and listened to the prayer of the humble widow.

God be praised that Sidney, on the field of battle, gave with dying hand the cup of cold water to the dying soldier.

That single act of self-forgetfulness has consecrated the field of Zutphen far, oh, far beyond its battle. It has consecrated thy name, gallant Sidney, beyond any feat of thy sword, beyond any triumph of thy pen. But there are hands outstretched elsewhere than in fields of battle for so little as a cup of cold water. The world is full of opportunities for deeds of kindness. Let men not be told then of the virtues of war. Let not the acts of generosity and sacrifice which have triumphed on its fields be invoked in its defense. The poisonous tree, though watered by nectar, can produce only the fruit of death.

Oh, let it not be in the future ages as in these which we now contemplate! Let the grandeur of man be discerned in the blessings which he has secured;

in the good he has accomplished; in the triumphs of benevolence and justice; in the establishment of perpetual peace.

To this great work let me summon you. That future which filled the lofty visions of the sages and the bards, when men in happy isles shall confess the loveliness of peace, may be secured by your care.

There are considerations springing from our situation and condition which fervently invite us to take the lead in this great work. To this should bend the patriotic ardor of the land; the ambition of the statesman; the efforts of the scholar; the pervasive influence of the press; the early teachings of the school.

It is a beautiful picture in Grecian story that there was at least one spot, the small island of Delos, kept at all times sacred from war, where the citizens of hostile countries met and united in a common worship. So let us dedicate our broad country.

But while we seek these blissful glories for ourselves, let us strive to extend them to other lands. Let the bugles sound the truce of God to the whole world forever. Let the iron belt of martial music which now encompasses the earth be exchanged for the golden cestus of peace, clothing all with celestial beauty.

— *Charles Sumner (Abridged).*

## LOVE OF COUNTRY

Breathes there the man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said : —  
“This is my own, my native land !”  
Whose heart hath ne’er within him burned,  
As home his footsteps he hath turned  
From wandering on a foreign strand ?  
If such there breathe, go, mark him well ;  
For him no minstrel raptures swell :  
High though his title, proud his name,  
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim.  
Despite those titles, power and pelf,  
The wretch, concentréd all in self,  
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,  
And, doubly dying, shall go down  
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung  
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

— *Sir Walter Scott.*

## SOLDIER, WAKE

Soldier, wake : the day is peeping ;  
Honor ne’er was won in sleeping,  
Never when the sunbeams still  
Lay unreflected on the hill ;  
’Tis when they are glinted back  
From axe and armour, spear and jack,  
That they promise future story  
Many a page of deathless glory.  
Shields that are the foeman’s terror  
Ever are the morning’s mirror.

— *Sir Walter Scott.*

## SCHOOL CHILDREN AND THRIFT

Nations have their childhood and their days of hard lessons just as children do. One hundred and forty years ago, when the first American Army marched to battle, our Nation was younger among nations than you are among your fathers, your mothers, and their friends. Our Army had drummer boys in those days, real boys of ten and twelve, who marched as bravely and as proudly into cannon fire as their great chief, General Washington, himself. Our Nation had little girls, who laughed and cheered and loaded muskets for their fathers, who fired through loopholes in their cabin homes, when the painted Indians charged to the very doors.

Where many schoolhouses stand to-day American boys and girls may have helped to fight and to defeat the enemy, when our Nation, too, was young.

We are in the greatest war of the world's history and we must win this war. We can and we shall win, if the boys and girls of America say so, and mean it, and feel it, and live it, as the boys and girls of '76 lived and felt and helped.

The Nation needs that sort of boys and girls to-day. Not to beat our drums, nor to load our muskets, but to start a great work which must be done. It is the part of boys and girls to-day to give an example of self-denial and sacrifice, to teach fathers and mothers, to teach the grown people of the Nation, that we still have in every young heart the spirit of '76, when boys led our soldiers into battle and girls fought beside their

fathers at the cabin walls. The lesson is "Thrift" — saving to the point of sacrifice — self-denial of everything unnecessary. If every boy and girl says at home to-night, "I will fight in this war," "I will save every penny and loan it to my Government to help save the lives of the big brothers of America," "I will try to teach every American I see to do the same" — then twenty million homes, the homes of all America, will be filled with the spirit of '76, the spirit of the drummer boys, of the brave girls of those days. America will win again, as it has always won, through the splendid strength, courage, and sacrifice in the hearts of youth, that to-day will teach the Nation the lesson of saving and serving which it must and will learn, through the message which its school children will carry home.

Through saving your pennies, nickels, dimes, quarters, and buying thrift stamps and then war-savings certificates, you will help your country and its gallant armies to win the war.

I know you will help.

— *William G. McAdoo.*

## A NOBLE PEACE

God give us peace! Not such as lulls to sleep,  
But sword on thigh and brow with purpose knit!  
And let our Ship of State to harbor sweep,  
Her ports all up, her battle-lanterns lit,  
And her leashed thunders gathering for their leap.

— *James Russell Lowell.*



## PREPAREDNESS

America honors utter self-sacrifice more than she honors anything else. It is no sacrifice to earn your daily bread. It is a necessity, a necessity which if you accomplish with success you are deserving of all praise. But it is not self-sacrifice. It is no self-sacrifice to work for yourself and the people you love. The self-sacrifice comes when you are ready to forget yourself, forget your loved ones, forget everything, even your love of life itself, to serve an invisible master — the great spirit of America herself.

We dread war. We condemn war in America. We love peace. But we know that the lads that carried muskets loved something more even than they loved peace — that they loved honor and the integrity of the Nation. And so, we have to prepare ourselves. Not to be unfair to the men who are going to make this self-sacrifice, should the terrible necessity arise for them to make it, we ought to make sure that we are not responsible for leaving them unprepared in knowledge and in training. And we ought to make it the pride of America that great bodies of men, greater than the Government calls for, are ready to prepare themselves for the day of exigency and the day of sacrifice. Every lad that did this would feel better for it. Every lad that obeyed his officers in the process of training would feel that he was obeying something greater than the officer; that he was obeying the instinct of patriotic service and clothing himself with a new nobility by reason of the process.

— Woodrow Wilson.

## NOTES

**Columbia**, by Harriet Monroe, is from the "Columbian Ode", which was written for the great Chicago Exposition in 1893.

**An Old-Fashioned Thanksgiving** is from "Aunt Jo's Scrap Bag", a series of entertaining stories for young people by that most popular author, Louisa M. Alcott (1832-1888). This story has the real flavor of home, the quality in Miss Alcott's writing which has made her books so eagerly read all over the world.

**Summer Moon** describes with beauty and pathos the feelings of a mother whose boy is on the sea. It was written by Robert Buchanan (1841-1901), an English author of many poems marked by great feeling and delicacy. "Langley Lane" is one of his most popular poems.

**Master Skylark**, dramatized from John Bennett's book of that name, is one of the sweetest and best tales of boy life ever written; it is the story of the love of a boy for his mother.

**The Home Land**, by Dana Burnet, is one of the gems with which to brighten the chambers of memory.

**Home Song**, by the beloved American poet, Henry W. Longfellow (1807-1882), is another lyric that should be preserved among our choicest treasures.

**A Home Near to Nature**, from "Walden" by Henry D. Thoreau (1817-1862), is given here because it takes boys and girls into the great Out-of-Doors and makes them see the birds and the trees and the ponds through the eyes of a man who loved them and of whom Emerson said, "He had the eye of a microscope." Then, too, the building of the "hut" and Thoreau's methods of household management make very interesting reading.

There was no family circle in this interesting "hut" that Thoreau built with his own hands on the shores of Walden Pond, but his love of Nature was so great, and he was so happy in this life in the open and could write of every event of it so delightfully, that

"Walden, a Story of Life in the Woods", has made this humble home noted all over the world.

*Note to Teachers:* The reasons for using this abridged selection from "Walden" in this Home and Country Reader are these. First: In a style that is clear and beautiful is given the description of the building of a very simple home, and of the activities connected with life in that home. The indoor tasks are described in such a manner as to make even a young pupil grasp something of their significance, and the story is most interesting. Second: It is a home that was very "near to Nature", and that is where younger pupils love to be—with the birds and trees and the water and all the rest of the outdoor life of which Thoreau writes so charmingly. Third: The selection will afford a starting-point for many discussions: the processes connected with building a house; the manner of performing indoor tasks; the cost of living; the friendship of Nature; and others that will readily suggest themselves.

**Beethoven in the Home of the Blind Girl** illustrates the great mission of music and its special place in the life of those without sight. We remember, as we read this selection, that Beethoven was deaf and heard much of his wonderful music only in his soul.

**Orpheus with His Lute** and **The Music of the Heavens** show the great Shakespeare's estimate of the power of music. The first poem is from the play "Henry VIII." The second is from "The Merchant of Venice."

**The Friendly Road**, by David Grayson (Ray Stannard Baker), is abridged from a series of charming narratives of country life in which the author paints the fields and hills in most attractive colors, and teaches the charm of rural existence and the gospel of content.

**Ownership** is by Sam Walter Foss (1858-1911), an American poet who has written many tender descriptions of home life. The one best known is "The House by the Side of the Road." "Back Country Poems" and "Whiffs from Wild Meadows" are the names of two of his books of verse.

**Robinson Crusoe's Industries**, by Daniel Defoe (1661-1731), is from "Robinson Crusoe", a book which has been read with delight by more young people than has any other book of fiction. The

interest never flags, being held at a high pitch because of the hero's conflict with all sorts of obstacles. "A man who has to make food, clothing, and shelter by the exercise of his wits is bound to be interesting." Macaulay says: "That strange mixture of comfort, plenty, and security with the misery of loneliness was my delight and has been the delight of hundreds of thousands of boys." It is saddening to know that Defoe, the man who added so greatly to the pleasure of the world of readers, died poor, despite the great popularity of his masterpiece. He tells his own story in these words:

"No man has tasted differing fortunes more;  
And thirteen times I have been rich and poor."

The word "corn", as used in this story, has the European meaning, "grain."

**Gulliver Visits the Brobdingnagians**, by Jonathan Swift, is from "Gulliver's Travels." The adventures of Gulliver with the Lilliputians and the Giants have delighted many young readers who did not know that Dean Swift made a most scathing criticism of the life of his time in the form of these entertaining stories.

**Tributes to the Home** were culled from many thousands of loving offerings which have been laid upon the altar of Home.

**Our Grandparents** is from "The Rooftree" by Charles Wagner (1851-1918), a French writer, who has helped many people to live more sensibly through a little volume called "The Simple Life."

**Homes of the People** is from the pen of an able writer and eloquent orator of the South, Henry W. Grady (1851-1889).

**Children** is one of the Longfellow poems that are best known and loved.

**The Young American** is a good poem to follow the words of Longfellow in "Children", "For ye are living poems."

**A Blessing for the Blessed**, by Laurence Alma-Tadema, is one of the delightful descriptive poems of childhood that enrich and make more thoughtful the pupil who learns them.

**William Tell**, by Sheridan Knowles (1784-1862), illustrates a father's love and skill.

**Oppression and Freedom** was written by a man who could discuss those great matters with an understanding heart. John Boyle O'Reilly (1844-1890) was an Irish-American author and

journalist whose life was filled with thrilling events. As a member of the Fenian Society he was sentenced to death when a young man, but this sentence was commuted to twenty years' penal servitude in Australia. He escaped in a small boat and, having been picked up by an American ship, made his way to America where he was naturalized. He lived for many years in Boston where he became the editor of "The Pilot" and wrote some good verse.

**The Baby's Thoughts**, by J. G. Holland (1819-1881), is filled with quaint conceits and tender imagination.

**The Lullaby of an Infant Chief** is a classic from the magic pen of Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832).

**What Jess Cortrell Did** is from "Bedtime Stories" by Louise Chandler Moulton (1835-1908), an American writer of short stories and exquisite poems. Among her best known books for young people are "Bedtime Stories", "More Bedtime Stories", and "Firelight Stories."

**Each and All** was written by the great American poet and philosopher, Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882), of whom Charles W. Eliot has said: "He was a seer and a foreseer in education, social organization and religion." As poet, essayist and philosopher he exerted a very great influence upon thinking people, and his fine old colonial home in Concord, Massachusetts, is a Mecca toward which many visitors wend their way.

**An Indian Victory** is a powerful and pathetic story of life upon an Indian reservation by a writer, Grace Coolidge, who has spent most of her life among and for the Indians.

**A Book** is given here because it is a fine expression in poetic language of that love of books which is a saving power in many lives. The author, Emily Dickinson, wrote many beautiful poems, none of which were published until after her death. Some of her choicest poems of nature, "The Moon", "The Grass", "The Rose", and "Autumn" are found in the "Wide Awake" series of readers.

**The Tree in the City**, by Laura E. Richards, is from "The Golden Windows", a book of fables which are as lovely as any in literature, and possess a certain quality that reaches the heart of every reader. This writer, who is the daughter of Julia Ward Howe, is the author of many books for children and young persons.

Among them are "The Pig Brother", "The Joyous Story of Toto", "Captain January", "Queen Hildegard", and "The Silver Crown."

**The Philosopher's Garden** is a dainty bit from the pen of John Oxenham, an English poet, all of whose writings are marked with charm and delicacy. One of his most beautiful poems, "Evening Brings Us Home", is found in Book IV of this series.

**The Thanksgiving Feast** is a description of a Thanksgiving Day in the country sixty years ago. It is valuable as a true picture of a type of home life that is passing away. It is taken from a valuable book of notes upon New England life called "Homestead Paths."

**A Christmas Carol** is the dramatized form of the story of Scrooge, which so delights the countless readers of Charles Dickens (1812-1870).

**The Picnic**, by "Susan Coolidge", the pen name of Sarah Chauncey Woolsey, is from "A Little Country Girl." This author wrote many attractive stories and poems for young people. Among her books are "Mischiefs Thanksgiving", "What Katy Did", "Just Sixteen", "In the High Valley", and "Clover."

**The Gardener of the Manor** is by that delightful writer for children, Hans Christian Andersen (1805-75). His fairy tales are not more interesting than is the story of his own life as he progressed from the squalid shoemaker's shop of his father to the authorship of books which are read with the greatest pleasure by the children of every land. This story will lead to discussion as to the influences that produce fine natures. Why was the gardener superior to his master?

**The Last Lesson**, by Alphonse Daudet (1840-1897), presents a vivid and touching picture of the changes caused by war. The author was a celebrated French writer who wrote many short sketches distinguished, as is "The Last Lesson", by great delicacy of feeling and keen observation. The time is the period just after the Franco-Prussian War (1870) when Alsace and Lorraine were detached from France and annexed to Germany. The translation of this story from the French is by Dr. J. Berg Esenwein.

**The Marseillaise** is the celebrated song of the French Revolution and the national anthem of the French. It was composed by Joseph Rouget de Lisle while an officer at Strasburg, early in the

French Revolution. The author composed the words and the music in one night. It was first publicly sung by volunteers from Marseilles in July, 1792. The tune is peculiarly stirring and its noble strains are recognized all over the world.

**The Homes of Famous Presidents** invites us to partake of the hospitality of Washington and of Jefferson and brings us to the Greek temple in which is enshrined the humble birthplace of Abraham Lincoln.

**The Man Lincoln**, by Wilbur Nesbit, and **The Address at Lincoln's Birthplace**, by Woodrow Wilson (delivered Sept. 4, 1916), express the love and admiration of all Americans for this "Man of the People."

**Tad Loses His Father**, from F. Lauriston Bullard's fine story for boys, "Tad and His Father", is a fitting number with which to conclude these chapters on the lives of the Presidents.

**Snowbound** has been said to be the finest poem of home life in winter that was ever written. It is a true and charming picture of the life in a New England farmhouse when such a life was more quaint and picturesque than in this age. John Greenleaf Whittier (1807-1892) was a Quaker in religion and was always a reformer. His poems reach the popular heart. Among those best known are "Barbara Frietchie", "Snowbound", "Maud Muller", "Skipper Ireson's Ride", and "The Eternal Goodness."

**The Old Clock on the Stairs** is another of the best-known poems of Home. In these stanzas Henry Wadsworth Longfellow described another type of "old-fashioned country seat."

**A-Hunting of a Patriotic Pig**, by John Preston True, is from "Scouting for Washington." It is a humorous incident in a tragic period of the Revolutionary War.

**The Nutcrackers and the Sugar-Tongs**, by Edward Lear (1812-1888), is a typical humorous poem by this famous writer and draughtsman of nonsense verses and pictures.

**Phidias and the Parthenon**, as told by Jennie Hall in "Men of Old Greece", is the story of the growth of the beautiful temple upon the Acropolis in the palmy days of Athens, and a picture of the wonderful civilization of the ancient Athenians.

**Beauty** is from the "Endymion" of John Keats (1795-1831). Keats has been called the apostle of beauty, and though he knew

no Greek he seized by intuition' upon the Greek spirit. His work was cruelly criticized during his short lifetime, but fragments of it remain among the finest poetry in the English language. At a later day the pupils who are now reading this book will enjoy the beautiful poem descriptive of Greek life called "Lines Written upon Reading Chapman's Homer."

**The Hunt for the Beautiful**, by Raymond Macdonald Alden, teaches an invaluable lesson of the appreciation of home and of the dear ones in it. Professor Alden is the author of many stories that are popular with young people. "Why the Chimes Rang" is one of his stories that is best liked.

**O Mother Nigh-Forgotten** was written by the clergyman and author, William C. Gannet. It is a reverent tribute to the mother of that wonderful American, Abraham Lincoln. Nancy Hanks was a woman of lowly birth but of intellect and character above the average. We are told that she could read but not write, and was a woman of sincere piety and fine judgment. Every boy and girl should read Lincoln's tribute to his mother which in this book is placed under the title of the poem.

**The Flag-Makers** is by Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior in President Wilson's war cabinet. It presents many original ideas in a manner that makes us feel the responsibility that rests upon each one as a flag-maker.

**The Flag Goes By**, by Henry Holcomb Bennett, is another of the best-known tributes to our national colors. Every boy and girl will wish to learn these fine stanzas.

**The Flag and Friendliness**, by Charles F. Dole, voices eloquently the feelings of every native-born or adopted child of America.

**How Sleep the Brave** is one of the most famous odes upon the death of a soldier. Its author, William Collins (1721-1759), composed other fine poems; but, as in the case of many other writers, he is remembered by the one short poem that touched the hearts of the people.

**Th: Blue and the Gray** expresses in touching and beautiful phrases the union of heart and hand of the North and the South. The story of the "desolate mourners", visiting the graves of the friend and the one-time foe, has been enshrined in many hearts.



**Armageddon**, by Sir Edwin Arnold (1832-1904), is, as its name would signify, a poem that is of special interest in time of war. Its author was a noted scholar who is best remembered by his great poetical work, "The Light of Asia."

**Tubal Cain**, by Charles Mackay (1814-1889), is an old favorite which teaches the gospel of peace but asserts that in time of necessity "we'll not forget the sword."

**Foundation Stones of Life**. A life needs a foundation as strong and broad as it can be laid. These "stones" embody the wisdom derived from the experience of those persons who can best clothe in worthy language the thoughts of their hearts.

**The True Grandeur of Nations** is by Charles Sumner (1811-1874), one of America's most distinguished statesmen and orators.

**Love of Country**, by Sir Walter Scott, should be learned by every boy and girl who would not leave this world "unwept, unhonored, and unsung."



